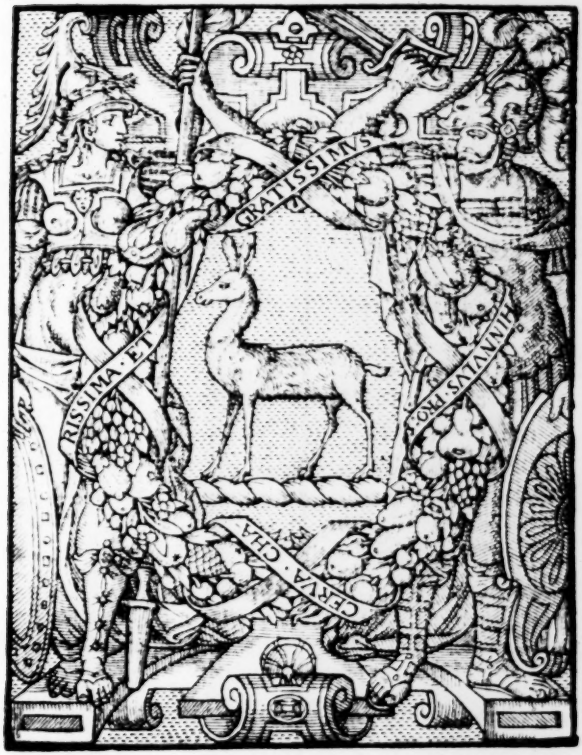
SVPERIVS.

Pſalmes, Sonets, & ſongs of ſadnes and pietie, made into Muſicke of fiue parts: whereof, ſome of them going abroad among diuers, in vntrue coppies, are heere truely corrected, and th other being Songs very rare & newly compoſed, are heere publiſhed, for the recreation of all ſuch as delight in Muſick: By *William Byrd*, one of the Gent. of the Queenes Mareſties honorable Chappell.



Printed by Thomas Eaſt, the aſsigne of W. Byrd, and are to be ſold at the dwelling houſe of the ſaid T. Eaſt, by Paules wharf. 1588.
Cum priuilegio Regiæ Maieſtatis.

¶ Reaſons briefely ſet downe by th'auctor, to perſwade euery one to learne to ſing.

FIrſt, it is a knowledge eaſely taught, and quickly learned, wher ther is a good Maſter, & an apt Scoler.

2 The exerciſe of ſinging is delightful to Nature, and good to preſerue the health of man.

3 It doth ſtrengthen all parts of the breſt, & doth open the pipes.

4 It is a ſinguler good remedie for a ſtutting & ſtamaring in the ſpeech.

5 It is the beſt meanes to procure a perfect pronunciation, and to make a good Orator.

6 It is the onely way to know where Nature hath beſtowed the benefit of a good voyce: which gift is ſo rare, as ther is not one among a thouſand that hath it: & in many that excelent gift is loſt, becauſe they want art to expreſſe Nature.

7 Ther is not any Muſicke of Inſtruments whatſoeuer, comparable to that which is made of the voyces of men, wher the voices are good, & the ſame wel ſorted and ordered.

8 The better the voyce is, the meeter it is to honour & ſerue God there-with: and the voice of man is chiefly to be imployed to that end.

Omnis ſpiritus Laudet Dominum.

Since ſinging is ſo good a thing,
I wiſh all men would learne to ſing.

¶TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE Sir Chriſtopher Hatton knight, Lord Chancellor of England, William Byrd wiſheth long life, and the ſame to be moſt healthie and happie.

THE often deſires of many my good friends, Right honorable, and the conſideration of many vntrue incorrected coppies of diuers my ſonges ſpread abroade, haue beene the two cauſes, chiefly mouing my conſent at length to put in Print the fruits of my ſmall ſkill and labors in Muſicke. Then the dutie, honor, and ſeruice due from me vnto your Lordſhip, together with the remembrance of your iudgement and loue of that Art, did moue and imbolden me to preſent this firſt printed worke of mine in Engliſh, to paſſe vnder your L. fauour & protectiõ: vnworthie I cõfeſſe, the view or Patronage of ſo worthie a Perſonage. Yet remembring that ſmall things ſometime do great ſeruice, and that repoſe is beſt taſted by bodies forewearied: I hoped that (by this occaſion) theſe poore ſongs of mine might happely yeeld ſome ſweetneſſe, repoſe, and recreation vnto your Lordſhips minde, after your daily paynes & cares taken in the high affaires of the Common wealth. Moſt humbly beſeeching your Lordſhip, that if my boldneſſe heerein be faultie, my dutifull good will, and good meaning may excuſe it: which if I may ſo fortunately perceiue, it ſhall incourage mee to ſuffer ſome other things of more depth and ſkill to follow theſe, which being not yet finiſhed, are of diuers expected and deſired. Inceſſantlie beſeeching our Lord to make your yeeres happie, and ende bleſſed, I wiſh there were any thing in me worthie of your Lordſhip to be commaunded.

Moſt humbly your L. euer to commaund

William Byrd.

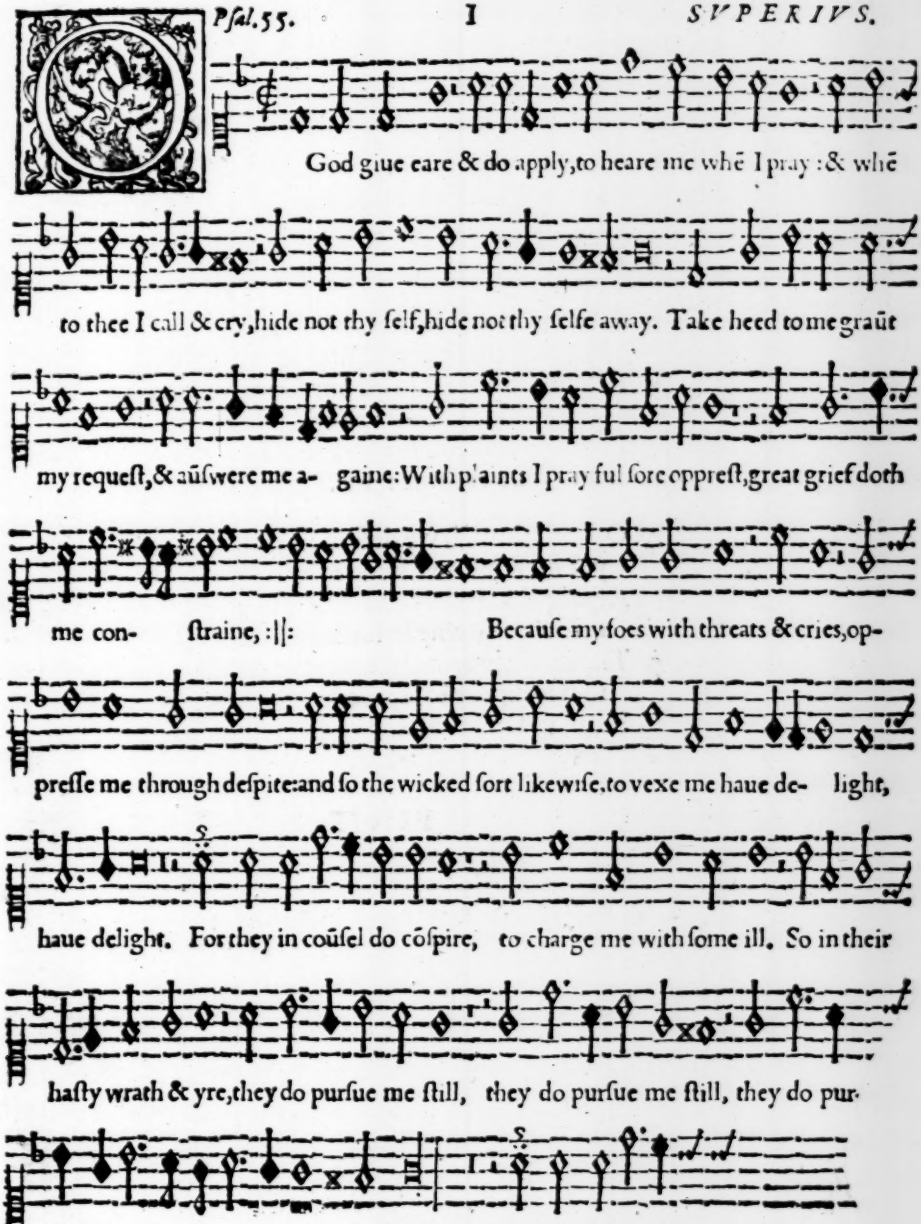
¶ *The Epiſtle to the Reader.*

BEnigne Reader, heere is offered vnto thy courteous acceptation, Muſicke of ſundry ſorts, and to content diuers humors. If thou be diſpoſed to pray, heere are Pſalms. If to be merry, heere are Sonets. If to lament for thy ſinnes, heere are ſongs of ſadneſſe & pietie. If thou delight in Muſicke of great compaſſe, heere are diuers ſongs, which being originally made for inſtruments to expreſſe the harmony, & one voyce to pronoũce the dittie, are now framed in all parts for voyces to ſing the ſame. If thou deſire ſongs of ſmall compaſſe and fit for the reach of moſt voyces, heere are moſt in number of that ſort. Whatſoeuer pains I haue taken heerein, I ſhal think to be wel imploied, if the ſame be well accepted, Muſicke therby the better loued, and the more exerciſed. In the expreſſing of theſe ſongs, either by voyces or inſtruments, if there happen to be any iarre or diſſonance, blame not the Printer, who (I doe aſſure thee) through his great paines & diligence, doth heere deliuer to thee a perfect & true coppie. If in the compoſition of theſe ſongs, there be any fault by me committed, I deſire the skilful, either with courteſie to let the ſame be concealed, or in friendly ſort to be thereof admoniſhed: & at the next impreſſion he ſhall finde the error reformed: remembring alwaies, that it is more eaſie to finde a fault then to amend it. If thou finde any thing heere worthy of lykeing and commendation, giue prayſe vnto God, from whom (as from a moſt pure and plentifull fountaine) all good gifts of Science doe flow: whoſe name be glorified for euer.

The moſt aſſured friend to all
that loue or learne Muſicke:
William Byrd.

¶ The names and number of thoſe ſongs which are of the higheſt compaſſe.

MY ſoule oppreſt with care and griefe.	III	Lord in thy wrath.	IX
How ſhall a yong man prone to ill.	IIII	La virginella.	XXIIII
O Lord how long wilt thou forget.	V	If that a ſinners ſighes.	XXX
O Lord who in thy ſacred tent.	VI	Care for thy ſoule.	XXXI
Help Lord for waſted are all thoſe.	VII	Lullaby.	XXXII
Bleſſed is he that feares the Lord.	VIII	Why doe I vſe.	XXXIII

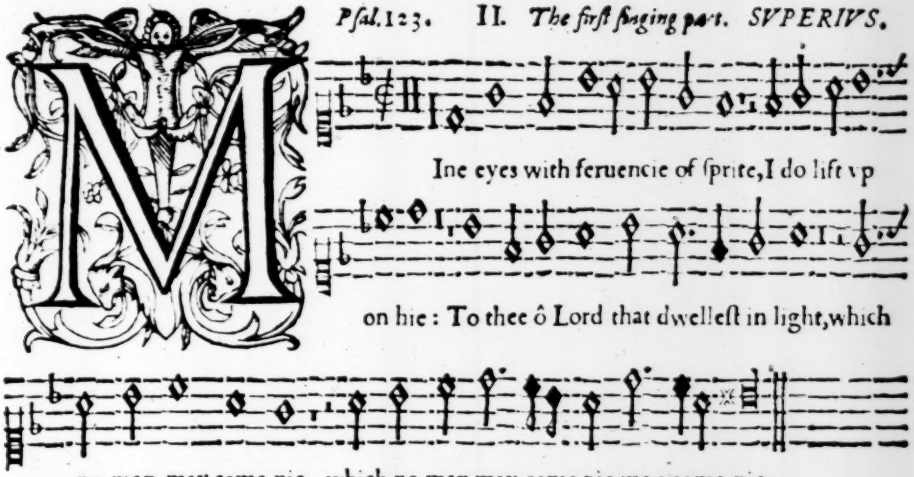

God giue eare & do apply,to heare me whē I pray :& whē
to thee I call & cry,hide not thy ſelf,hide not thy ſelfe away. Take heed to me graūt
my requeſt,& aūſwere me a- gaine:With plaints I pray ful ſore oppreſt,great grief doth
me con- ſtraine, :||: Becauſe my foes with threats & cries,op-
preſſe me through deſpite:and ſo the wicked ſort likewiſe,to vexe me haue de- light,
haue delight. For they in coūſel do cōſpire, to charge me with ſome ill. So in their
haſty wrath & yre,they do purſue me ſtill, they do purſue me ſtill, they do pur-
ſue me ſtill. For they in &c.

B.

1 MIne eyes with feruencie of ſprite,
I do lift vp on hie:
To thee ô lord that dwell'ſt in light,
which no man may come nie.
2 Behold euen as the ſeruants eies,
vpon their maſter waite:
And as the maide her miſtriſt hand,
with carefull eye and ſtrayte
3 Attends: So we ô Lord our God,
thy throne with hope and griefe
Behold, vntill thou mercie ſend,
and giue vs ſome relife.

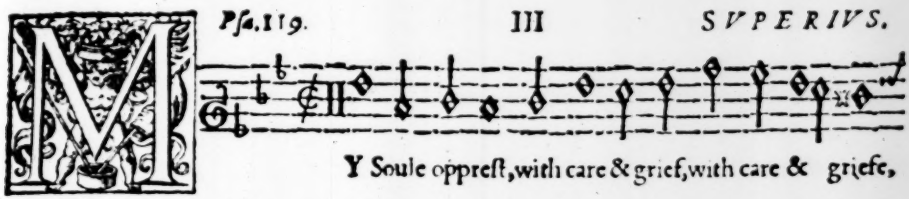
4 O Lord though we deſerue it not,
yet mercie let vs finde:
A people that deſpiſed are,
throwne downe in ſoule and minde,
5 The mightie proud men of the world,
that ſeekes vs to oppreſſe:
Haue fild our ſoules with all contempts,
and left vs in diſtreſſe.

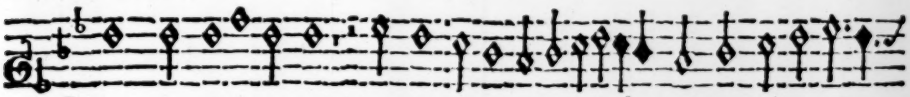
FINIS.

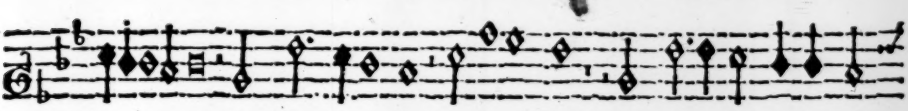

Mine eyes with feruencie of ſprite, I do lift vp
on hie: To thee ô Lord that dwelleſt in light, which
no man may come nie, which no man may come nie, may come nie.

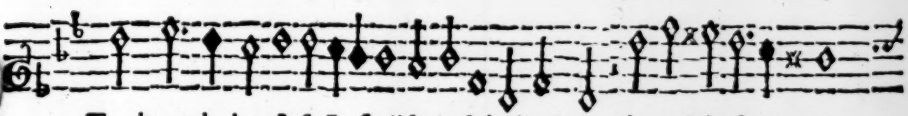
1 MY ſoule oppreſt with care and griefe,
doth cleaue vnto the duſt:
O quicken me after thy woord,
for therein doe I truſt.
2 My waies vnto thee haue I ſhew'd,
thou aunſwereſt me againe:
Teach me thy law and ſo I ſhall,
be eaſed of my paine.
3 The way of thy commaund'ments Lord,
make me to vnderſtand:
And I will muſe vppon the power,
and wonders of thy hand.
4 My heart doth melt and pyne away,
for very payne and griefe:
O,raiſe me vp,after thy word,
and ſend mee ſome reliefe.
5 All falſhood,and falſe waies O Lord,
doe thou from me remoue:
And graunt me grace,to know thy law,
and onely that to loue.
6 The way of truth I chooſe to tread,
to keepe my life in awe:
And ſet before me as a marke,
thy ſacred woord and law.
7 I cleaue,O Lord,vnto all things,
witneſſed by thy ſpeech:
Whereof that I repent me not,
I humbly thee beſeech.
8 When that my heart thou ſhalt enlarge,
to ſeeke and runne the waies:
Of thy precepts,I will not fayle,
the length of all my dayes.

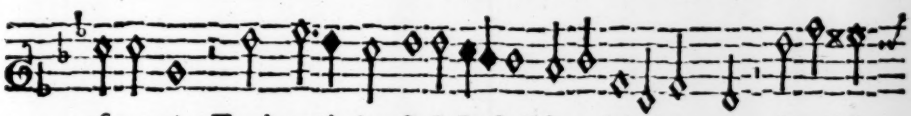
FINIS.


MY Soule oppreſt,with care & griefe,with care & griefe,

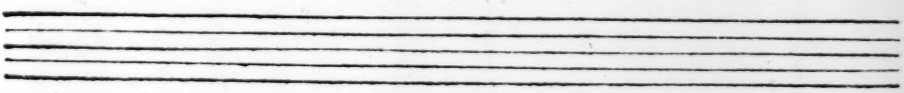

doth cleaue vnto the duſt : O quicken me after thy word,for therein do I

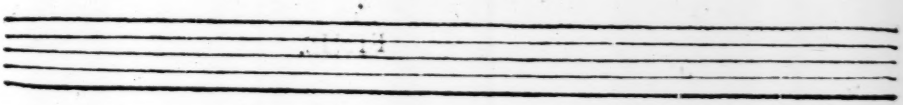

truſt.My wayes vnto thee haue I ſhew'd, thou aũſwereſt me againe,


Teach me thy law & ſo I ſhall,be eaſed of my paine, be eaſed of my paine,


of my paine.Teach me thy law & ſo I ſhall, be eaſed of my payne, be eaſed

of my paine,be eaſed of my paine.





1 HOw ſhall a young man prone to ſin,
cleanſe his vnbridled heart?
If that thy law, ô Lord he doe,
all frailtie ſet apart.
Embrace with ſetled minde, and learne
thy word with care to keepe:
And ſearch to finde with humble ſprite,
thy iudgements that are deepe.

2 With my whole heart, I haue thee ſought,
and ſearched out thy way:
O ſuffer not that from thy word
I ſwarue or goe aſtraie.

3 Thy word ô Lord, within my heart,
leaſt I ſhould thee offend:
I haue laide vp as treaſure great,
for that ſhall mee defend.

4 The Lord is bleſt, he ſhall me teach,
the iudgements of his mouth,
Thereby to rule and dreſſe the waies,
of mine vntamed youth.

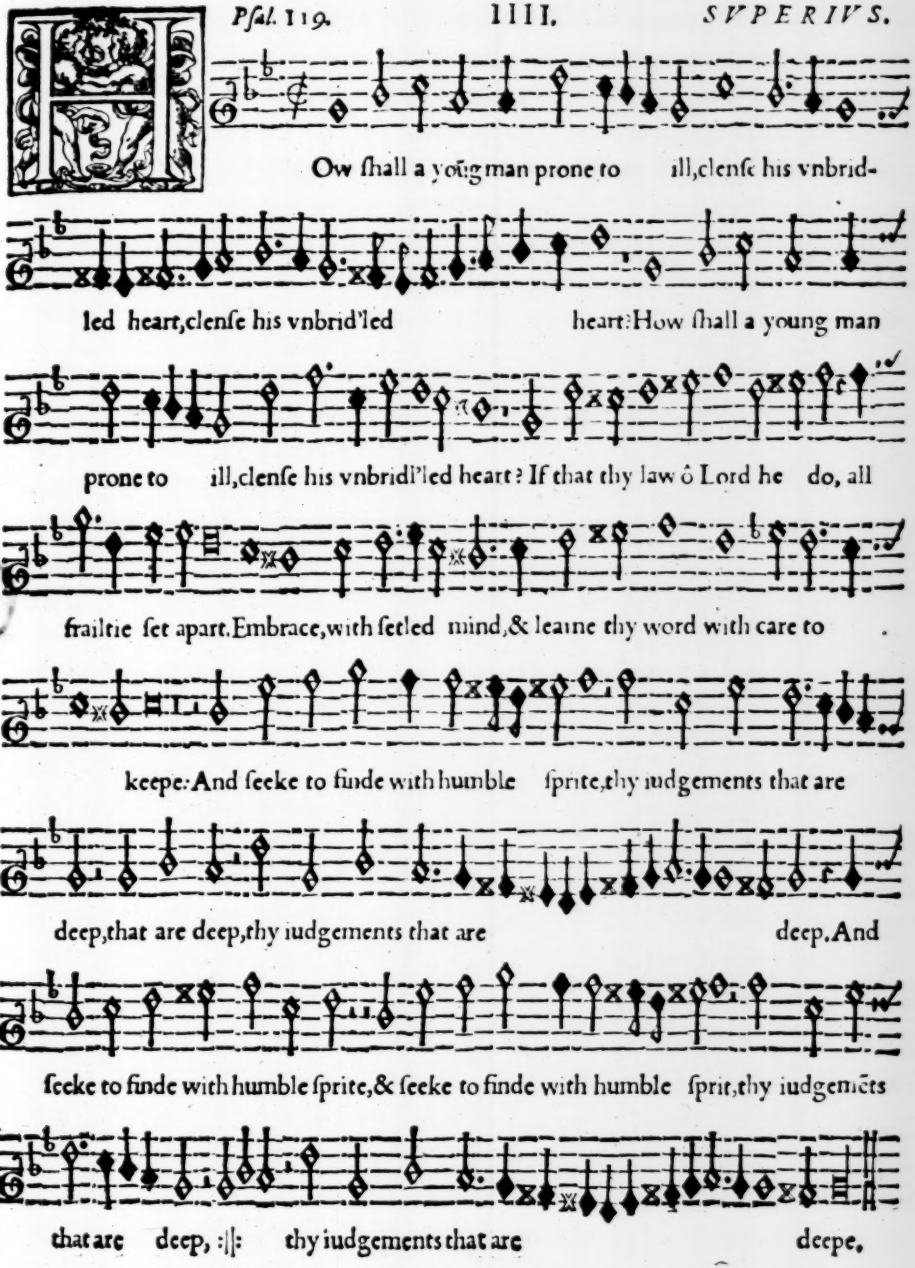
5 Thy lawes therefore, in open place,
my lippes ſhall euer ſound:
And neuer fayle to ſhew foorth that,
to which thou haſt me bound.

6 For in the way of thy precepts,
I ſet my whole delight:
No wealth, no treaſure of the world,
ſo precious in my ſight.

7 What thou commaund'ſt I will thinke on,
with diligent reſpect:
And to thy lawes haue due regard,
for they ſhall me protect.

8 In thy precepts, ô Lord, my ſoule
her whole delight hath ſet:
Thy words therefore more pure then gold,
I neuer will forget.

FINIS.


How ſhall a yoūg man prone to ill,clenſe his vnbrid-
led heart,clenſe his vnbrid'led heart:How ſhall a young man
prone to ill,clenſe his vnbridl'led heart? If that thy law ô Lord he do, all
frailtie ſet apart.Embrace,with ſetled mind,& learne thy word with care to
keepe:And ſeeke to finde with humble ſprite,thy iudgements that are
deep,that are deep,thy iudgements that are deep.And
ſeeke to finde with humble ſprite,& ſeeke to finde with humble ſprit,thy iudgemēts
that are deep, :‖: thy iudgements that are deepe.

1 Lord, how long wilt thou forget,
to ſend mee ſome relife?
For euer wilt thou hide thy face,
and ſo increaſe my griefe?

2 How long ſhall I with vexed heart,
ſeeke counſell in my ſpirit?
How long ſhall my malicious foes,
triumph and me deſpit?

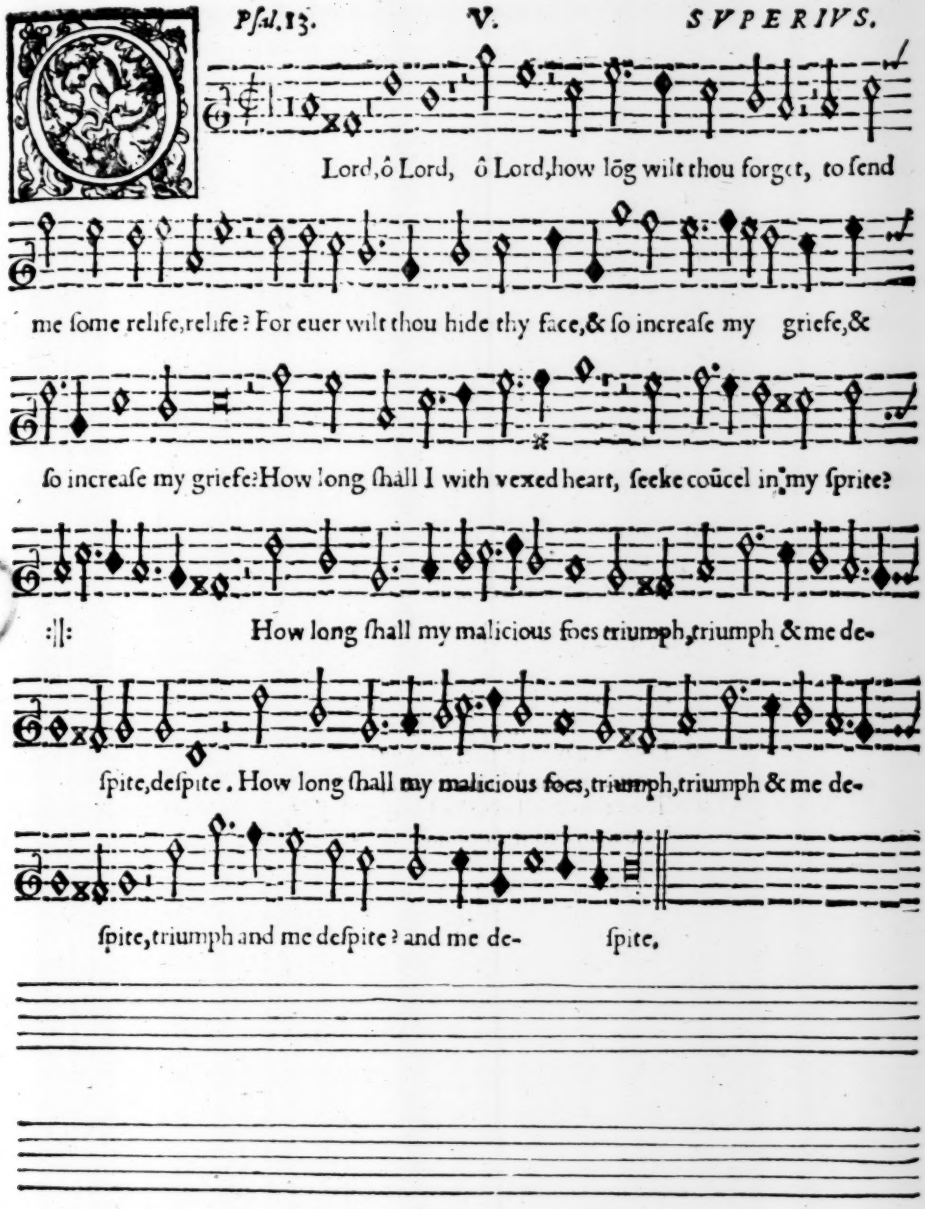
3 O Lord my God, heare my complaint,
vttered with wofull breath:
Lighten mine eyes, defend my life,
that I ſleepe not in death.

4 Leaſt that mine enemie ſay I haue,
againſt him loe preuayl'd:
At my downe fall they will reioyce,
that thus haue me aſſayl'd.

5 But in thy mercie Lord I truſt,
for that ſhall mee defend:
My heart doth ioye, to ſee the help,
which thou to mee wilt ſend.

6 Vnto the Lord therefore I ſing,
and doe lift vp my voyce:
And for his goodneſſe ſhew'd to mee,
I will alwaie reioyce.

FINIS.


Lord,ô Lord, ô Lord,how lōg wilt thou forget, to ſend
me ſome reliſe,reliſe? For euer wilt thou hide thy face,& ſo increaſe my griefe,&
ſo increaſe my griefe?How long ſhall I with vexed heart, ſeeke coūcel in my ſprite?
How long ſhall my malicious foes triumph,triumph & me de-
ſpite,deſpite. How long ſhall my malicious foes,triumph,triumph & me de-
ſpite,triumph and me deſpite? and me de- ſpite,

¶ *Pſalme.* 15.

1 O Lord who in thy ſacred tent,
and holy hill ſhall dwell:
Euen he that both in heart & minde,
doth ſtudie to do well.

2 In life vpright, in dealing iuſt,
and he that from his heart
The truth doth ſpeake with ſinglenes,
all falſhood ſet apart.

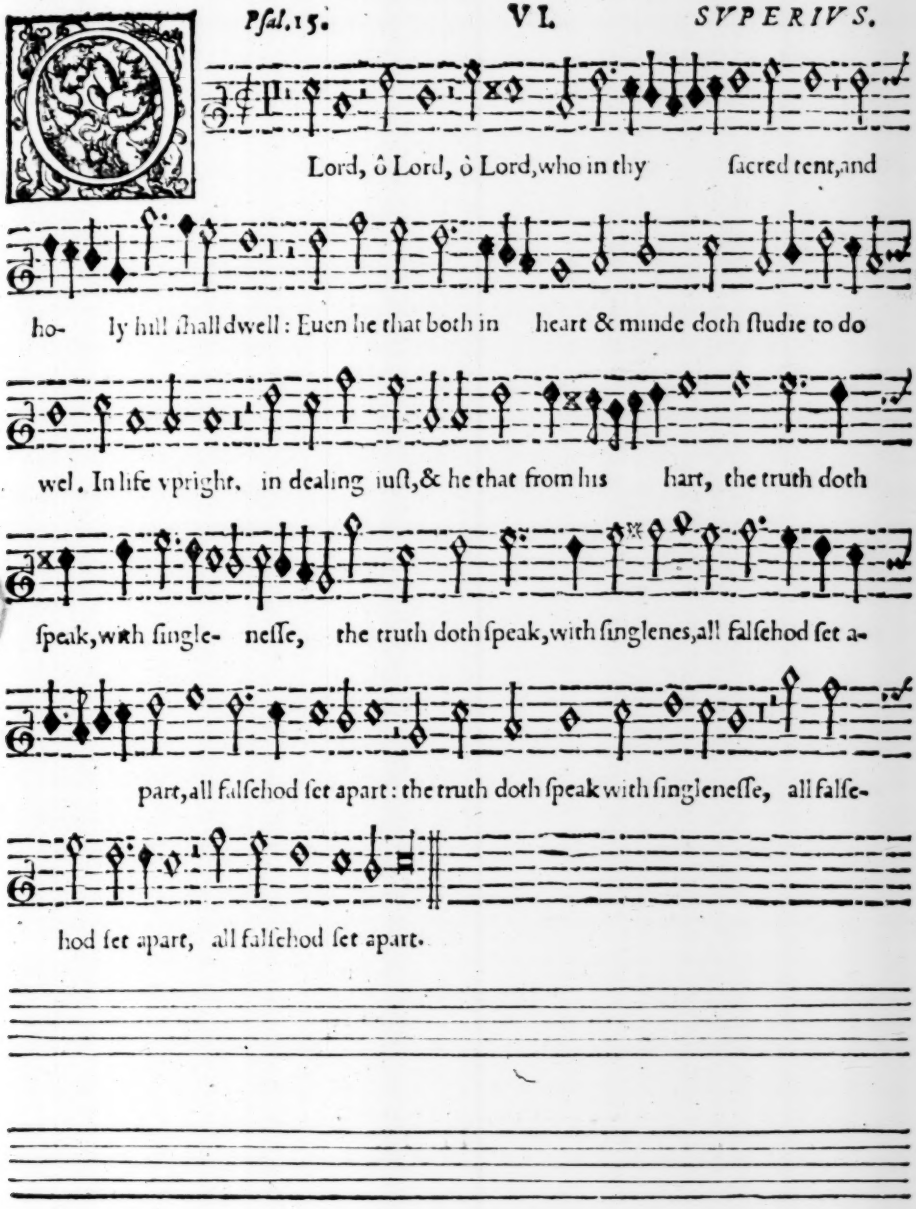
3 With tongue beſides that hurts no man,
by falſe and ill report:
Nor friend nor neighbour harme will doe,
where euer he reſort.

4 That hates the bad, and loues the good,
and faith that neuer breakes:
But keepes alwaies though to his loſſe,
the word that once he ſpeakes.

5 Nor filthie gaine by loue that ſeekes,
nor wealth ſo to poſſeſſe:
Nor that for bribes, the guiltles ſoule,
doth labour to oppreſſe.

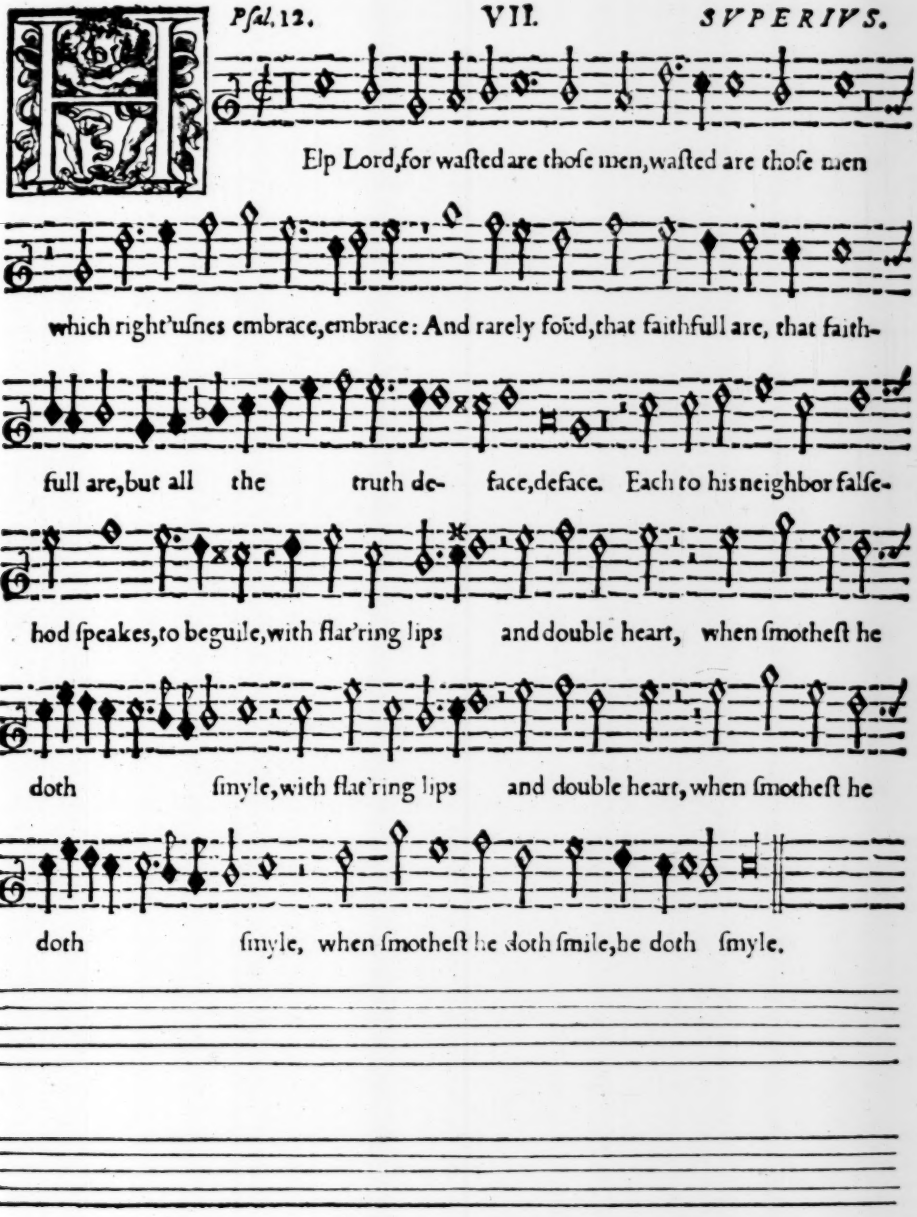
6 Like as a mount ſo ſhall he ſtand,
nothing ſhall him remoue:
That thus ſhall do, the Lord hath ſaid,
no man can it diſproue.

FINIS.


Lord, ô Lord, ô Lord, who in thy ſacred tent, and
holy hill ſhall dwell: Euen he that both in heart & minde doth ſtudie to do
wel. In life vpright, in dealing iuſt, & he that from his hart, the truth doth
ſpeak, with ſingle- neſſe, the truth doth ſpeak, with ſinglenes, all falſehod ſet a-
part, all falſehod ſet apart: the truth doth ſpeak with ſingleneſſe, all falſe-
hod ſet apart, all falſehod ſet apart.

1 HElp Lord for waſted are thoſe men,
which right'uſneſſe embrace:
And rarely found that faithfull are,
but all the truth deface.
2 Each to his neighbour falſhood ſpeakes,
and them ſeekes to beguile:
With flattering lips and double heart,
when ſmotheſt he doth ſmile.
3 All flattering lips, the Lord our God,
in iuſtice will confound:
And all proud tongues, that vaunt great things,
he will bring to the ground.
4 Our tongues ſay they, ſhall lift vs vp,
by them we ſhall preuaile:
Who ſhould vs let, or ſtoppe our courſe,
that thereof we ſhould fayle.
5 For the deſtruction of the iuſt,
and ſuch as be oppreſt:
And for the mournings of the poore,
that likewiſe be diſtreſt.
6 I will riſe vp now ſaith the Lord,
and eaſe their griefe and care:
Of thoſe which he full craftely,
hath draw'n into his ſnare.
7 Like ſiluer fine that tried is,
ſeuen times by heate of fire:
So are thy woords Lord pure and cleane,
to ſuch as them deſire.
8 Thou Lord wilt keep, and wilt defend,
all ſuch as in thee truſt,
And from that curſed race of men,
ſaue all ſuch as be iuſt.
9 When euill men exalted bee,
the wicked gad about:
Farre from all feare of paine, but thou
ô Lord wilt roote them out.

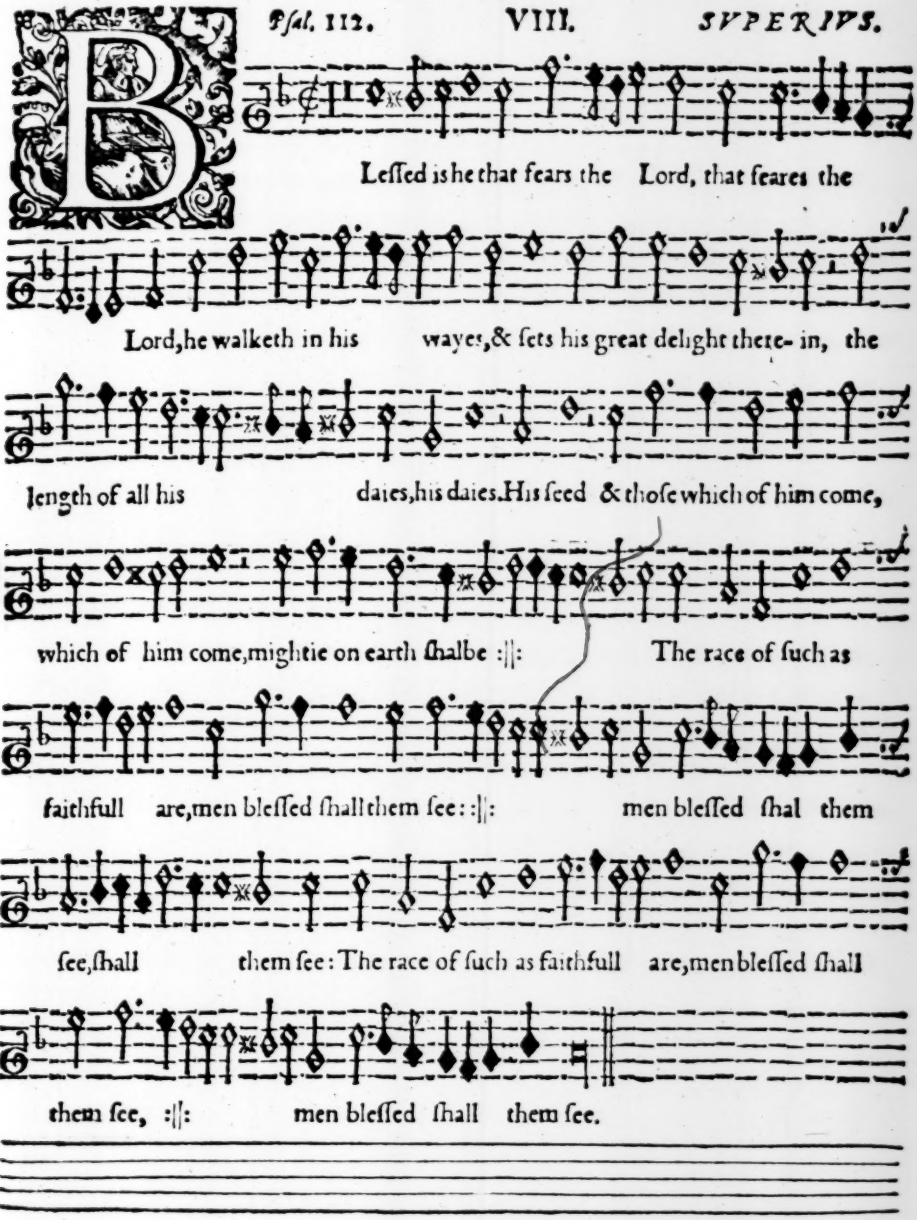
FINIS.


Elp Lord,for waſted are thoſe men,waſted are thoſe men
which right'uſnes embrace,embrace: And rarely foũd,that faithfull are, that faith-
full are,but all the truth de- face,deface. Each to his neighbor falſe-
hod ſpeakes,to beguile,with flat'ring lips and double heart, when ſmotheſt he
doth ſmyle,with flat'ring lips and double heart,when ſmotheſt he
doth ſmyle, when ſmotheſt he doth ſmile,he doth ſmyle.

¶ PSALME 112.

1 BLeſſed is he that feares the Lord,
he walketh in his waies:
And ſets his great delight therein,
the length of all his dayes.
2 His ſeed and thoſe which of him come,
mightie on earth ſhall be:
The race of ſuch as faithfull are,
men bleſſed ſhall them ſee.
3 Plentiouſnes within his houſe,
and want there ſhalbe neuer:
His righteous and vpright dealing,
endure ſhall for euer.
4 In miſtie cloudes of troubles darke,
which doe the iuſt oppreſſe,
The Lord in mercie ſends them light,
and eaſeth their diſtreſſe.
5 The righteous man is mercifull,
and lendeth where is need,
He guids with iudgement all his things,
be it in word or deed.
6 Though ſtormes doe fall and tempeſts riſe,
the righteous ſhall ſtand faſt:
A good remembrance of the iuſt,
for euer that ſhall laſt.
7 None euill tidings ſhall him feare,
his heart is fully ſet,
He truſteth and beleeues the Lord,
that will him not forget.
8 A ſtabliſht heart within his breſt,
no feare where ſo he goes,
The Lord in iuſtice will reuenge,
the malice of his foes.
9 A hand that doth reliue the poore,
for which he may be ſure,
A good report will follow him,
that alwaies ſhall endure.
10 This ſhall the wicked ſee and fret,
and waſt away with ire,
Periſh ſhall and conſume to naught,
all that he doth deſire.

FINIS.


Leſſed is he that fears the Lord, that feares the
Lord, he walketh in his wayes, & ſets his great delight there- in, the
length of all his daies, his daies. His ſeed & thoſe which of him come,
which of him come, mightie on earth ſhalbe :||: The race of ſuch as
faithfull are, men bleſſed ſhall them ſee: :||: men bleſſed ſhal them
ſee, ſhall them ſee: The race of ſuch as faithfull are, men bleſſed ſhall
them ſee, :||: men bleſſed ſhall them ſee.

Ord in thy wrath reproue me not, in thy wrath re- proue me not

though I deſerue thine yre: Ne yet correct me in thy rage, ô Lord I thee deſire. :||:

For I am weak, :||: therfore (ô Lord) of mercy me forbeare: And

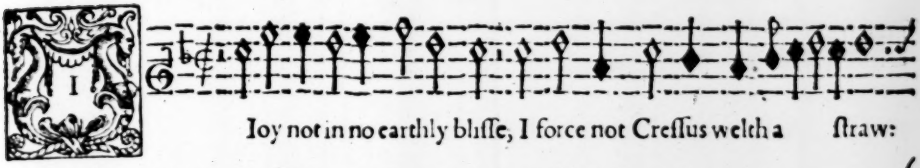
heale me Lord, for why? thou know'ſt, my bons do quake for fear, :||: for feare.

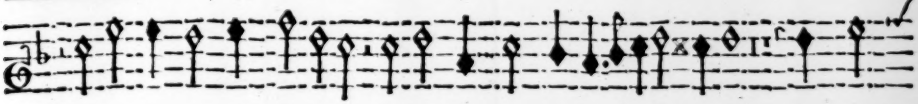
Ven frō the depth, vn- to thee Lord, vnto thee Lord,

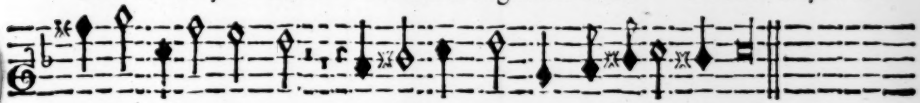
with heart & voice I cry, I cry: Giue eare ô God vnto my playnt, vnto my

plaint, & help my mi-ſerie, :||: my miſerie.

¶ *Heere endeth the Pſalmes, and beginneth the Sonets and Paſtorales.*





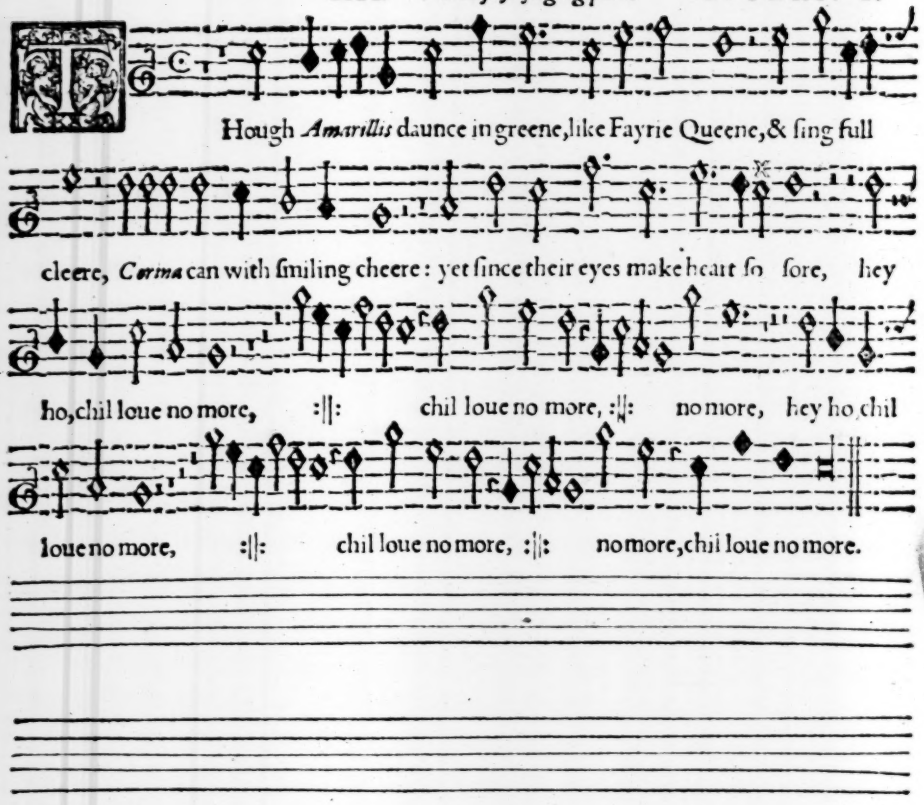


2 I wiſh but what I haue at will,
I wander not to ſeeke for more:
I like the plaine I clime no hill,
in greateſt ſtormes I ſitte on ſhore:
and laugh at them that toyle in vaine,
to get what muſt be loſt againe.

3 I kiſſe not where I wiſh to kill,
I faine not loue where moſt I hate:
I breake no ſleepe to winne my will,
I wayte not at the mighties gate:
I ſcorne no poore, nor feare no ritch,
I feele no want nor haue to much.

4 The Court and cart I like nor loath,
extreames are counted worſt of all:
the golden meane betweene them both,
doth ſureſt ſit and feare no fall:
this is my choyſe, for why I finde,
no wealth is like the quiet minde.

FINIS.



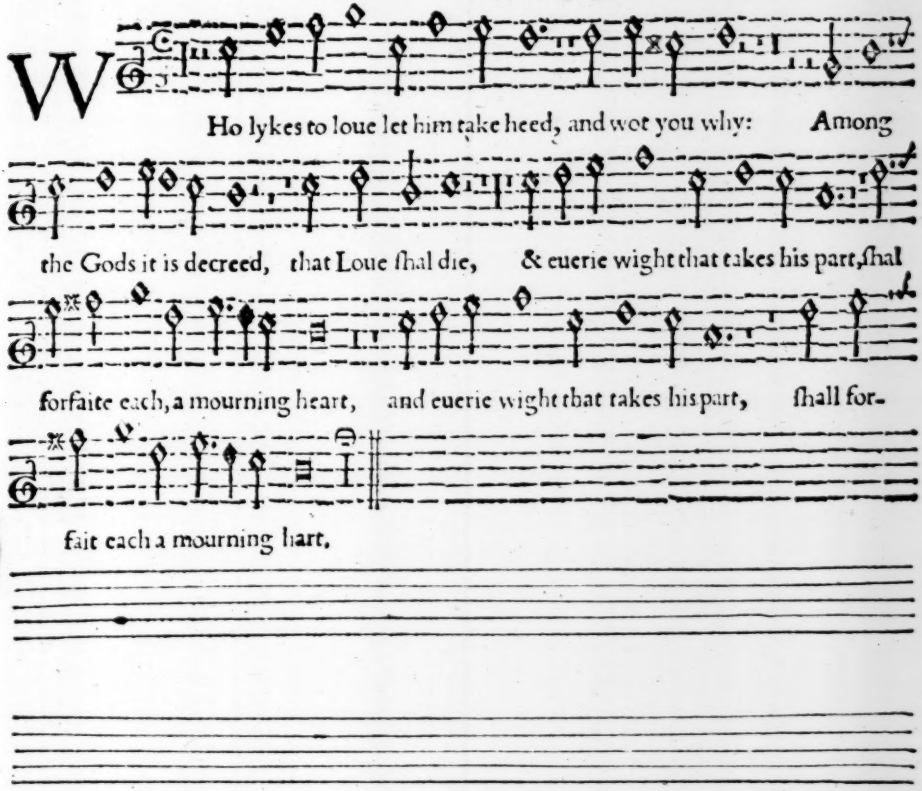
2 My ſheepe are loſt for want of foode.
and I ſo wood:
that all the day,
I ſit and watch a heardmaid gaye:
who laughes to ſee me ſigh ſo ſore,
hey ho chil loue no more.

3 Her louing lookes, her beautie bright,
is ſuch delight:
that all in vaine,
I loue to like, and loſe my gaine:
[illegible] that thankes me not therefore,
[illegible] loue no more.

4 Ah wanton eyes my friendlie foes,
and cauſe of woes:
your ſweete deſire,
breeds flames of Ile & freeſe in fire:
ye ſkorne to ſee me weepe ſo ſore,
hey ho chil loue no more.

5 Loue ye who liſt I force him not,
ſith God it wot,
the more I wayle,
the leſſe my ſighs and teares preuaile:
what ſhall I doe but ſay therefore,
hey ho chil loue no more.

FINIS.



2 The cauſe is this as I haue heard,
a ſort of dames,
whoſe beautie he did not regard,
nor ſecret flames,
complaind before the gods aboue,
that golde corrupts the God of loue.

3 The gods did ſtorme to heare this newes
and there they ſwore,
that ſith he did ſuch dames abuſe,
he ſhould no more
be god of Loue, but that he ſhould
both die, and forfait all his gold.

4 His bowe & ſhaftes they tooke away,
before their eies,
and gaue theſe dames a longer day,
for to deuiſe,
who ſhould them keepe, & they be bound,
that loue for gold ſhould not be found.

5 Theſe Ladies ſtriuing long, at laſt,
they did agree,
to giue them to a mayden chaſt,
whome I did ſee:
who with the ſame did perce my breſt,
her beauties rare and ſo I reſt.

D.j. FINIS.

Y minde to mea kingdome is, ſuch perfect ioy therin I find: That

it excells all other bliſſe, which God or Nature hath aſſign'd: though much I want,

that moſt wold haue, yet ſtil my mind, forbids to craue: though much I want, that

moſt would haue: yet ſtil my mind forbids to craue, yet ſtill my minde forbids to

craue, to craue.

1 No princ'lie port nor welthie ſtore,
no force to winne a victorie:
no wylie wit to ſalue a ſore,
no ſhape to winne a liuing eye:
to none of theſe I yeeld as thrall,
for why my mind deſpiſe them all.

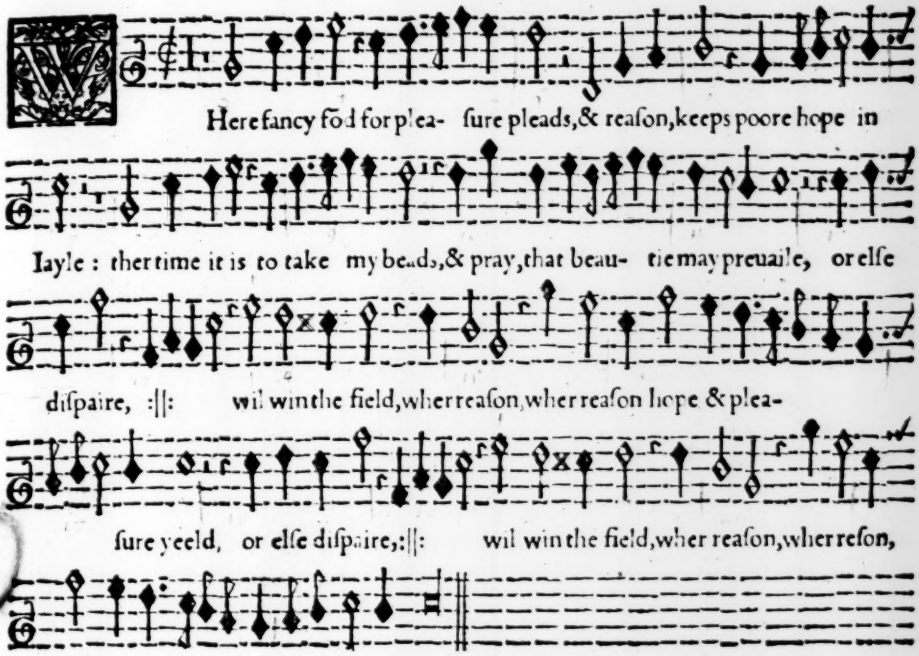
3 I ſee that plentie ſurfets oft,
and haſtie clymbers ſooneſt fall:
I ſee that ſuch as are aloft,
mishap doth threaten moſt of all:
theſe get with toyle and keepe with feare,
ſuch cares my mind can neuer beare.

4 I preſſe to beare no haughtie ſway,
I wiſh no more then may ſuffice:
I doe no more then well I may,
looke what I want my mind ſupplies:
loe thus I triumph like a king,
my minde content with any thing.

5 I laugh not at anothers loſſe,
nor grudge not at anothers gaine:
no worldly waues my mind can toſſe,
I brooke that is an others bane:
I feare no foe nor fawne on friend,
I loth not life nor dread mine end.

6 My wealth is health & perfect eaſe,
and conſcience cleere my chiefe defence:
I neuer ſeeke by bribes to pleaſe,
nor by deſart to giue offence:
thus do I liue, thus will I die,
would all did ſo as well as I.

FINIS.



1 My eyes preſume to iudge this caſe,
whoſe iudgement reaſon doth diſdain:
but beautie with her wanton face,
ſtands to defend,the caſe is plaine:
and at the barre of ſweet delight,
ſhe pleads that fancie muſt be right.

3 But ſhame will not haue reaſon yeeld,
though griefe do ſweare it ſhall be ſo:
as though it were a perfect ſhield,
to bluſh,and feare to tell my woe:
where ſilence force will at the laſt,
to wiſh for wit when hope is paſt.

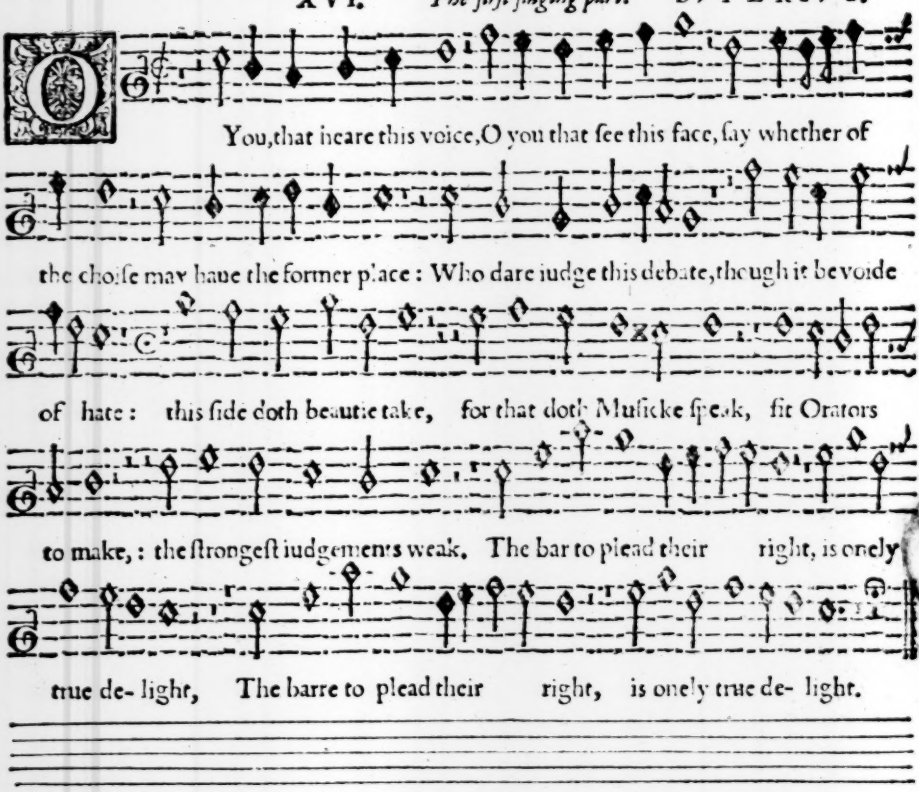
4 So farre hath fond deſire out runne,
the bond which reaſon ſet out firſt:
that where delight the fray begunne,
I would now ſay,if that I durſt:
that in her ſtead ten thouſand woes,
haue ſprong in field where pleaſure grows

5 O that I might declare the reſt,
of all the toies which fancy turnes:
like towrs of wind within my breſt,
where fire is hid that neuer burnes.
then ſhould I try one of the twaine,
either to loue,or to diſdaine.

6 But fine conceit dares not declare,
the ſtrange conflict of hope and feare:
leaſt reaſon ſhould be lett ſo bare,
that loue durſt whiſper in mine eare,
and tell me how my fancie ſhall,
bring reaſon to be beawties thrall.

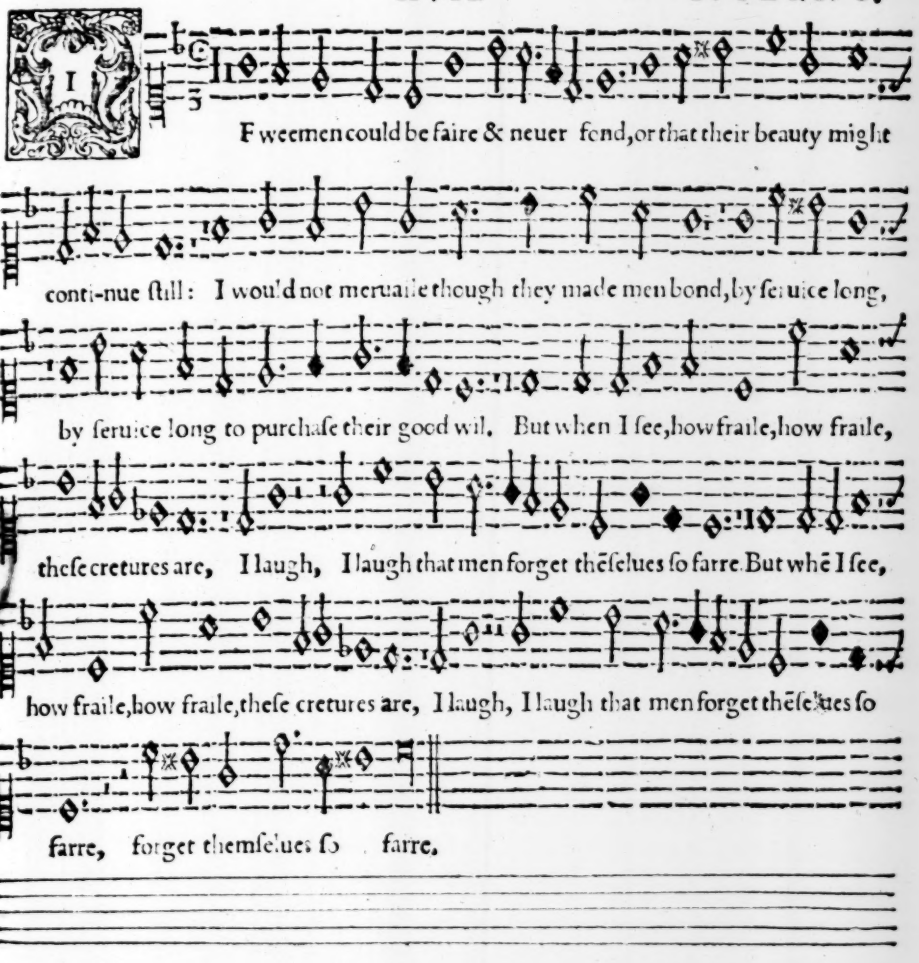
7 I muſt therefore with ſilence build,
the Laborinth of my delight:
till loue haue tri'd in open field,
which of the twaine ſhall win the fight:
I feare mee reaſon muſt giue place,
If fancie fond winne beauties grace.

 FINIS.



3 Thus doth the voyce and face,
theſe gentle lawiers wage:
like louing brothers caſt
for fathers heritage:
that ech, while ech contends,
it ſelfe to other lends.
4 For beautie beautifies,
with heauenly hewe and grace,
the heauenly harmonies,
and in that faultles face,
the perfect beauties be,
a perfect harmonie.
5 Muſicke more loftie ſwells,
in phraſes finely plac'd:
Beautie as farre excels,
in action aptly grac'd:
a friend ech partie drawes,
to countenance his cauſe.
6 Loue more affected ſeemes,
to Beauties louelie light,
and wonder more eſteemes,
of Muſicke wond'rous might,
but both to both ſo bent,
as both in both are ſpent.
7 Muſicke doth witneſſe call,
the eare his truth doth trie:
Beautie brings to the hall,
eye witneſſe of the eye
eche in his obiect ſuch,
as none exceptions touch,
8 The cõmon ſenſe which might,
be arbiter of this:
to be forſoth vpright,
to both ſides parciall is:
he layes on this chiefe prayſe,
chiefe praiſe on that he layes.
9 Then reaſon, princeſſe hie,
which ſits in throne of mind:
and Muſicke can in ſkye,
with hidden beauties find,
ſay whether thou wilt crowne,
with limit leſſe renowne.

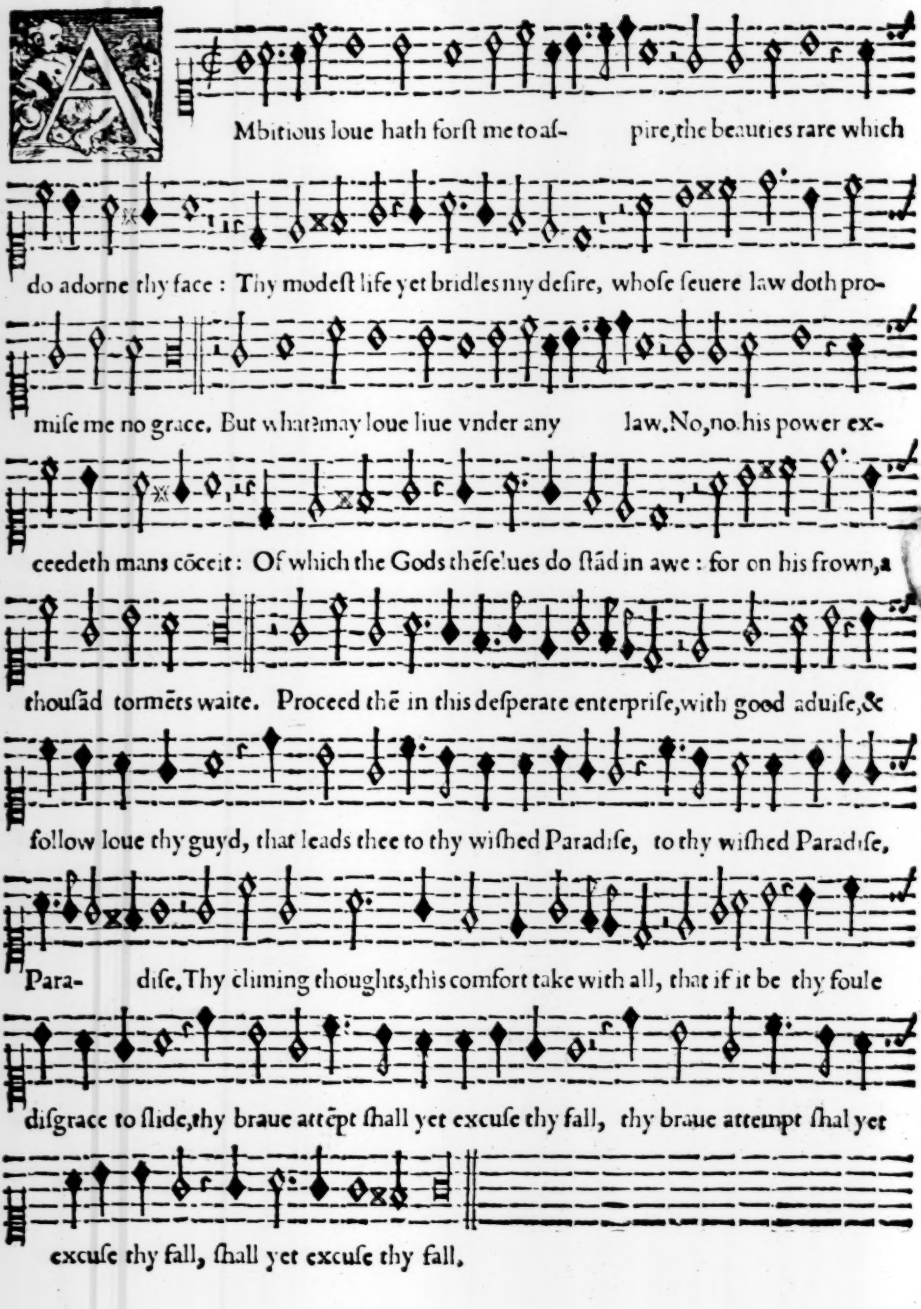
FINIS.

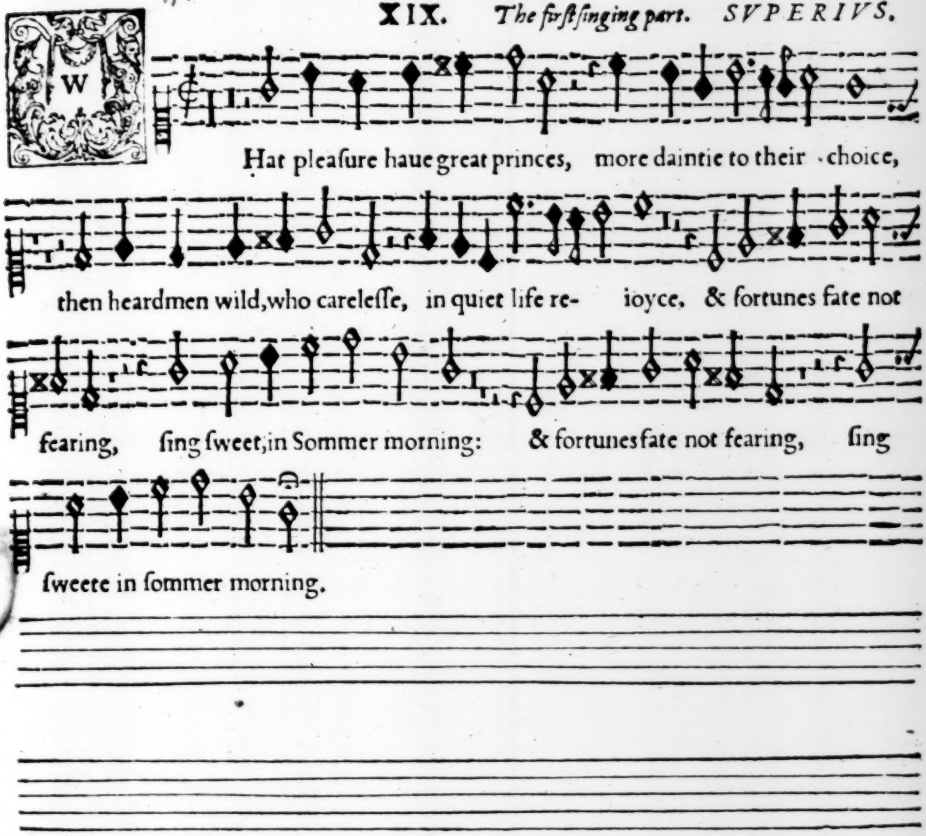


2 To marke what choiſe they make, & how they change,
How leauing beſt, the worſt they chooſe euer ſtill:
And how like haggards wilde, about they range,
Skorning after reaſon to follow will.
who would not ſhake ſuch buſtards from the fiſt,
And let them flie [faire fooles] which way they liſt.

3 Yet for our ſport, we fawne & flatter both,
To paſſe the time, when nothing elſe can pleaſe:
And traine them on, to yeeld by ſubtill oath,
The ſweet content, that giues ſuch humer eaſe.
And then we ſay when we their follies trie,
To play with fooles, Oh what a foole was I.

FINIS.


AMbitious loue hath forſt me to aſ- pire, the beauties rare which
do adorne thy face: Thy modeſt life yet bridles my deſire, whoſe ſeuere law doth pro-
miſe me no grace. But what? may loue liue vnder any law. No, no his power ex-
ceedeth mans cõceit: Of which the Gods thẽſelues do ſtãd in awe: for on his frown, a
thouſãd tormẽts waite. Proceed thẽ in this deſperate enterpriſe, with good aduiſe, &
follow loue thy guyd, that leads thee to thy wiſhed Paradiſe, to thy wiſhed Paradiſe,
Para- diſe. Thy climing thoughts, this comfort take with all, that if it be thy foule
diſgrace to ſlide, thy braue attẽpt ſhall yet excuſe thy fall, thy braue attempt ſhal yet
excuſe thy fall, ſhall yet excuſe thy fall.



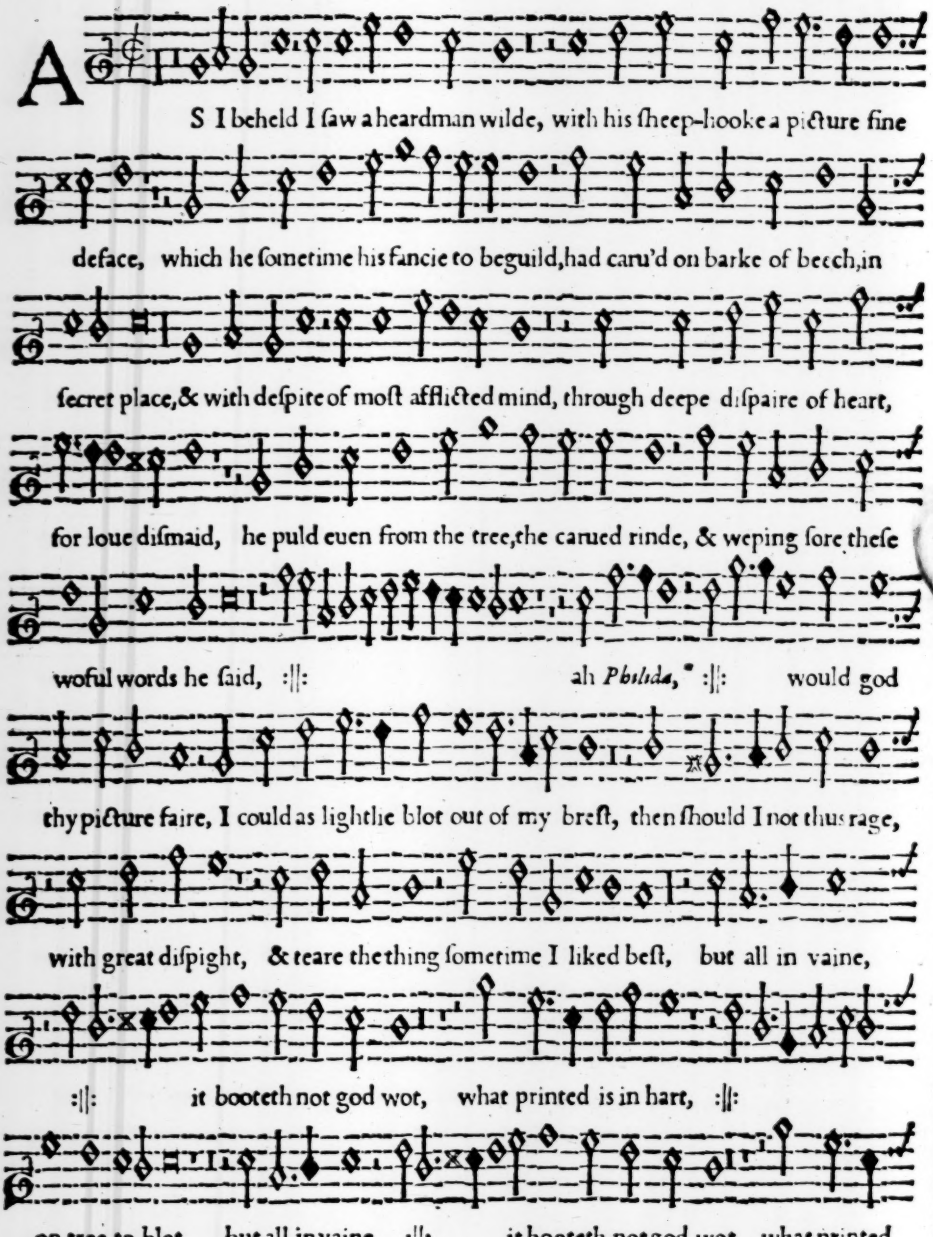
2 Their dealings plaine and rightfull,
are voyd of all diſceit:
they neuer know how ſpightfull
it is to kneele and waite
on fauorite preſumptious,
whoſe pride is vaine and ſumptious.

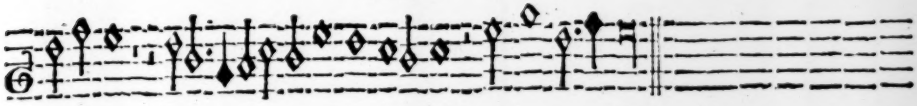
3 All day their flocks ech tendeth,
at night they take their reſt,
more quiet than who ſendeth
his ſhip into the Eaſt,
where gold and pearle are plentie,
but getting very daintie.

4 For Lawiers and their pleading
the'ſteeme it not a ſtraw,
they think that honeſt meaning
is of it ſelfe a law,
vvhere conſcience iudgeth plainely,
they ſpend no mony vainely.

5 O happie who thus liueth,
not caring much for gold,
with clothing which ſufficeth,
to keepe him from the cold,
though poore and plaine his diet,
yet merry it is and quiet,

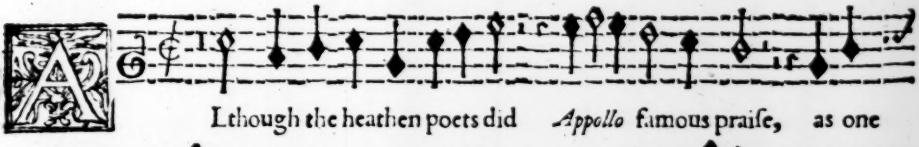
FINIS.


AS I beheld I ſaw a heardman wilde, with his ſheep-hooke a picture fine
deface, which he ſometime his fancie to beguild, had caru'd on barke of beech, in
ſecret place, & with deſpite of moſt afflicted mind, through deepe diſpaire of heart,
for loue diſmaid, he puld euen from the tree, the carued rinde, & weping ſore theſe
woful words he ſaid, :||: ah Phillida, :||: would god
thy picture faire, I could as light the blot out of my breſt, then ſhould I not thus rage,
with great diſpight, & teare the thing ſometime I liked beſt, but all in vaine,
:||: it booteth not god wot, what printed is in hart, :||:
on tree to blot, but all in vaine, :||: it booteth not god wot, what printed



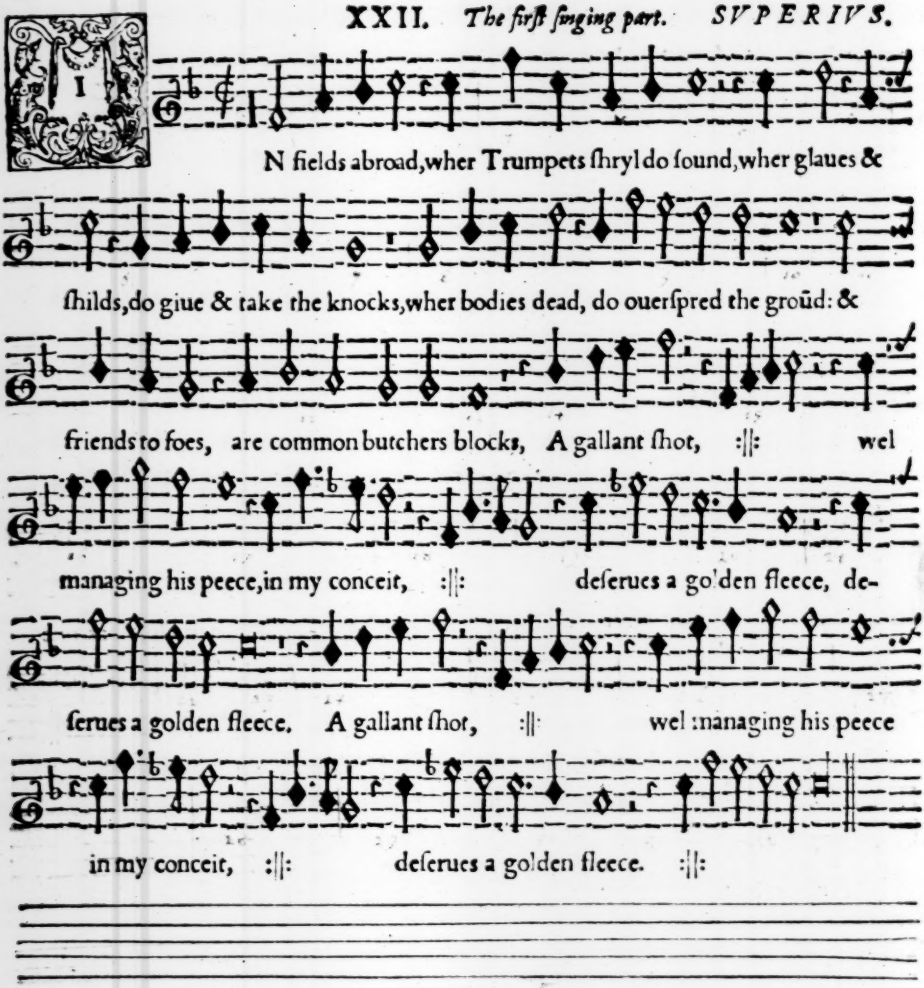
is in hart, :||: on tree to blot, on tree to blot.

XXI.



Although the heathen poets did *Appollo* famous praiſe, as one who for his Muſicke ſweet, no peare had in his daies. :||:

Although the heathen poets did,&c.



2 Amid the ſeas,a gallant ſhip ſet out,
where in nor men nor yet munitions lacks,
in greateſt windes that ſpareth not a clout,
but cuts the waues in ſpight of wethers wracks,
would force a ſwain that coms of cowards kinde,
to change him ſelfe and be of noble minde.

3 VVho makes his ſeat a ſtately ſtamping ſtead,
whoſe neighes & playes are princely to behold,
vvhoſe courage ſtout,vvhoſe eies are fiery red,
vvhoſe ioynts vvel knit,vvhoſe harnes all of gold
doth vvell deſerue to be no meaner thing,
then Percīā knight whoſe horſe made him a king.

4 By that bedſide vvhere ſits a gallant Dame,
vvho caſteth of hir braue and rich attyre,
vvhoſe petecote ſets forth as faire a frame,
as mortall men or gods can vvell deſire,
vvho ſits and ſees hir pettecote vnlaſt,
I ſay no more the reſt are all diſgraſt.

FINIS.

Conſtant *Penelope*, ſends to thee careleſſe *Vliſſes*, write not a-

gaine, but come ſweet mate thy ſelfe to reuiue me. Troy we doe much en-uie, we

deſolate loſt ladies of *Greece*: Not *Priamus*, nor yet all Troy can vs recompẽce make.

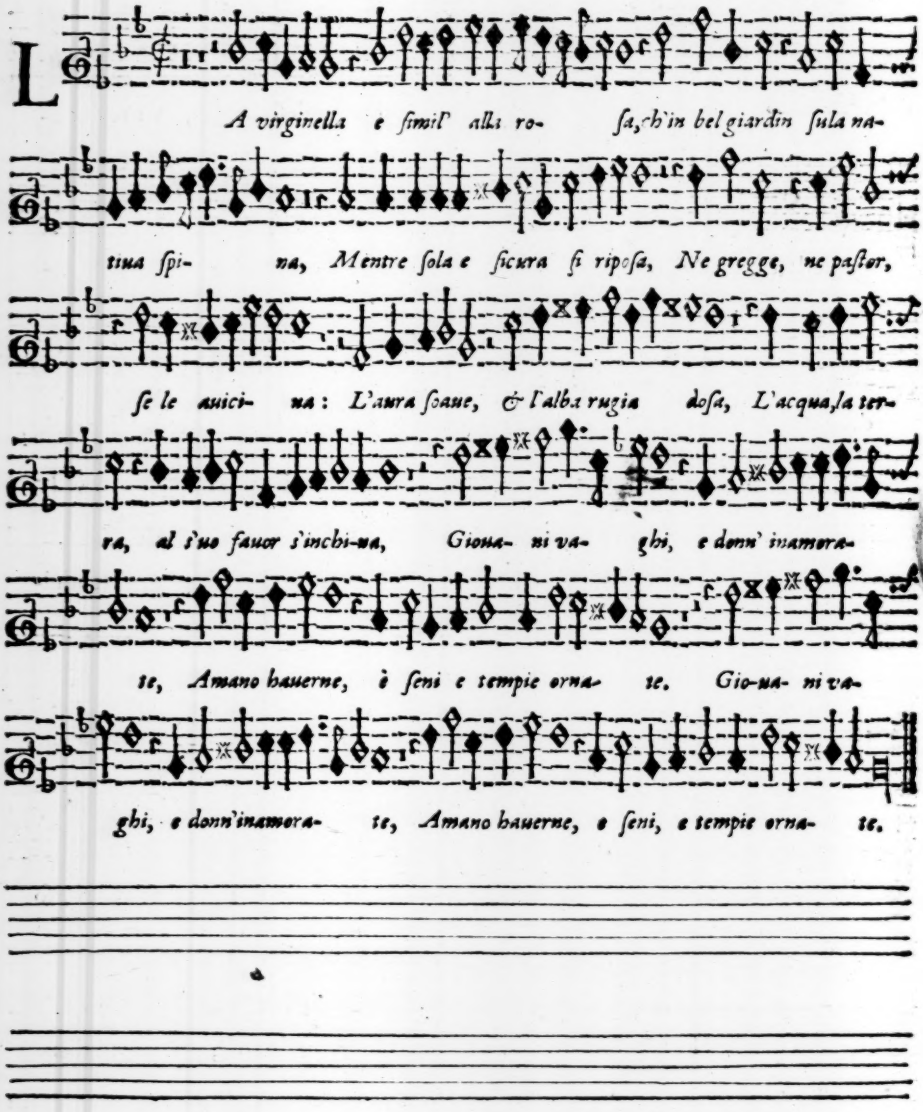
Oh, oh, oh, that he had when he firſt tooke ſhipping to Lacedemon, that adul-

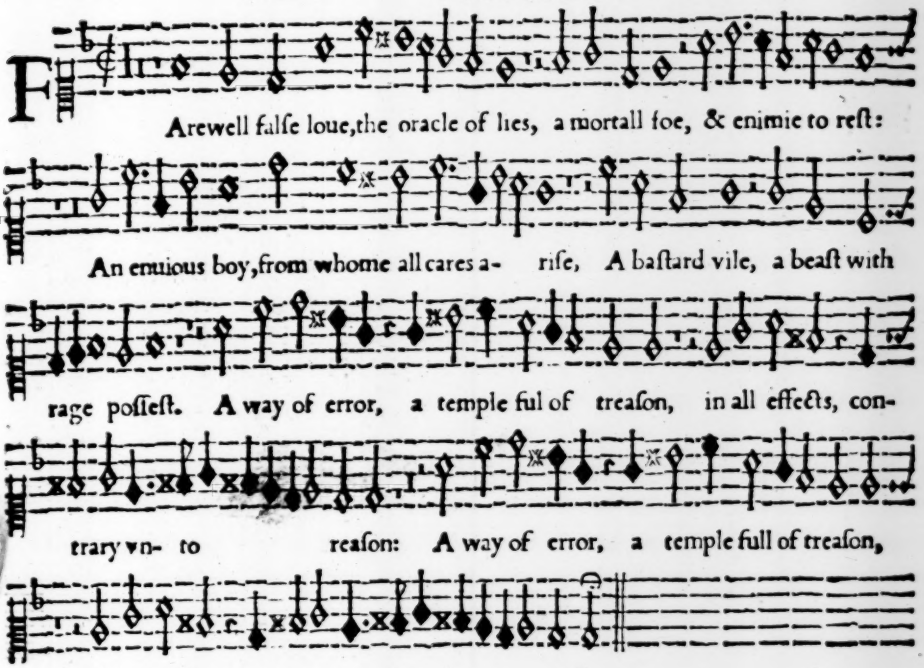
ter I meane, had bene o'rewhelmed with waters: Thẽ had I not line now all alone,

thus quiuering for cold, nor vſed this complaint, nor haue thought the day to be ſo

long. Then had I not line now all alone thus quiuering for cold, nor vſed this

complaint, nor haue thought the day to be ſo long.

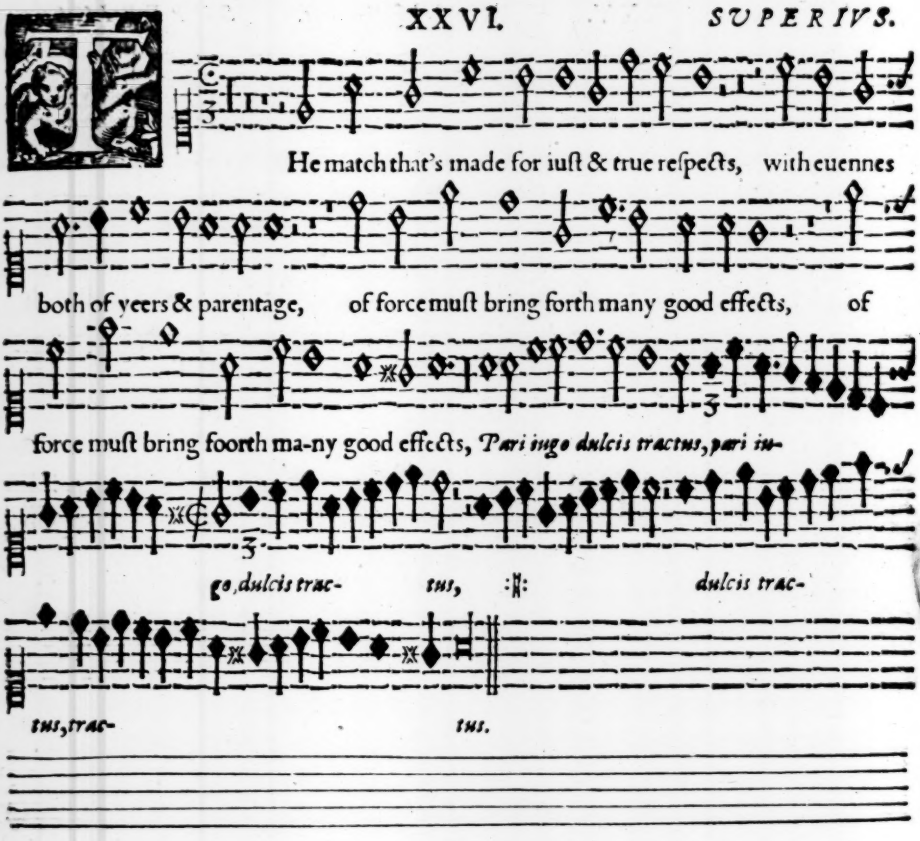

L
A virginella e ſimil' alla roſa, ch'in bel giardin ſula naſtua ſpina, Mentre ſola e ſicura ſi ripoſa, Ne gregge, ne paſtor, ſe le auicina: L'aura ſoaue, & l'alba rugiadoſa, L'acqua, la terra, al ſ'uo fauor s'inchina, Giouani vaghi, e donn' inamorate, Amano hauerne, è ſeni e tempie ornate. Giouani vaghi, e donn'inamorate, Amano hauerne, e ſeni, e tempie ornate.



3 A poyſoned ſerpent couered all vvith flovvers,
Mother of ſighes,and murtherer of repoſe,
A ſea of ſorows frō whēce are drawē ſuch ſhowers
As moiſture lend to euery griefe that grovves,
A ſchole of guile,a net of deepe deceit,
A guilded hooke,that holds a poyſoned bayte,
3 A fortreſſe foyld,vvhich reaſon dyd defend,
A Syren ſong, a feauer of the minde,
A maze vvherein affection finds no end,

A raging cloud that runnes before the vvinde,
A ſubſtance like the ſhadovv of the Sunne,
A goale of griefe for vvhich the vviſeſt tunne,
4 A quenchleſſe fire, a nurſſe of trembling feare,
A path that leads to perill and miſhap,
A true retreat of ſorrovv and diſpayre,
An idle boy that ſleepes in pleaſures lap,
A deepe miſtruſt of that vvhich certaine ſeemes,
A hope of that vvhich reaſon doubtfull deemes.

FINIS.



2 For vvhere chaſt loue and liking ſets the plant,
And concord vvaters vvith a firme good vvill,
Of no good thing there can be any vvant.
Pari ingo dulcis tractus.

3 Sound is the knot that chaſtitie hath tyde,
Svveet is the Muſicke vnitie doth make,
Sure is the ſtore that plentie doth prouide.
Pari ingo dulcis tractus.

4 VVher chaſtnes fayles, ther concord vvill decay?
VVhet concord fleets, ther plentie vvill decreaſe?
VVher plenty vvants, ther loue vvill veare avvay?
Pari ingo dulcis tractus.

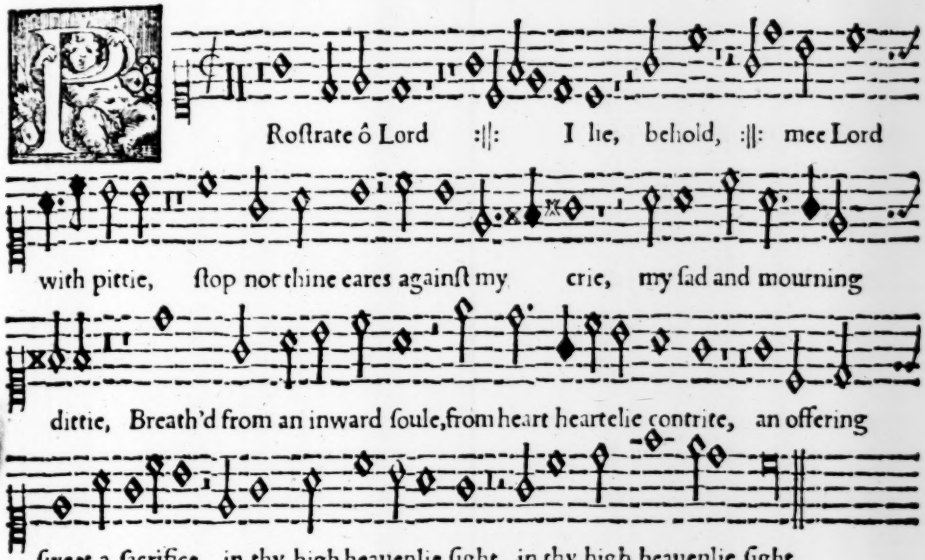
5 I chaſtitie reſtraine all ſtrange deſires,
I concord keepe the courſe of ſound conſent,
I plentie ſpare, and ſpend as cauſe requires.
Pari ingo dulcis tractus.

6 Make much of vs all ye that married bee,
Speake vvell of vs all ye that minde to bee,
The tyme may come, to vvant and vviſh all three.
Pari ingo dulcis tractus.

FINIS.

¶ Heere endeth the Sonets and Paſtoralles,

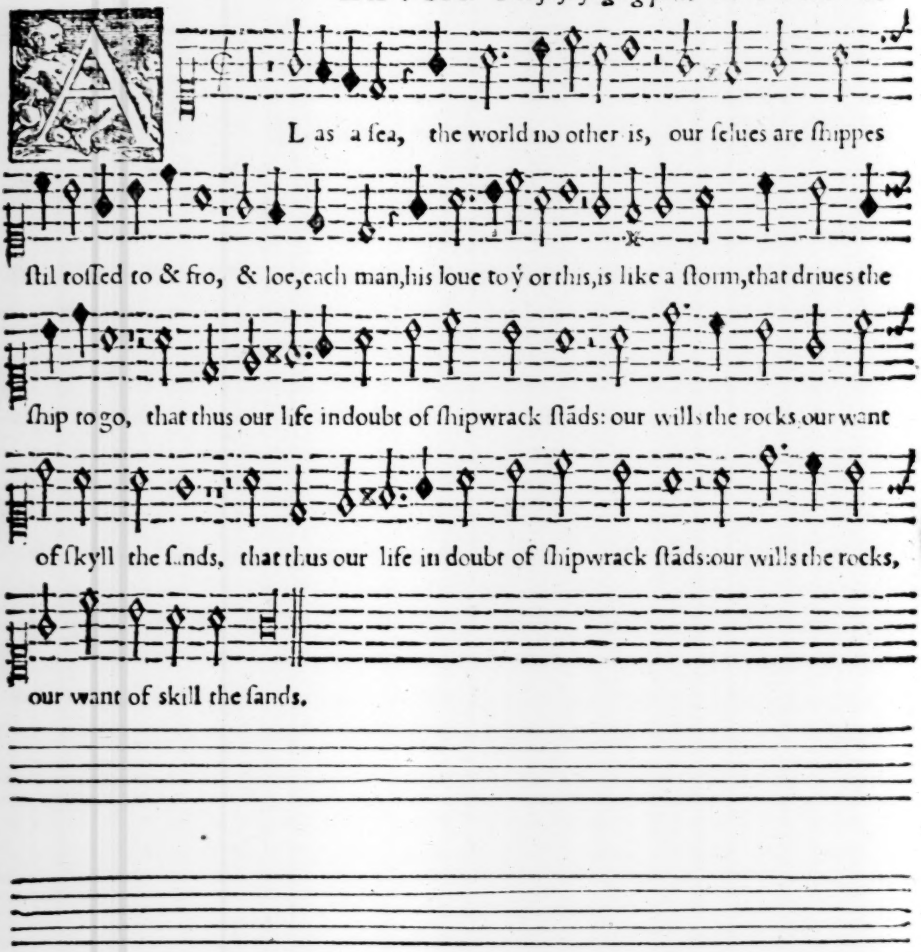
and beginneth Songes of Sadnes and Pietie.



2 Obſerue not ſinnes O Lord,
for vvho may then abide it,
but let thy mercie cancell them,
thou haſt not man deni'd it,
man melting vvith remorſe and thoughts,
thought paſt repenting,
O lighten Lord O heare our ſongs,
our ſinnes full ſore lamenting.

3 The vvonders of thy vvorks,
aboue all reaſon reacheth,
and yet thy mercie aboue all
this, vs thy Spirit teacheth,
then let no ſinner fall,
in depth of foule diſpaire,
ſince neuer ſoule ſo foule there vvas,
but mercie made it faire.

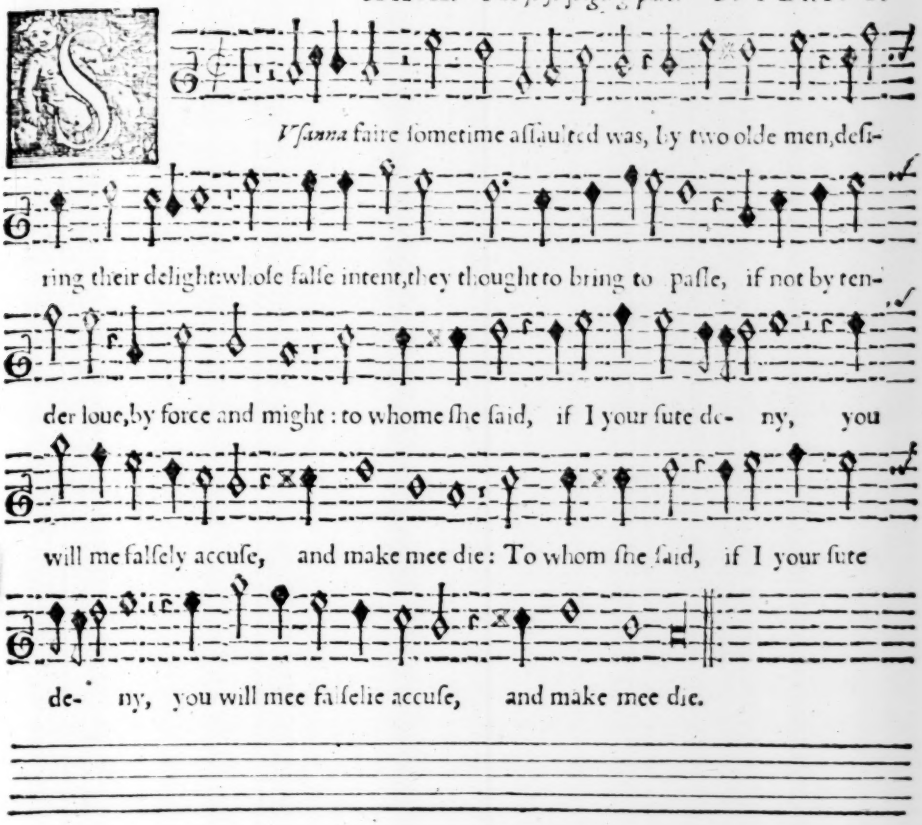
FINIS.



2 Our paſſions be the Pirates ſtill that ſpoyle,
and ouerboard caſt's out our reaſons fraight:
the Mariners that day and night doe toyle,
be our conceits that doe on pleaſure vvaight:
pleaſure Maſter doth tirannize the ſhip,
and giueth vertue ſecretly the nip.

3 The Compaſſe is a minde to compas all,
both pleaſure, profit place and fame for naught:
the vvinds that blovv men ouer vveening call,
the Merchandiſe is vvit full deerely bought:
triall the'Anker, caſt vpon experience,
for labor, lyfe, and all a doe the recompence.

FINIS.



2 And if I graunt to that vvhich you requeſt,
my chaſtitie ſhall then defloured bee,
vvhich is ſo deere to mee that I deteſt
my lyfe, if it bereſted bee from mee:
And rather vvould I dye of mine accord,
ten thouſand times, then once offend the Lord.

FINIS.

If that a ſinners ſighes, ‖: be An- gels food,

or that repentant teares be Angels wine, Angels wine, accept ô

Lord, in this moſt pen- ſiue mood, theſe heartie ſighs & teares of

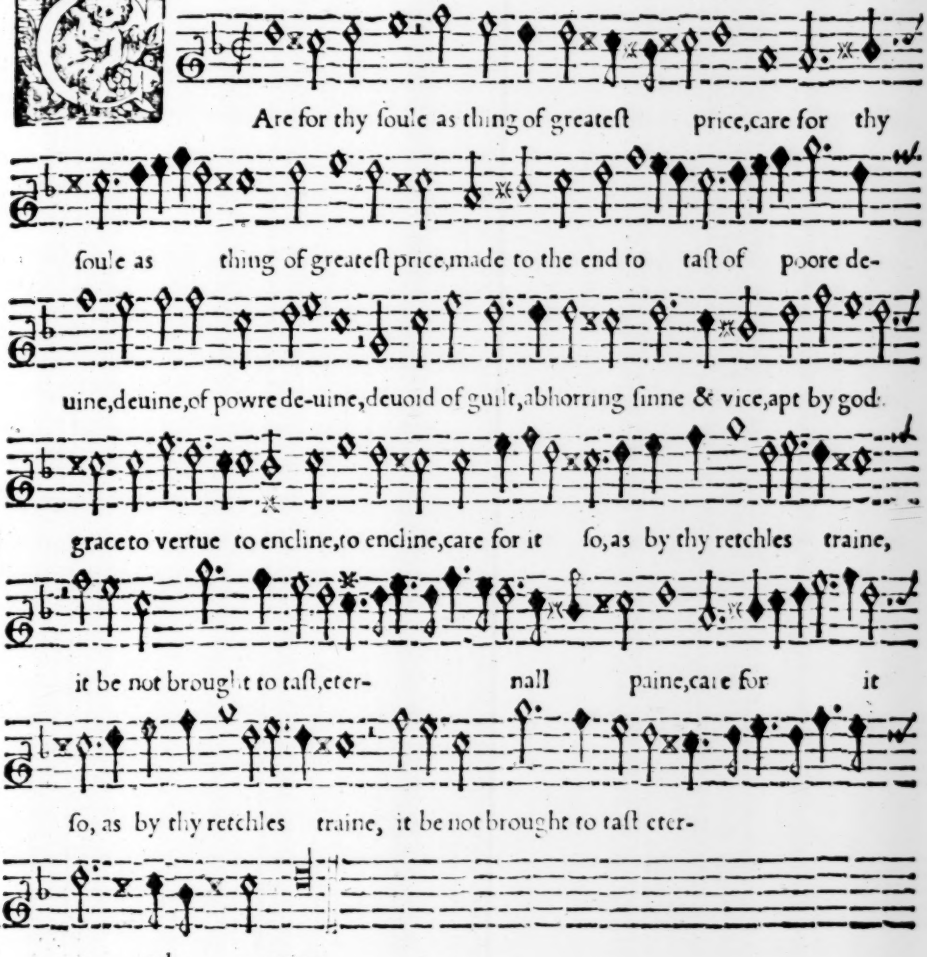
mine, theſe heartie ſighes and teares of mine : That went with

Peter forth moſt ſinfullie, moſt ſin- ful- ly, but not with Peter

wept moſt bitter- lie. That went with Peter foorth moſt ſinfullie, moſt ſin-

ful- lie, but not with Peter wept moſt bitterlie, with Peter wept

moſt, bitter- lie.

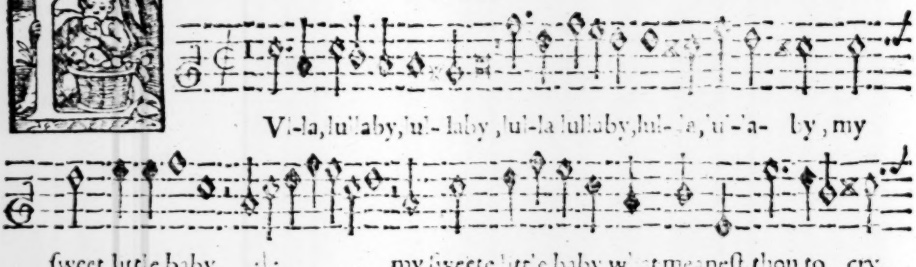


8 Care for thy corps, but chiefly for ſoules ſake,
cut of exceſſe, ſuſteyning food is beſt,
to vanquiſh pride, but comelie clothing take,
ſeeke after ſkill, deepe ignorance deteſt:
Care ſo I ſay, the fleſh to feede and cloth,
that thou harme not thy ſoule and bodie both.

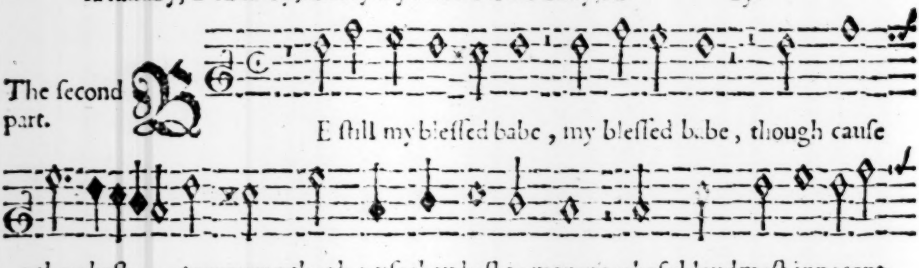
3 Care for the world to do thy bodie right,
racke not thy wit to winne thy wicked waies,
ſeeke not t'oppreſſe the weak by wrongful might,
to pay thy dew do baniſh all delayes:
Care to diſpend according to thy ſtore,
and in like ſort be mindefull of the poore.

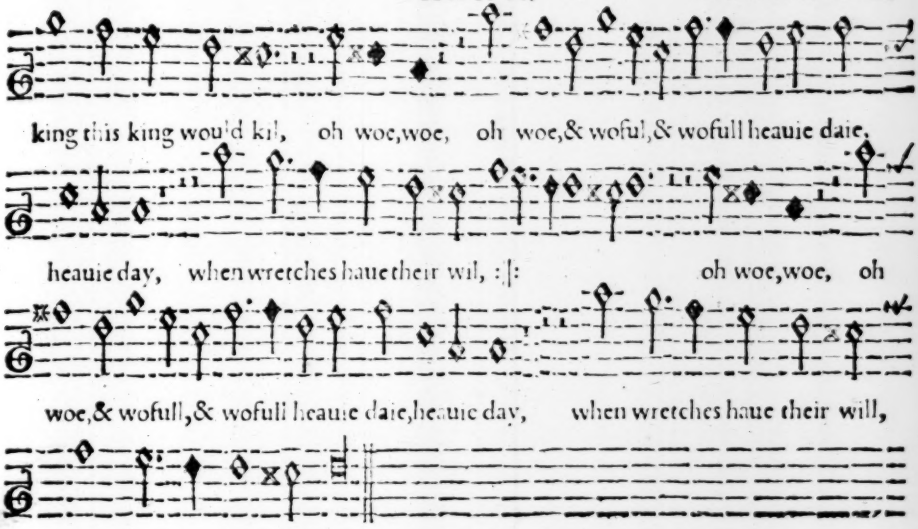
4 Care for thy ſoule, as for thy chiefeſt ſtay,
care for thy bodie for thy ſoules auaile,
care for the world for bodies helpe alway,
care yet but ſo as vertue may preuaile,
care in ſuch ſort that thou be ſure of this,
care keepe thee not frō heauen & heauenly bliſſe.

FINIS.



The ſecond part.





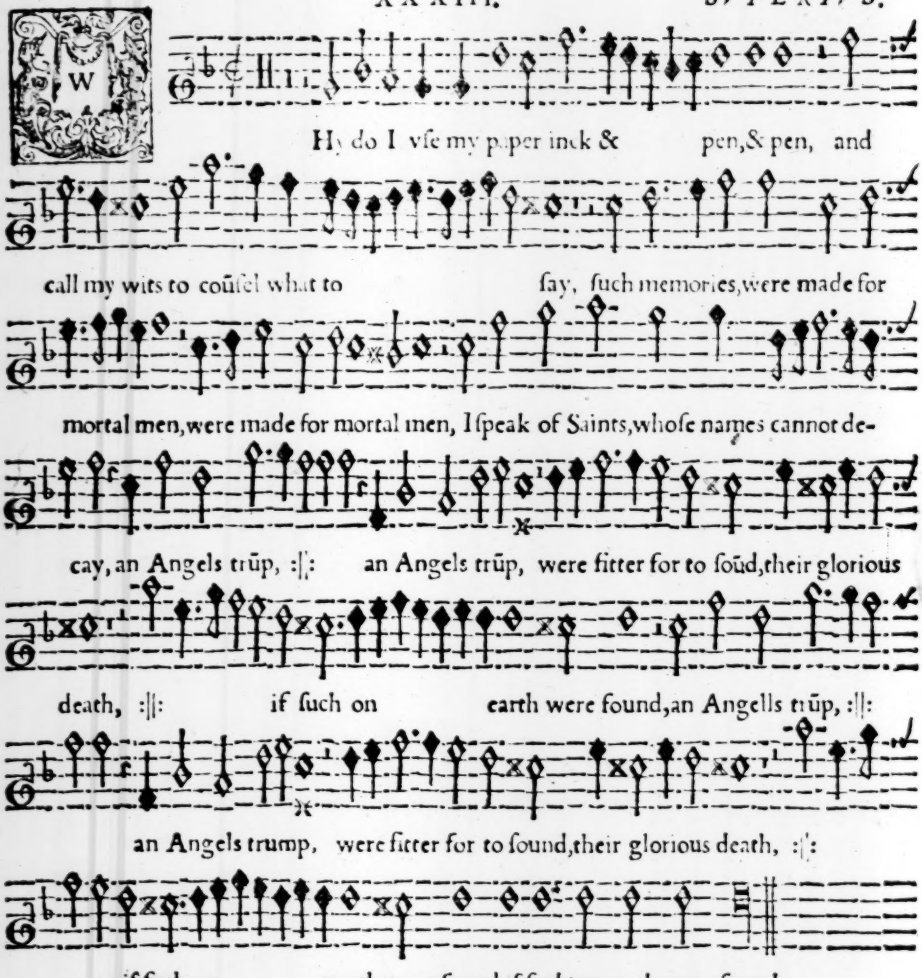
Lulla la lulla lulla lullaby,
My ſweet little Baby,what meaneſt thou to cry:

2 Three kings this king of kings to ſee,are come from farre,
To each vnknowen,with offerings great,by guiding of a Starre:
And ſhepherds heard the ſong,which Angells bright did ſing,
Giuing all glory vnto God,for comming of this king:
Which muſt be made away,king Herod would him kill,
Oh woe and wofull heauie day,when wretches haue their will.
Lulla la lulla,lulla lullaby,my ſweet &c.

3 Lo,lo my little Babe,be ſtill,lament no more,
From fury ſhalt thou ſtep aſide,help haue wee ſtill in ſtore:
Wee heauenly warning haue,ſome other ſoyle to ſeeke,
From death muſt flie the Lord of lyfe,as Lamb both myld and meeke:
Thus muſt my Babe obey the king that would him kill,
Oh wo,and wofull heauy day,when wretches haue their will.
Lulla la lulla,lulla lullaby,my ſweet &c.

4 But thou ſhalt liue and raigne,as *Sibilles* haue foreſaide,
As all the Prophets Propheſie,whoſe mother yet a maide,
And perfect virgin pure,with hir breſts ſhall vpbreed,
Both God and man that all hath made,the Sunne of heauenly ſeed:
Whom caytiues none can tray,whom tirants none can kill,
Oh ioy,and ioyfull happy day,when wretches want their will.

FINIS.

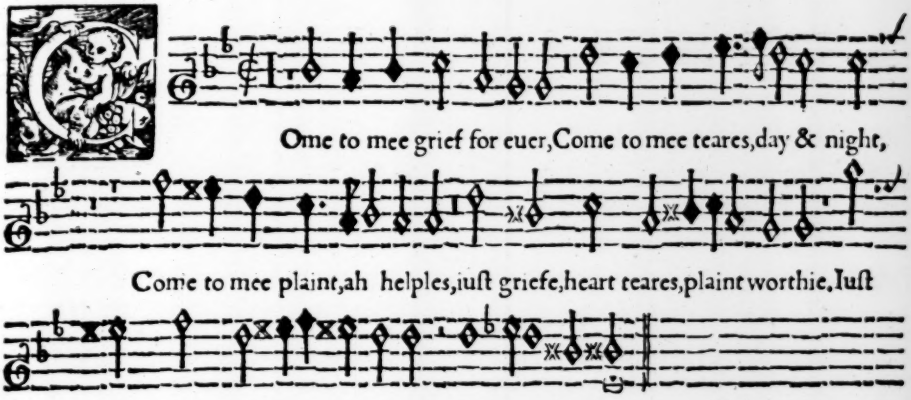


1 That ſtoare of ſuch were once on earth purſu'd,
the hiſtories of auncient times record,
whoſe conſtancie great tyrants rage ſubdu'd,
through patiẽt death profeſſing Chriſt their Lord,
as his Apoſtles perfect witneſſe bare.
with many more that bleſſed Martirs were.

2 VVhoſe patiẽce rare & moſt couragious minde,
with fame renoum'd perpetuall ſhall endure,
by whoſe examples we may rightlie find,
of holie life and death a patterne pure:
that we therefore their vertues may embrace,
pray we to Chriſt to guide vs with his grace.

FINIS.

¶ *The funerall Songs of that honorable Gent. Syr Phillip Sidney, Knight.*

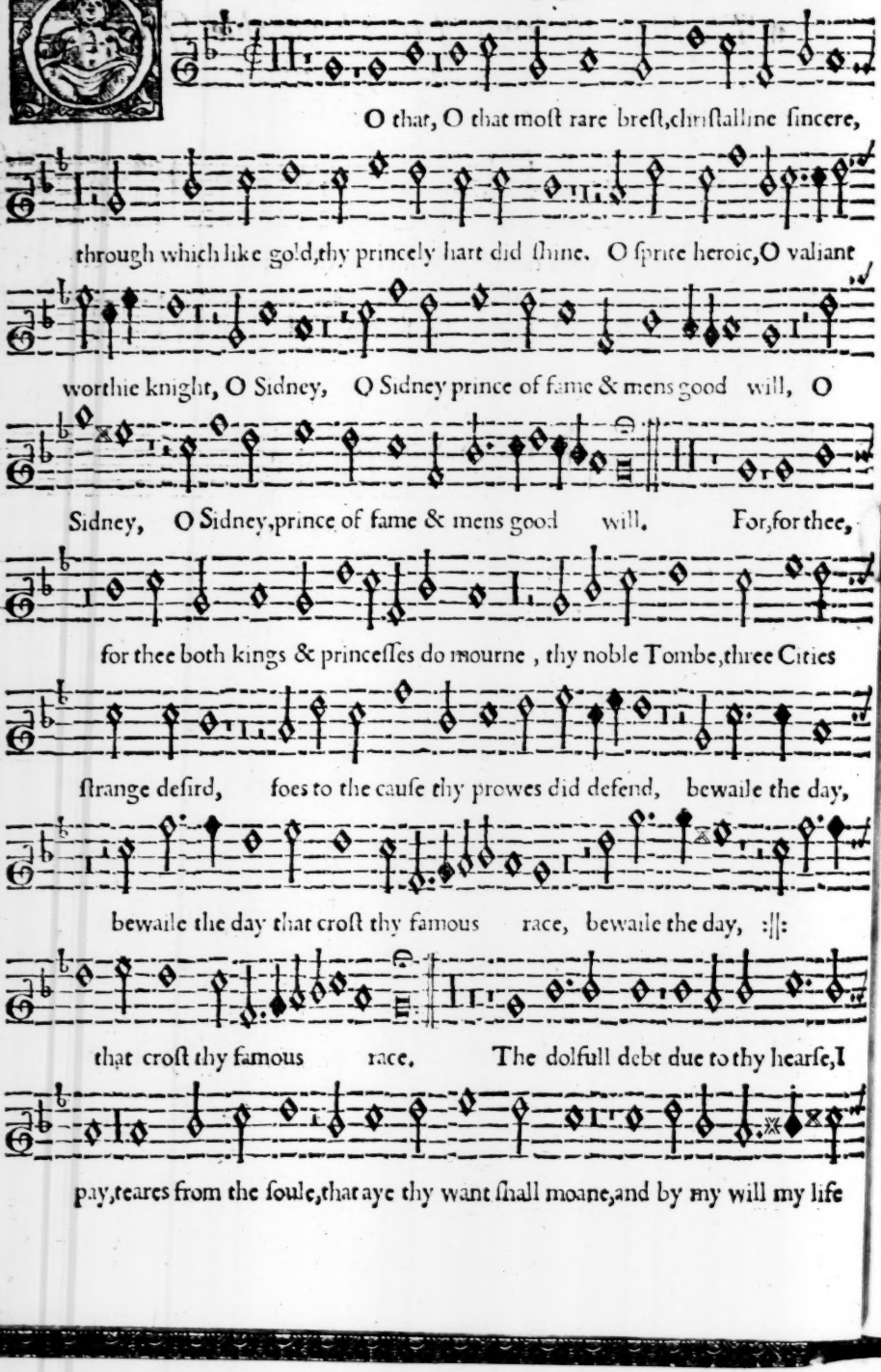


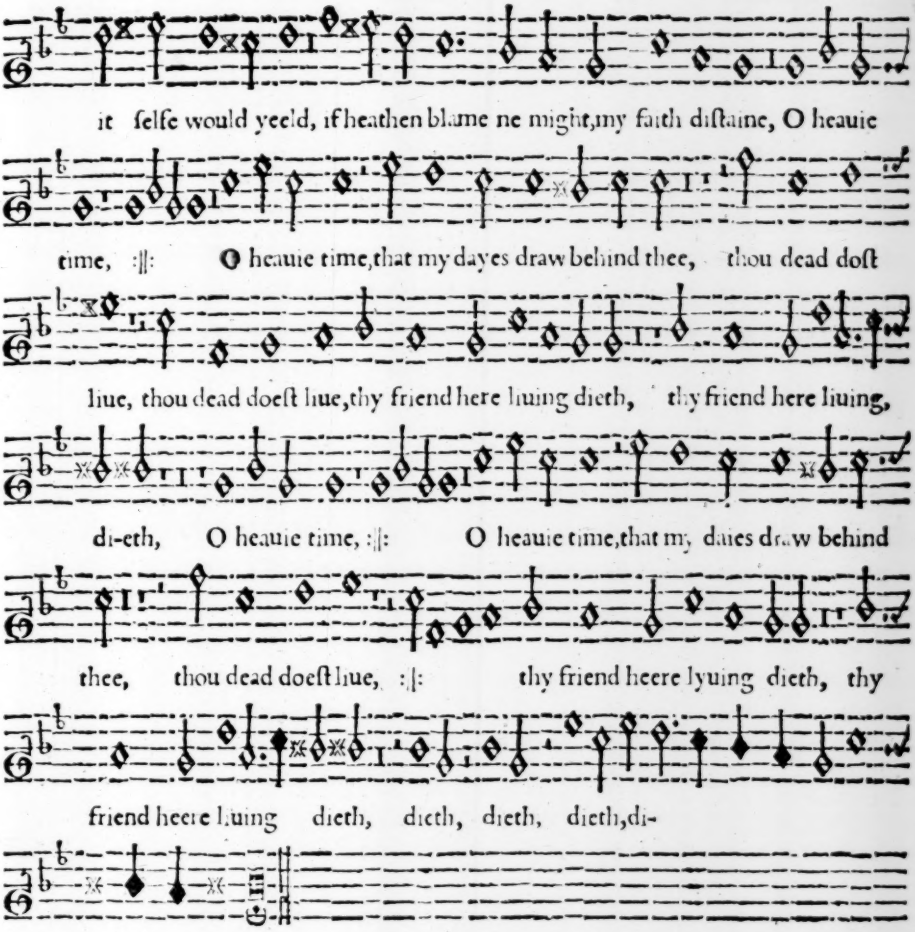
2 Go fro mee dread to die now,
Go fro mee care to liue more,
Go fro mee ioyes all on earth,
Sidney, *O Sidney* is Dead.

3 He whome the Court adorned,
He whome the country courtis'd,
He who made happie his friends,
He that did good to all men.

4 *Sidney* the hope of land ſtrange,
Sidney the floure of England,
Sidney the ſpirit heroic,
Sidney is dead, O dead, dead,

5 Dead? no, no, but renomed,
With the anointed oned,
Honor on earth at his feete,
Bliſſe euerlaſting his ſeate.
Come to mee griefe: &c.


O that, O that moſt rare breſt, chriſtalline ſincere,
through which like gold, thy princely hart did ſhine. O ſprite heroic, O valiant
worthie knight, O Sidney, O Sidney prince of fame & mens good will, O
Sidney, O Sidney, prince of fame & mens good will. For, for thee,
for thee both kings & princeſſes do mourne, thy noble Tombe, three Cities
ſtrange deſird, foes to the cauſe thy prowes did defend, bewaile the day,
bewaile the day that croſt thy famous race, bewaile the day, :||:
that croſt thy famous race. The dolfull debt due to thy hearſe, I
pay, teares from the ſoule, that aye thy want ſhall moane, and by my will my life


it ſelfe would yeeld, if heathen blame ne might, my faith diſtaine, O heauie
time, :‖: O heauie time, that my dayes draw behind thee, thou dead doſt
liue, thou dead doeſt liue, thy friend here liuing dieth, thy friend here liuing,
di-eth, O heauie time, :‖: O heauie time, that my daies draw behind
thee, thou dead doeſt liue, :‖: thy friend heere lyuing dieth, thy
friend heere liuing dieth, dieth, dieth, dieth, di-
eth.

¶ *The Table for the Pſalmes, and the reſt of the ſongs.*

O God giue eare and do apply. I
Myne eyes with feruencie of ſpirit. II
My ſoule oppreſt with care & griefe. III
How ſhall a young man prone to ill. IIII
O Lord how long wilt thou forget. V
O Lord who in thy ſacred tent. VI
Help Lord for waſted are thoſe men. VII
Bleſſed is he that feares the Lord. VIII
Lord in thy wrath. IX
Euen from the depth. X

¶ *The Sonets and Paſtoralles.*

I ioy not in no earthly bliſſe. XI
Though *Amarillis* daunce in greene. XII
Who likes to loue let him take heede. XIII
My minde to me a kingdome is. XIIII
Where fancie fond for pleaſure pleads. XV
O you that heare this voyce. XVI
If woemen could be faire. XVII
Ambitious loue. XVIII
What pleaſure haue great Princes. XIX
As I beheld I ſaw a heardman wilde. XX
Although the heathen poets. XXI
In fields abroade. XXII
Conſtant *Penelope*. XXIII
La virginella. XXIIII
Farewell falce loue. XXV
The match that's made. XXVI

¶ *Songs of ſadneſſe and pietie.*

Proſtrate ô Lord. XXVII
All as a Sea, the world no other is. XXVIII
Suſanna faire. XXIX
If that a ſinners ſighes. XXX
Care for thy ſoule. XXXI
Lulla, Lullaby. XXXII
Why doe I vſe. XXXIII

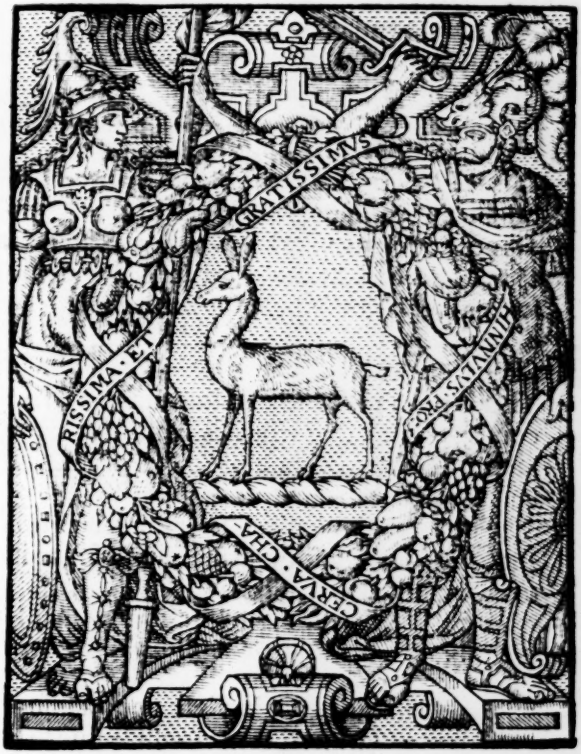
¶ *The funerall ſongs of that honorable Gent. Sir Phillip Sidney Knight.*

Come to me griefe for euer. XXXIIII
O that moſt rare breſt. XXXV

FINIS.

MEDIVS.

Pſalmes, Sonets, & ſongs of ſadnes and pietie, made into Muſicke of fiue parts: whereof, ſome of them going abroad among diuers, in vntrue coppies, are heere truely corrected, and th other being Songs very rare & newly compoſed, are heere publiſhed, for the recreation of all ſuch as delight in Muſick: By *William Byrd*, one of the Gent. of the Queenes Maieſties honorable Chappell.



Printed by Thomas Eaſt, the aſsigne of W. Byrd, and are to be ſold at the dwelling houſe of the ſaid T. Eaſt, by Paules wharfe. 1588.
Cum priuilegio Regiæ Maieſtatis.

¶ Reaſons briefely ſet downe by th'auctor, to perſwade euery one to learne to ſing.

FIrſt, it is a knowledge eaſely taught, and quickly learned, wher ther is a good Maſter, & an apt Scoler.

2 The exerciſe of ſinging is delightful to Nature, and good to preſerue the health of man.

3 It doth ſtrengthen all parts of the breſt, & doth open the pipes.

4 It is a ſinguler good remedie for a ſtutting & ſtamaring in the ſpeech.

5 It is the beſt meanes to procure a perfect pronunciation, and to make a good Orator.

6 It is the onely way to know where Nature hath beſtowed the benefit of a good voyce: which gift is ſo rare, as ther is not one among a thouſand that hath it: & in many that excelent gift is loſt, becauſe they want art to expreſſe Nature.

7 Ther is not any Muſicke of Inſtruments whatſoeuer, comparable to that which is made of the voyces of men, wher the voices are good, & the ſame wel ſorted and ordered.

8 The better the voyce is, the meeter it is to honour & ſerue God there-with: and the voice of man is chiefly to be imployed to that end.

Omnis ſpiritus laudet Dominum.

Since ſinging is ſo good a thing,
I wiſh all men would learne to ſing.

¶TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE Sir Chriſtopher Hatton knight, Lord Chancellor of England, William Byrd wiſheth long life, and the ſame to be moſt healthie and happie.

THE often deſires of many my good friends, Right honorable, and the conſideration of many vntrue incorrected coppies of diuers my ſonges ſpred abroade, haue beene the two cauſes, chiefly mouing my conſent at length to put in Print the fruits of my ſmall ſkill and labors in Muſicke. Then the dutie, honor, and ſeruice due from me vnto your Lordſhip, together with the remembrance of your iudgement and loue of that Art, did moue and imbolden me to preſent this firſt printed worke of mine in Engliſh, to paſſe vnder your L. fauour & protectiō: vnworthie I cōfeſſe, the view or Patronage of ſo worthie a Perſonage. Yet remembring that ſmall things ſometime do great ſeruice, and that repoſe is beſt taſted by bodies forewearied: I hoped that (by this occaſion) theſe poore ſongs of mine might happely yeeld ſome ſweetneſſe, repoſe, and recreation vnto your Lordſhips minde, after your dayly paynes & cares taken in the high affaires of the Common wealth. Moſt humbly beſeeching your Lordſhip, that if my bolaneſſe heerein be faultie, my dutifull good will, and good meaning may excuſe it: which if I may ſo fortunately perceiue, it ſhall incourage mee to ſuffer ſome other things of more depth and ſkill to follow theſe, which being not yet finiſhed, are of diuers expected and deſired. Inceſſantlie beſeeching our Lord to make your yeeres happie, and ende bleſſed, I wiſh there were any thing in me worthie of your Lordſhip to be commaunded.

Moſt humbly your L. euer to commaund

William Byrd.

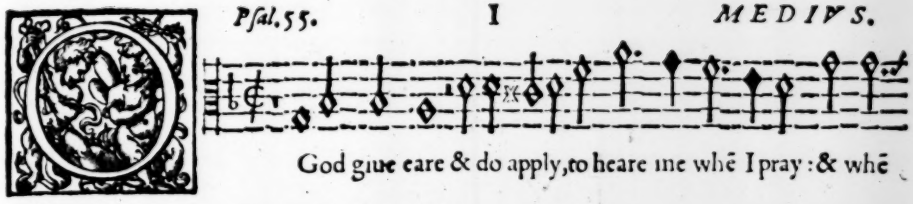
¶ The Epiſtle to the Reader.

BEnigne Reader, heere is offered vnto thy courteous acceptation, Muſicke of ſundry ſorts, and to content diuers humors. If thou be diſpoſed to pray, heere are Pſalms. If to be merry, heere are Sonets. If to lament for thy ſinnes, heere are ſongs of ſadneſſe & pietie. If thou delight in Muſicke of great compaſſe, heere are diuers ſongs, which being originally made for inſtruments to expreſſe the harmony, & one voyce to pronoũce the dittie, are now framed in all parts for voyces to ſing the ſame. If thou deſire ſongs of ſmall compaſſe and fit for the reach of moſt voyces, heere are moſt in number of that ſort. Whatſoeuer pains I haue taken heerein, I ſhal think to be wel imploied, if the ſame be well accepted, Muſicke therby the better loued, and the more exerciſed. In the expreſſing of theſe ſongs, either by voyces or inſtruments, if there happen to be any iarre or diſſonance, blame not the Printer, who (I doe aſſure thee) through his great pames & diligence, doth heere deliuer to thee a perfect & true coppie. If in the compoſition of theſe ſongs, there be any fault by me committed, I deſire the skilful, either with courteſie to let the ſame be concealed, or in friendly ſort to be thereof admoniſhed: & at the next impreſſion he ſhall finde the error reformed: remembring alwaies, that it is more eaſie to finde a fault then to amend it. If thou finde any thing heere worthy of lykeing and commendation, giue prayſe vnto God, from whom (as from a moſt pure and plentifull fountaine) all good gifts of Science doe flow: whoſe name be glorified for euer.

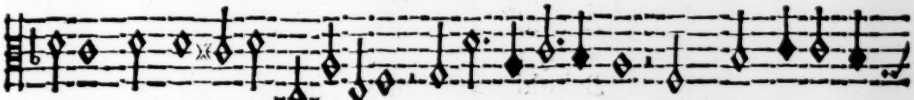
The moſt aſſured friend to all
that loue or learne Muſicke:
William Byrd.

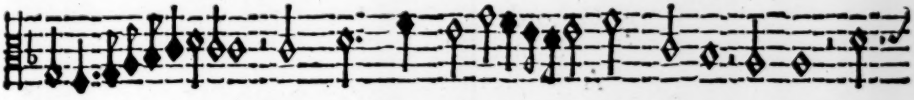
¶ The names and number of thoſe ſongs which are of the higheſt compaſſe.

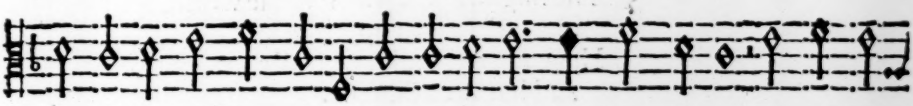
MY ſoule oppreſt with care and griefe.	III	Lord in thy wrath.	IX
How ſhall a yong man prone to ill.	IIII	La virginella.	XXIIII
O Lord how long wilt thou forget.	V	If that a ſinners ſighes.	XXX
O Lord who in thy ſacred tent.	VI	Care for thy ſoule.	XXXI
Help Lord for waſted are all thoſe.	VII	Lullaby.	XXXII
Bleſſed is he that feares the Lord.	VIII	Why doe I vſe.	XXXIII

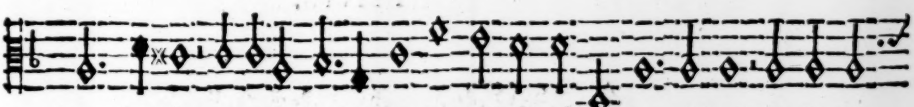

God giue eare & do apply,to heare me whē I pray: & whē

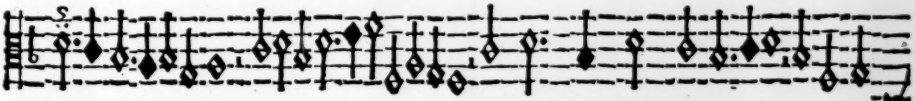
to thee I call & cry,I call & cry,hide not thy ſelf away.Take heed to me,take heed

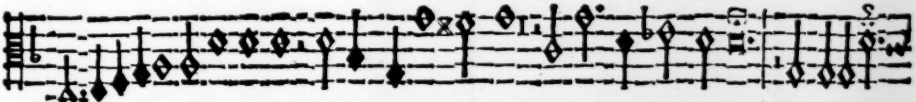

to me graūt my requeſt, :||: & aūſwere me againe:With plaints I pray ful


ſore op- preſt,great griefe doth me con- ſtraine,doth me conſtraine,Be-


cauſe my foes with threats & cries, becauſe my foes with threats & cryes,oppreſſe me


through deſpite:and ſo the wicked ſort likewiſe,tó vexe me haue delight.For they in

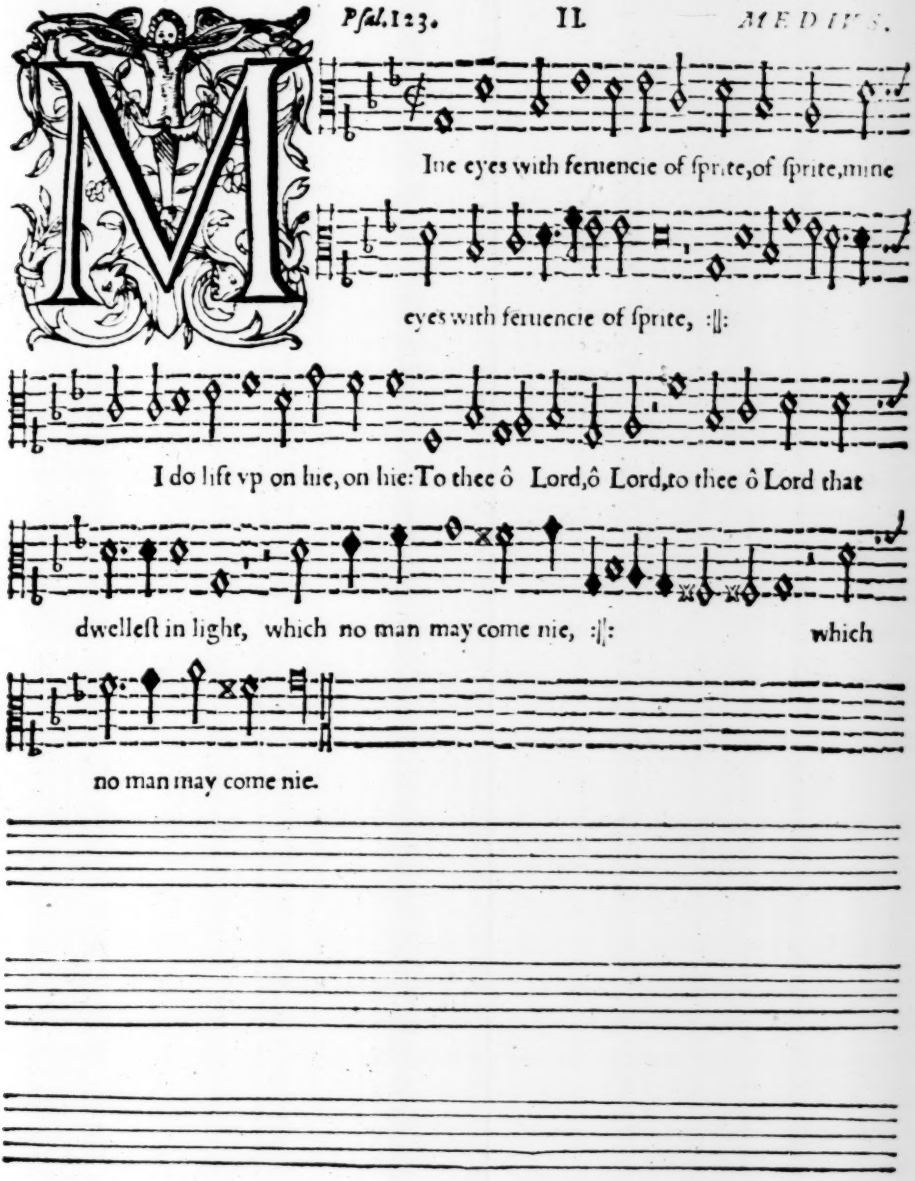

coūſel do cō- ſpire, :||: to charge me with ſome ill, So in their


haſty wrath & yre,& yre,they do purſue me ſtil,they do purſue me ſtill,For they &c,

1 MIne eyes with feruencie of ſprite,
I do lift vp on hie:
To thee ô lord that dwell'ſt in light,
which no man may come nie.
2 Behold euen as the ſeruants eies,
vpon their maſter waite:
And as the maide her miſtriſt hand,
with carefull eye and ſtrayte
3 Attends: So we ô Lord our God,
thy throne with hope and griefe
Behold, vntill thou mercie ſend,
and giue vs ſome relife.

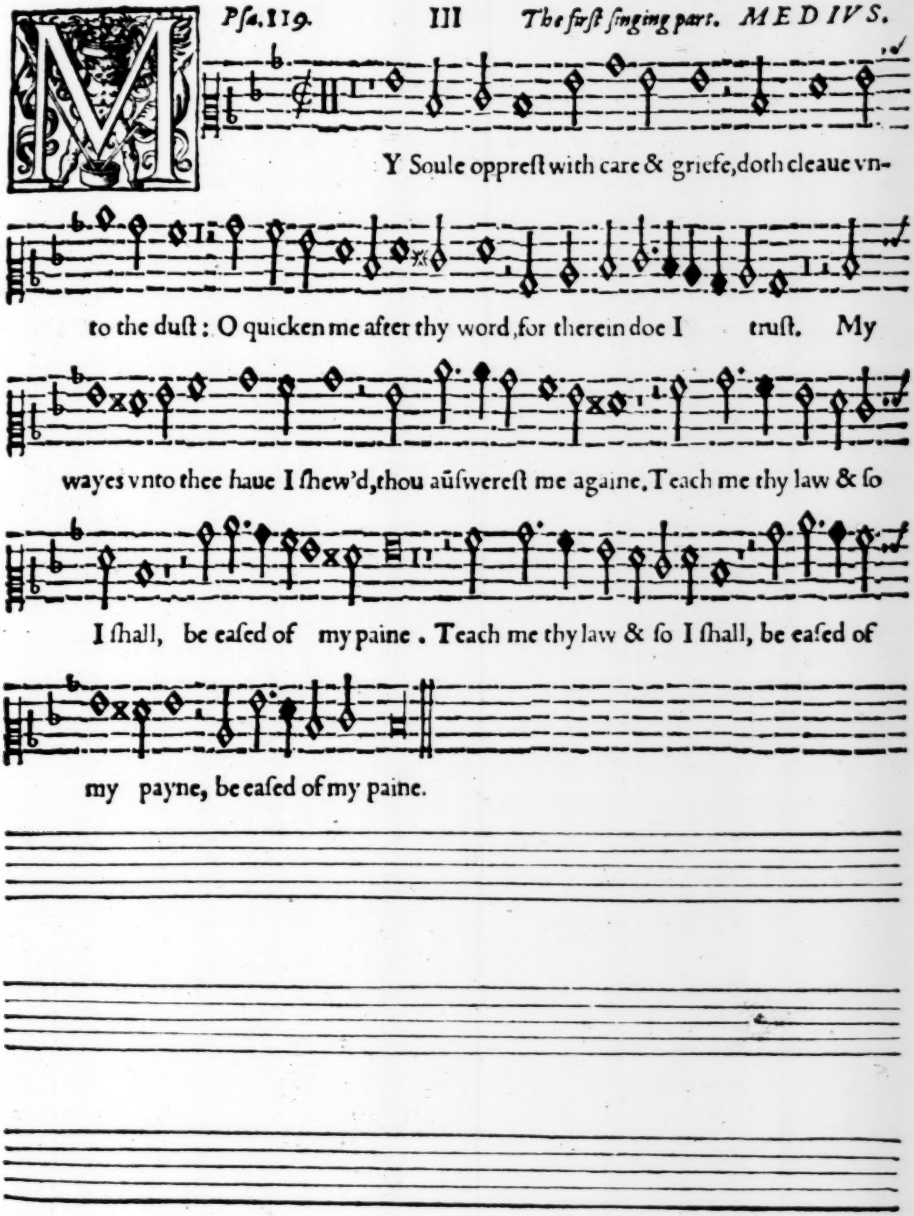
4 O Lord though we deſerue it not,
yet mercie let vs finde:
A people that deſpiſed are,
throwne downe in ſoule and minde,
5 The mightie proud men of the world,
that ſeekes vs to oppreſſe:
Haue fild our ſoules with all contempts,
and left vs in diſtreſſe.

FINIS.


Mine eyes with feruencie of ſprite, of ſprite, mine
eyes with feruencie of ſprite, :‖:
I do lift vp on hie, on hie: To thee ô Lord, ô Lord, to thee ô Lord that
dwelleſt in light, which no man may come nie, :‖: which
no man may come nie.

1 MY ſoule oppreſt with care and griefe,
doth cleaue vnto the duſt:
O quicken me after thy woord,
for therein doe I truſt.
2 My waies vnto thee haue I ſhew'd,
thou aunſwereſt me againe:
Teach me thy law and ſo I ſhall,
be eaſed of my paine.
3 The way of thy commaund'ments Lord,
make me to vnderſtand:
And I will muſe vppon the power,
and wonders of thy hand.
4 My heart doth melt and pyne away,
for very payne and griefe:
O,raiſe me vp,after thy word,
and ſend mee ſome reliefe.
5 All falſhood,and falſe waies O Lord,
doe thou from me remoue:
And graunt me grace,to know thy law,
and onely that to loue.
6 The way of truth I chooſe to tread,
to keepe my life in awe:
And ſet before me as a marke,
thy ſacred woord and law.
7 I cleaue,O Lord,vnto all things,
witneſſed by thy ſpeech:
Whereof that I repent me not,
I humbly thee beſeech.
8 When that my heart thou ſhalt enlarge,
to ſeeke and runne the waies:
Of thy precepts,I will not fayle,
the length of all my dayes.

FINIS.


MY Soule oppreſt with care & griefe, doth cleaue vn-
to the duſt: O quicken me after thy word, for therein doe I truſt. My
wayes vnto thee haue I ſhew'd, thou aũſwereſt me againe, Teach me thy law & ſo
I ſhall, be eaſed of my paine. Teach me thy law & ſo I ſhall, be eaſed of
my payne, be eaſed of my paine.

1 HOw ſhall a young man prone to ill,
cleanſe his vnbridled heart?
If that thy law, ô Lord he doe,
all frailtie ſet apart.
Embrace with ſetled minde, and learne
thy word with care to keepe:
And ſearch to finde with humble ſprite,
thy iudgements that are deepe.

2 With my whole heart, I haue thee ſought,
and ſearched out thy way:
O ſuffer not that from thy word
I ſwarue or goe aſtraie.

3 Thy word ô Lord, within my heart,
leaſt I ſhould thee offend:
I haue laide vp as treaſure great,
for that ſhall mee defend.

4 The Lord is bleſt, he ſhall me teach,
the iudgements of his mouth,
Thereby to rule and dreſſe the waies,
of mine vntamed youth.

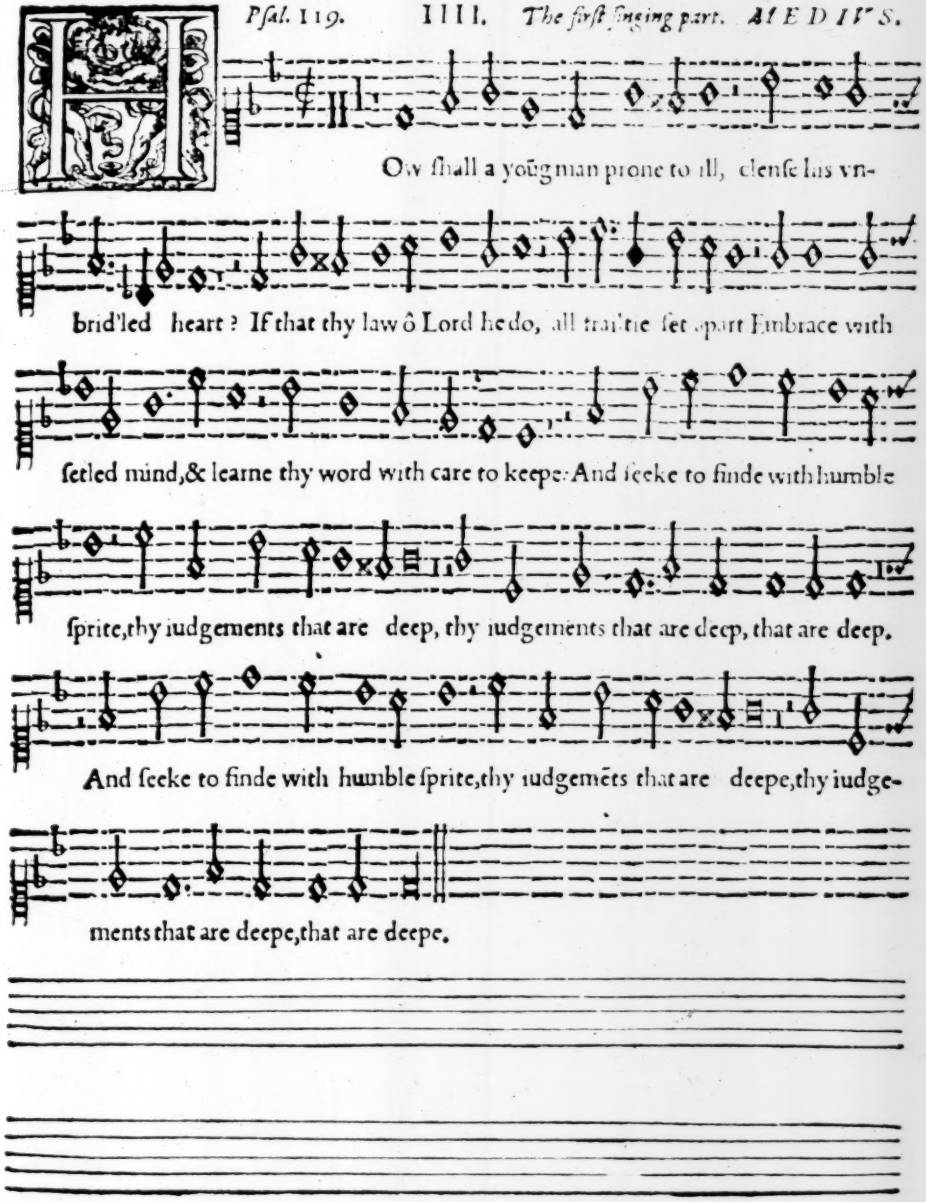
5 Thy lawes therefore, in open place,
my lippes ſhall euer ſound:
And neuer fayle to ſhew foorth that,
to which thou haſt me bound.

6 For in the way of thy precepts,
I ſet my whole delight:
No wealth, no treaſure of the world,
ſo precious in my ſight.

7 What thou commaund'ſt I will thinke on,
with diligent reſpect:
And to thy lawes haue due regard,
for they ſhall me protect.

8 In thy precepts, ô Lord, my ſoule
her whole delight hath ſet:
Thy words therefore more pure then gold,
I neuer will forget.

FINIS.


How ſhall a yoũg man prone to ill, clenſe his vn-
brid'led heart? If that thy law ô Lord he do, all trai'tie ſet apart Embrace with
ſetled mind,& learne thy word with care to keepe: And ſeeke to finde with humble
ſprite,thy iudgements that are deep, thy iudgements that are deep, that are deep.
And ſeeke to finde with humble ſprite,thy iudgemẽts that are deepe,thy iudge-
ments that are deepe,that are deepe.

1 Lord, how long wilt thou forget,
to ſend mee ſome relife?
For euer wilt thou hide thy face,
and ſo increaſe my griefe?

2 How long ſhall I with vexed heart,
ſeeke counſell in my ſpirit?
How long ſhall my malicious foes,
triumph and me deſpit?

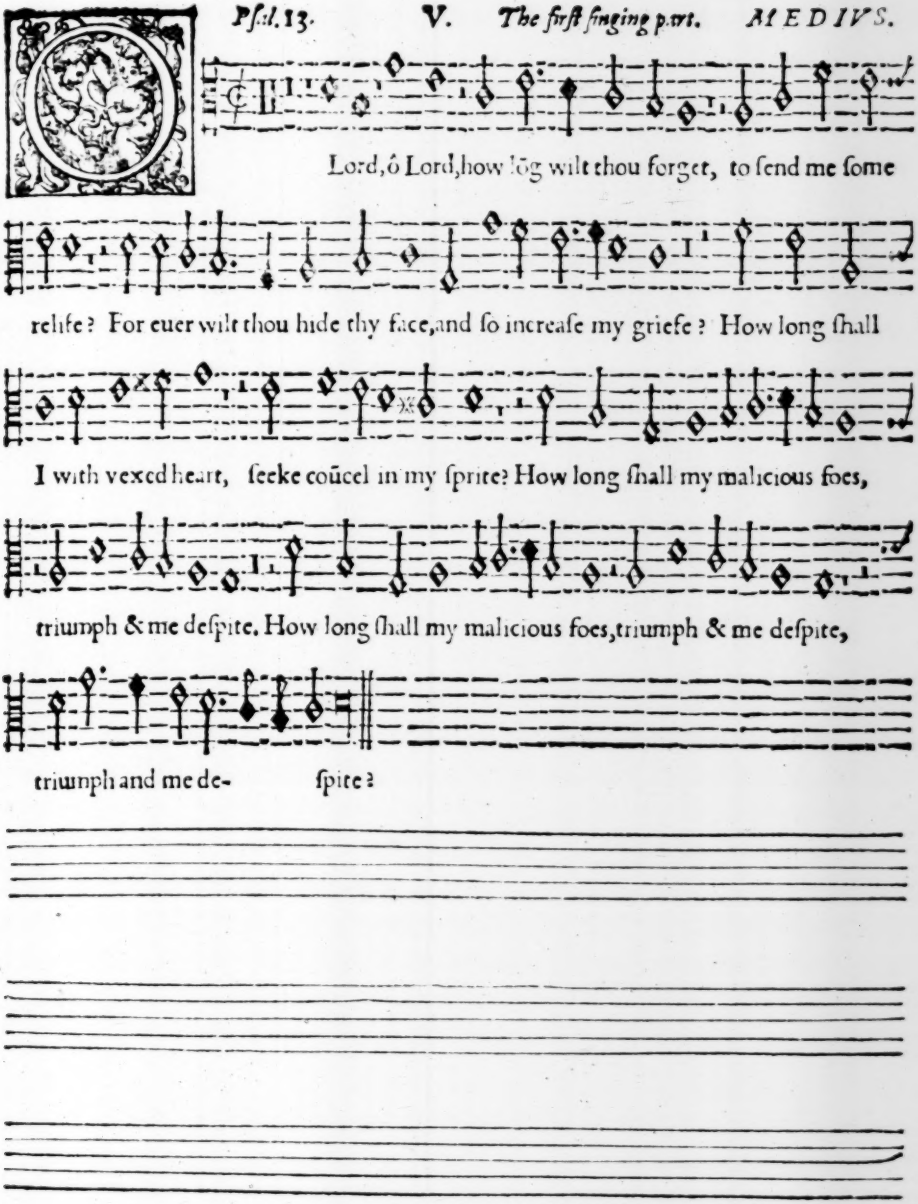
3 O Lord my God, heare my complaint,
vttered with wofull breath:
Lighten mine eyes, defend my life,
that I ſleepe not in death.

4 Leaſt that mine enemie ſay I haue,
againſt him loe preuayl'd:
At my downe fall they will reioyce,
that thus haue me aſſayl'd.

5 But in thy mercie Lord I truſt,
for that ſhall mee defend:
My heart doth ioye, to ſee the help,
which thou to mee wilt ſend.

6 Vnto the Lord therefore I ſing,
and doe lift vp my voyce:
And for his goodneſſe ſhew'd to mee,
I will alwaie reioyce.

FINIS.


Lord, ô Lord, how lōg wilt thou forget, to ſend me ſome
relife? For euer wilt thou hide thy face, and ſo increaſe my griefe? How long ſhall
I with vexed heart, ſeeke coūcel in my ſprite? How long ſhall my malicious foes,
triumph & me deſpite. How long ſhall my malicious foes, triumph & me deſpite,
triumph and me de- ſpite?

¶ *Pſalme.* 15.

1 O Lord who in thy ſacred tent,
and holy hill ſhall dwell:
Euen he that both in heart & minde,
doth ſtudie to do well.

2 In life vpright, in dealing iuſt,
and he that from his heart
The truth doth ſpeake with ſinglenes,
all falſhood ſet apart.

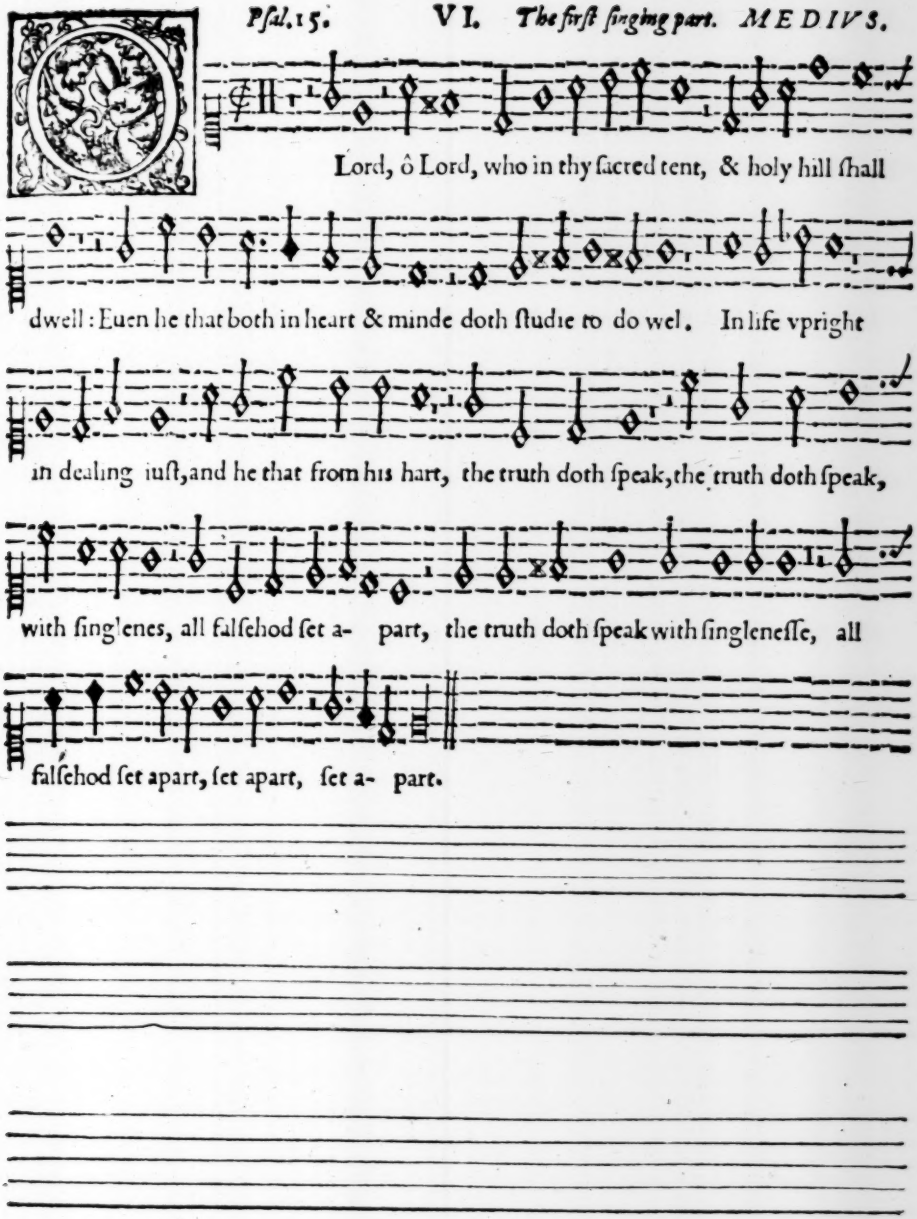
3 With tongue beſides that hurts no man,
by falſe and ill report:
Nor friend nor neighbour harme will doe,
where euer he reſort.

4 That hates the bad, and loues the good,
and faith that neuer breakes:
But keepes alwaies though to his loſſe,
the word that once he ſpeakes.

5 Nor filthie gaine by loue that ſeekes,
nor wealth ſo to poſſeſſe:
Nor that for bribes, the guiltles ſoule,
doth labour to oppreſſe.

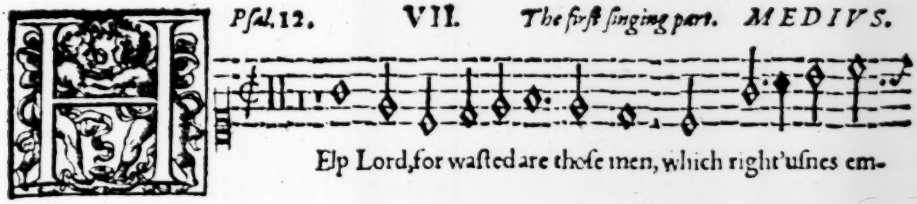
6 Like as a mount ſo ſhall he ſtand,
nothing ſhall him remoue:
That thus ſhall do, the Lord hath ſaid,
no man can it diſproue.

FINIS.


Lord, ô Lord, who in thy ſacred tent, & holy hill ſhall
dwell: Euen he that both in heart & minde doth ſtudie to do wel. In life vpright
in dealing iuſt, and he that from his hart, the truth doth ſpeak, the truth doth ſpeak,
with ſing'lenes, all falſehod ſet a- part, the truth doth ſpeak with ſingleneſſe, all
falſehod ſet apart, ſet apart, ſet a- part.

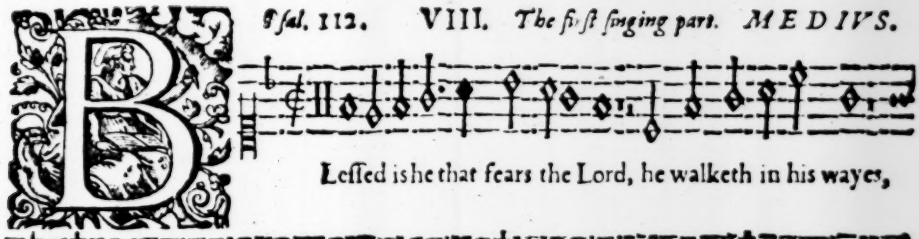
1 HElp Lord for waſted are thoſe men,
which right'uſneſſe embrace:
And rarely found that faithfull are,
but all the truth deface.
2 Each to his neighbour falſhood ſpeakes,
and them ſeekes to beguile:
With flattering lips and double heart,
when ſmotheſt he doth ſmile.
3 All flattering lips, the Lord our God,
in iuſtice will confound:
And all proud tongues, that vaunt great things,
he will bring to the ground.
4 Our tongues ſay they, ſhall lift vs vp,
by them we ſhall preuaile:
Who ſhould vs let, or ſtoppe our courſe,
that thereof we ſhould fayle.
5 For the deſtruction of the iuſt,
and ſuch as be oppreſt:
And for the mournings of the poore,
that likewiſe be diſtreſt.
6 I will riſe vp now ſaith the Lord,
and eaſe their griefe and care:
Of thoſe which he full craftely,
hath draw'n into his ſnare.
7 Like ſiluer fine that tried is,
ſeuen times by heate of fire:
So are thy woords Lord pure and cleane,
to ſuch as them deſire.
8 Thou Lord wilt keep, and wilt defend,
all ſuch as in thee truſt,
And from that curſed race of men,
ſaue all ſuch as be iuſt.
9 When euill men exalted bee,
the wicked gad about:
Farre from all feare of paine, but thou
ô Lord wilt roote them out.

FINIS.

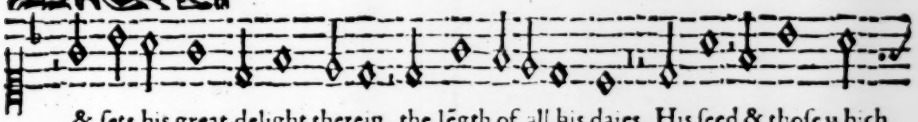

Elp Lord,for waſted are thoſe men, which right'uſnes em-
brace:And rarely foūd,that faithfull are, but all the truth de- face. Each to his
neighbor falſehod ſpeakes,and thē ſeekes to be- guile,with flat'ringlips and
double heart,when ſmotheſt he doth ſmyle,with flat'ring lips,and double heart,when
ſmotheſt he doth ſmyle, when ſmotheſt he doth ſmile,he doth ſmyle.

1 BLeſſed is he that feares the Lord,
he walketh in his waies:
And ſets his great delight therein,
the length of all his dayes.
2 His ſeed and thoſe which of him come,
mightie on earth ſhall be:
The race of ſuch as faithfull are,
men bleſſed ſhall them ſee.
3 Plentiouſnes within his houſe,
and want there ſhalbe neuer:
His righteous and vpright dealing,
endure ſhall for euer.
4 In miſtie cloudes of troubles darke,
which doe the iuſt oppreſſe,
The Lord in mercie ſends them light,
and eaſeth their diſtreſſe.
5 The righteous man is mercifull,
and lendeth where is need,
He guids with iudgement all his things,
be it in word or deed.
6 Though ſtormes doe fall and tempeſts riſe,
the righteous ſhall ſtand faſt:
A good remembrance of the iuſt,
for euer that ſhall laſt.
7 None euill tidings ſhall him feare,
his heart is fully ſet,
He truſteth and beleeues the Lord,
that will him not forget.
8 A ſtabliſht heart within his breſt,
no feare where ſo he goes,
The Lord in iuſtice will reuenge,
the malice of his foes.
9 A hand that doth reliue the poore,
for which he may be ſure,
A good report will follow him,
that alwaies ſhall endure.
10 This ſhall the wicked ſee and fret,
and waſt away with ire,
Periſh ſhall and conſume to naught,
all that he doth deſire.

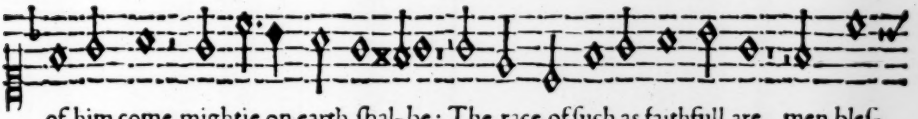
FINIS.



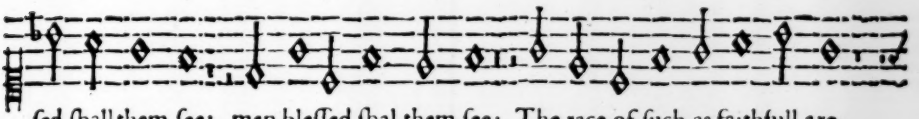
Leſſed is he that fears the Lord, he walketh in his wayes,



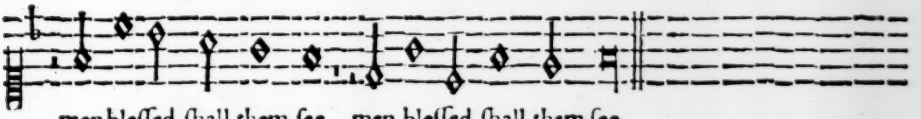
& ſets his great delight therein, the lēgth of all his daies. His ſeed & thoſe which



of him come, mightie on earth ſhal-be: The race of ſuch as faithfull are, men bleſ-



ſed ſhall them ſee: men bleſſed ſhal them ſee: The race of ſuch as faithfull are,



men bleſſed ſhall them ſee, men bleſſed ſhall them ſee.

Ord in thy wrath reproue me not, though I deſerue thine yre,

Ne yet correct me in thy rage, ô Lord I thee deſire. For I am weak, therfore (ô Lord)

of mercy me forbeare: And heale me Lord, for why? thou know'ſt, my bones do quake

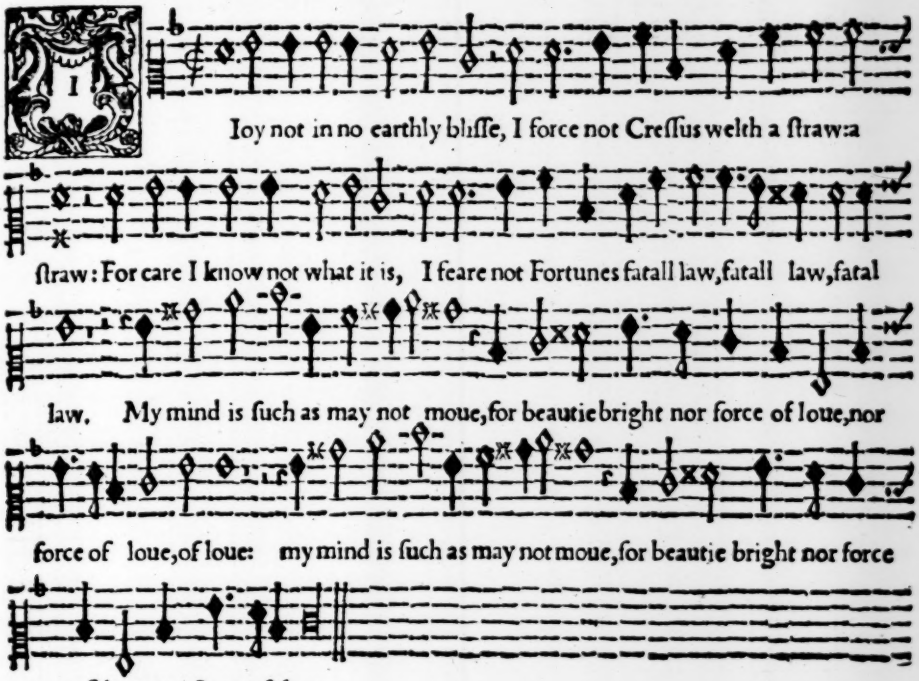
for feare, my bones doe quake for feare.

Ven frō the depth, vnto thee Lord, with heart and voice

I cry: Giue eare ô God vnto my playnt, & help my mi- ſerie, and help my mi-

ſerie, and help my miſerie.

¶ *Heere endeth the Pſalmes, and beginneth the Sonets and Paſterales.*

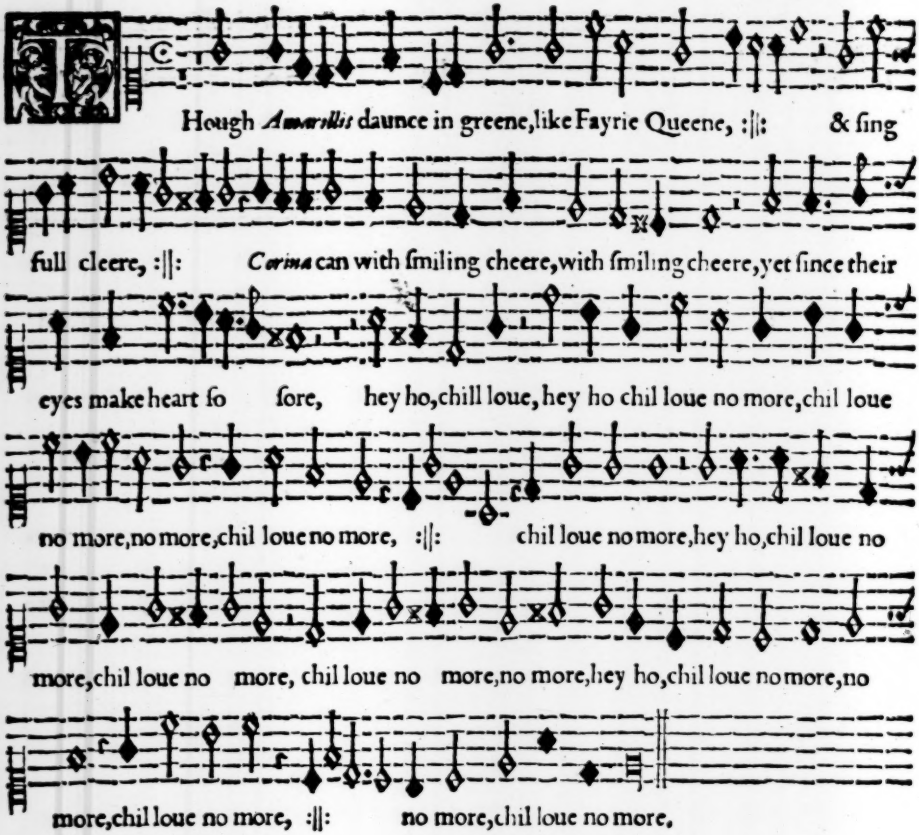


2 I wiſh but what I haue at will,
I wander not to ſeeke for more:
I like the plaine I clime no hill,
in greateſt ſtormes I ſitte on ſhore:
and laugh at them that toyle in vaine,
to get what muſt be loſt againe.

3 I kiſſe not where I wiſh to kill,
I faine not loue where moſt I hate:
I breake no ſleepe to winne my will,
I wayte not at the mighties gate:
I ſcorne no poore, nor feare no ritch,
I feele no want nor haue to much.

4 The Court and cart I like nor loath,
extreames are counted worſt of all:
the golden meane betweene them both,
doth ſureſt ſit and feare no fall:
this is my choyſe, for why I finde,
no wealth is like the quiet minde.

FINIS.



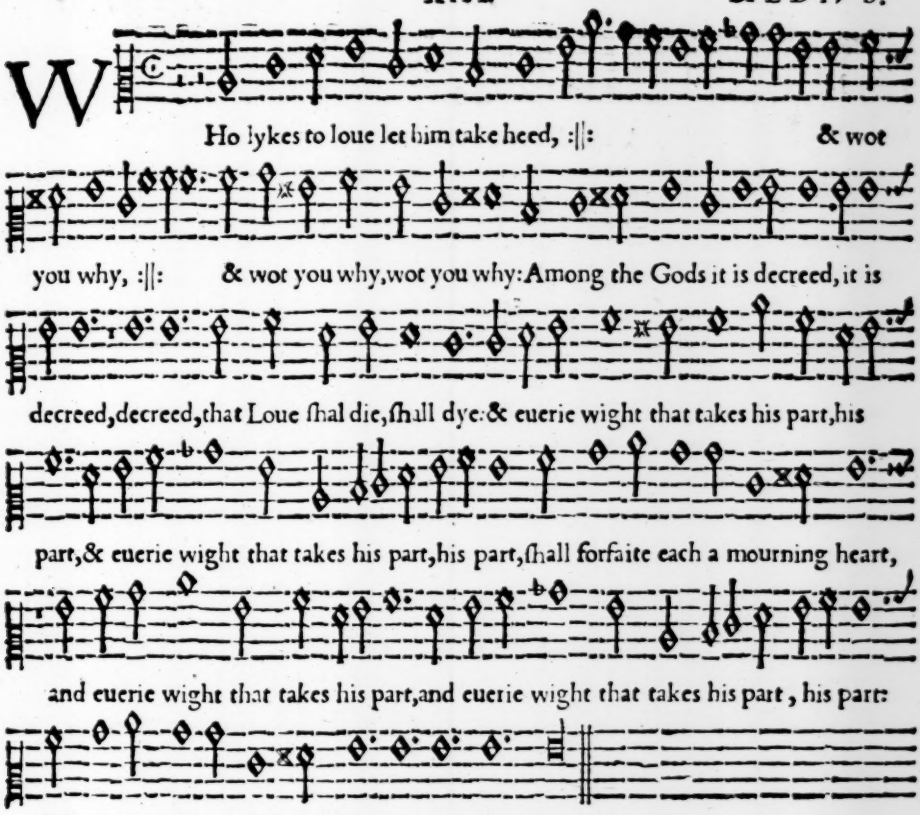
2 My ſheepe are loſt for want of foode.
and I ſo wood:
that all the day,
I ſit and watch a heardmaid gaye:
who laughes to ſee me ſigh ſo ſore,
hey ho, chil loue no more.

3 Her louing lookes, her beautie bright,
is ſuch delight:
that all in vaine,
I loue to like, and loſe my gaine:
for her that thankes me not therefore,
hey ho chil loue no more.

4 Ah wanton eyes my friendlie foes,
and cauſe of woes:
your ſweete deſire,
breeds flames of Ile & freeſe in fire:
ye ſkorne to ſee me weepe ſo ſore,
hey ho chil loue no more.

5 Loue ye who liſt I force him not,
ſith God it wot,
the more I wayle,
the leſſe my ſighs and teares preuaile:
what ſhall I doe but ſay therefore,
hey ho chil loue no more.

FINIS.



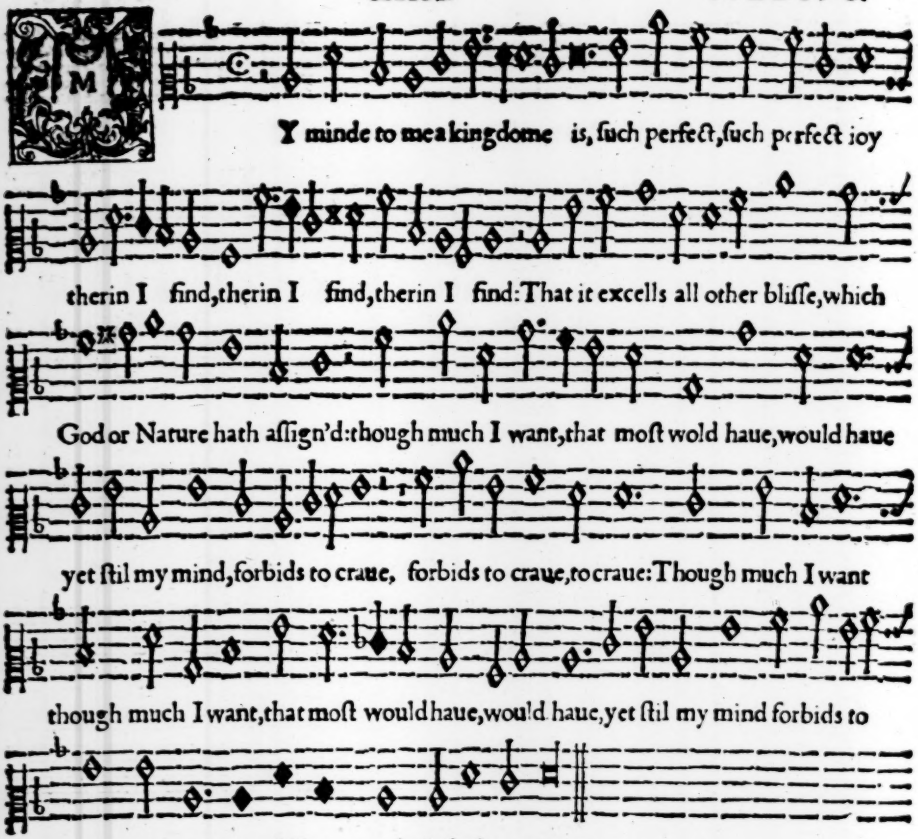
2 The cauſe is this as I haue heard,
a ſort of dames,
whoſe beautie he did not regard,
nor ſecret flames.
complaind before the gods aboue,
that golde corrupts the God of loue.

3 The gods did ſtomme to heare this newes
and there they ſwore,
that ſith he did ſuch dames abuſe,
he ſhould no more
be god of Loue, but that he ſhould
both die, and forfait all his gold.

4 His bowe & ſhaftes they tooke away,
before their eies,
and gaue theſe dames a longer day,
for to deuiſe,
who ſhould them keepe, & they be bound,
that loue for gold ſhould not be found.

5 Theſe Ladies ſtriuing long, at laſt,
they did agree,
to giue them to a mayden chaſt,
whome I did ſee:
who with the ſame did perce my breſt,
her beauties rare and ſo I reſt.

 FINIS.



2 No prince'lie port nor welthie ſtore,
no force to winne a victorie:
no wylie wit to ſalue a ſore,
no ſhape to winne a louing eye:
to none of theſe I yeeld as thrall,
for why my mind deſpiſe them all,

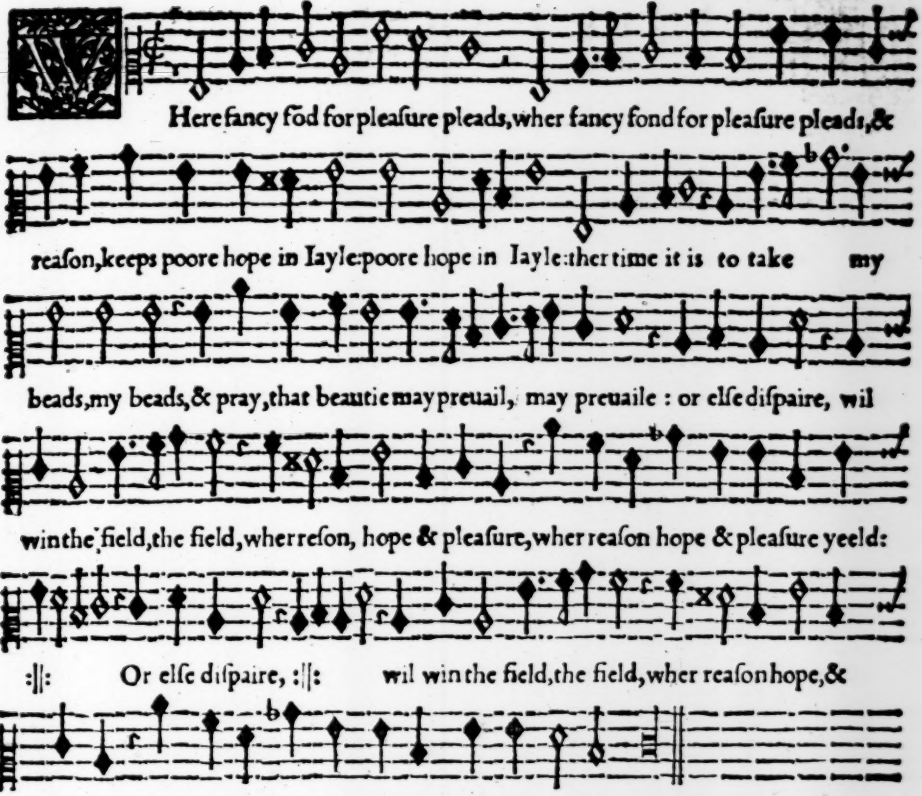
3 I ſee that plentie ſurfets oft,
and haſtie clymbers ſooneſt fall:
I ſee that ſuch as are aloft,
miſhap doth threaten moſt of all:
theſe get with toyle and keepe with feare,
ſuch cares my mind can neuer beare.

4 I preſſe to beare no haughtie ſway,
I wiſh no more then may ſuffice:
I doe no more then well I may,
looke what I want my mind ſupplies:
loe thus I triumph like a king,
my minde content with any thing.

5 I laugh not at anothers loſſe,
nor grudge not at anothers gaine:
no worldly waues my mind can toſſe,
I brooke that is an others bane:
I feare no foe nor fawne on friend,
I loth not life nor dread mine end.

6 My wealth is health & perfect eaſe,
and conſcience cleere my chiefe defence:
I neuer ſeeke by brybes to pleaſe,
nor by deſart to giue offence:
thus do I liue, thus will I die,
would all did ſo as well as I.

FINIS.



1 My eyes preſume to iudge this caſe,
whoſe iudgement reaſon doth diſdaine
but beautie with her wanton face,
ſtands to defend, the caſe is plaine:
and at the barre of ſweet delight,
ſhe pleads that fancie muſt be right.

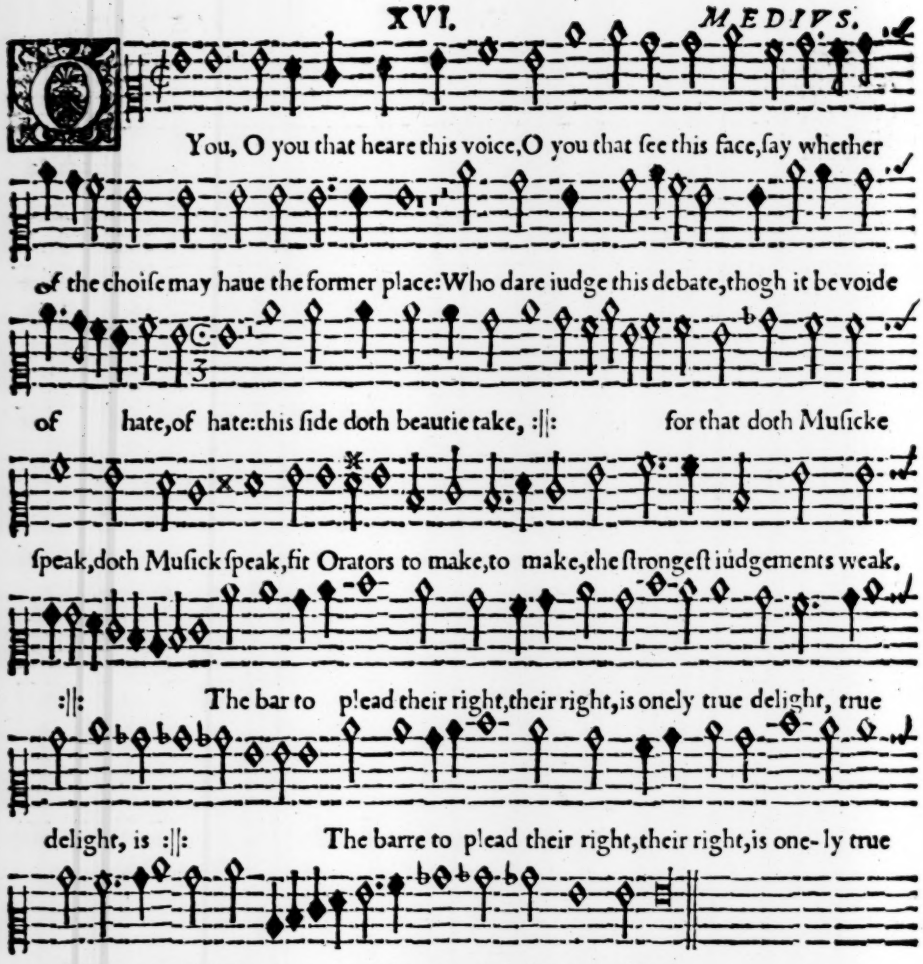
3 But ſhame will not haue reaſon yeeld,
though griefe do ſweare it ſhall be ſo:
as though it were a perfect ſhield,
to bluſh, and feare to tell my woe:
where ſilence force will at the laſt,
to wiſh for wit when hope is paſt.

4 So farre hath fond deſire out runne,
the bond which reaſon ſet out firſt:
that where delight the fray begunne,
I would now ſay, if that I durſt:
that in her ſtead ten thouſand woes,
haue ſprong in field where pleaſure growe

5 O that I might declare the reſt,
of all the toies which fancy turnes:
like towrs of wind within my breſt,
where fire is hid that neuer burnes.
then ſhould I try one of the twaine,
either to loue, or to diſdaine.

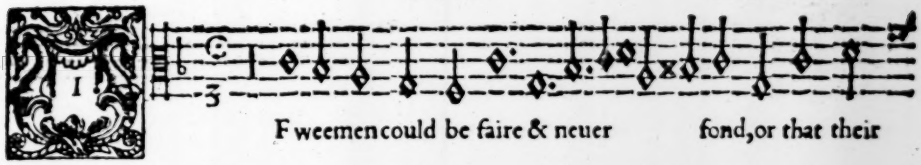
6 But fine conceit dares not declare,
the ſtrange conflict of hope and feare:
leaſt reaſon ſhould be left ſo bare,
that loue durſt whiſper in mine eare,
and tell me how my fancie ſhall,
bring reaſon to be beawties thrall.

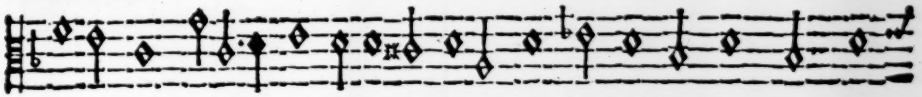
7 I muſt therefore with ſilence buyld,
the Laborinth of my delight:
till loue haue tri'd in open field,
which of the twaine ſhall win the fight:
I feare mee reaſon muſt giue place,
If fancie fond winne beauties grace.

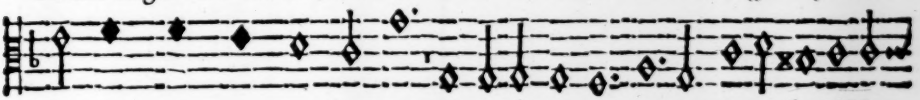


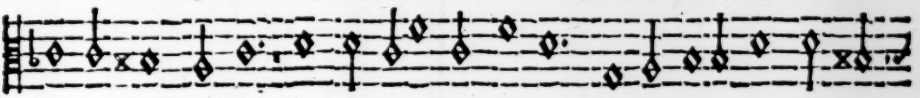
3 Thus doth the voyce and face,
theſe gentle lawiers wage:
like louing brothers caſt.
for fathers heritage:
that ech, while ech contends,
it ſelfe to other lends.
4 For beautie beautifies,
with heauenly hewe and grace,
the heauenly harmonies,
and in that faultles face,
the perfect beauties be,
a perfect harmonie.
5 Muſicke more loftie ſwells,
[illegible] finely plac'd:
Beautie as farre excels,
in action aptly grac'd:
a friend ech partie drawes,
to countenance his cauſe.
6 Loue more affected ſeemes,
to Beauties louelie light,
and wonder more eſteemes,
of Muſicke wond'rous might,
but both to both ſo bent,
as both in both are ſpent.
7 Muſicke doth witneſſe call,
the eare his truth doth trie:
Beautie brings to the hall,
eye witneſſe of the eye
eche in his obiect ſuch,
as none exceptions touch,
8 The cõmon ſenſe which might,
be arbiter of this:
to be forſoth vpright,
to both ſides parciall is:
he layes on this chiefe prayſe,
chiefe praiſe on that he layes.
9 Then reaſon, princeſſe hie,
which ſits in throne of mind:
and Muſicke can in ſkye,
with hidden beauties find,
ſay whether thou wilt crowne,
with limit leſſe renowne.

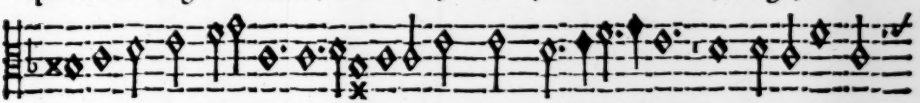
FINIS.

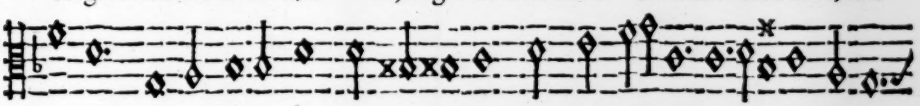


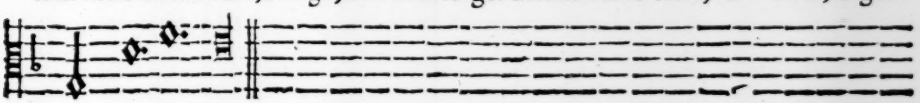












2 To marke what choiſe they make, & how they
How leauing beſt, the worſt they choſe out ſtill: [change,
And how like haggards wilde, about they range,
Skorning after reaſon to follow will.
who would not ſhake ſuch buſſards from the fiſt,
And let them flie [faire fooles] which way they liſt.

3 Yet for our ſport, we fawne & flatter both,
To paſſe the time, when nothing elſe can pleaſe:
And traine them on, to yeeld by ſubtill oath,
The ſweet content, that giues ſuch lumer eaſe.
And then we ſay when we their follies trie,
To play with fooles, Oh what a foole was I.

FINIS.

Mbitious loue hath forſt me to aſ-pire, the beauties rare which do

adorne thy face: Thy modeſt life yet bridles my deſire, deſire, whoſe ſeuere law doth pro-

miſe me no grace, no grace, no grace. But what? may loue liue vnder any law. No, no?

his power exceedeth mans cõceit: Of which the Gods thẽſelues do ſtãd in awe, in awe,

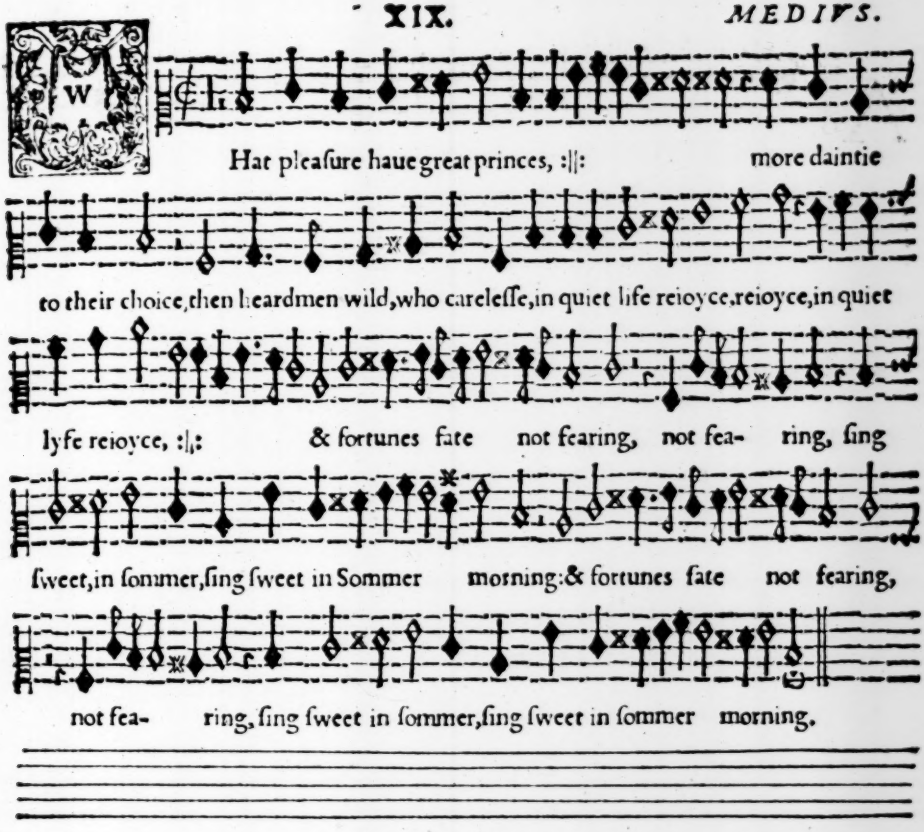
for on his frown, a thouſãd tormẽts waite, tormẽts wait. Proceed thẽ in this deſperate

enterpriſe, with good aduiſe, & folow, & folow loue thy guyd, that leads thee to thy wiſh-

ed Paradiſe, to :||: Paradiſe. Thy climing thoughts, this comfort take with

all, that if it be, if it be thy foule diſgrace to ſlide, thy braue attẽpt ſhall yet excuſe thy

fall, :||: ſhall yet excuſe thy fall.



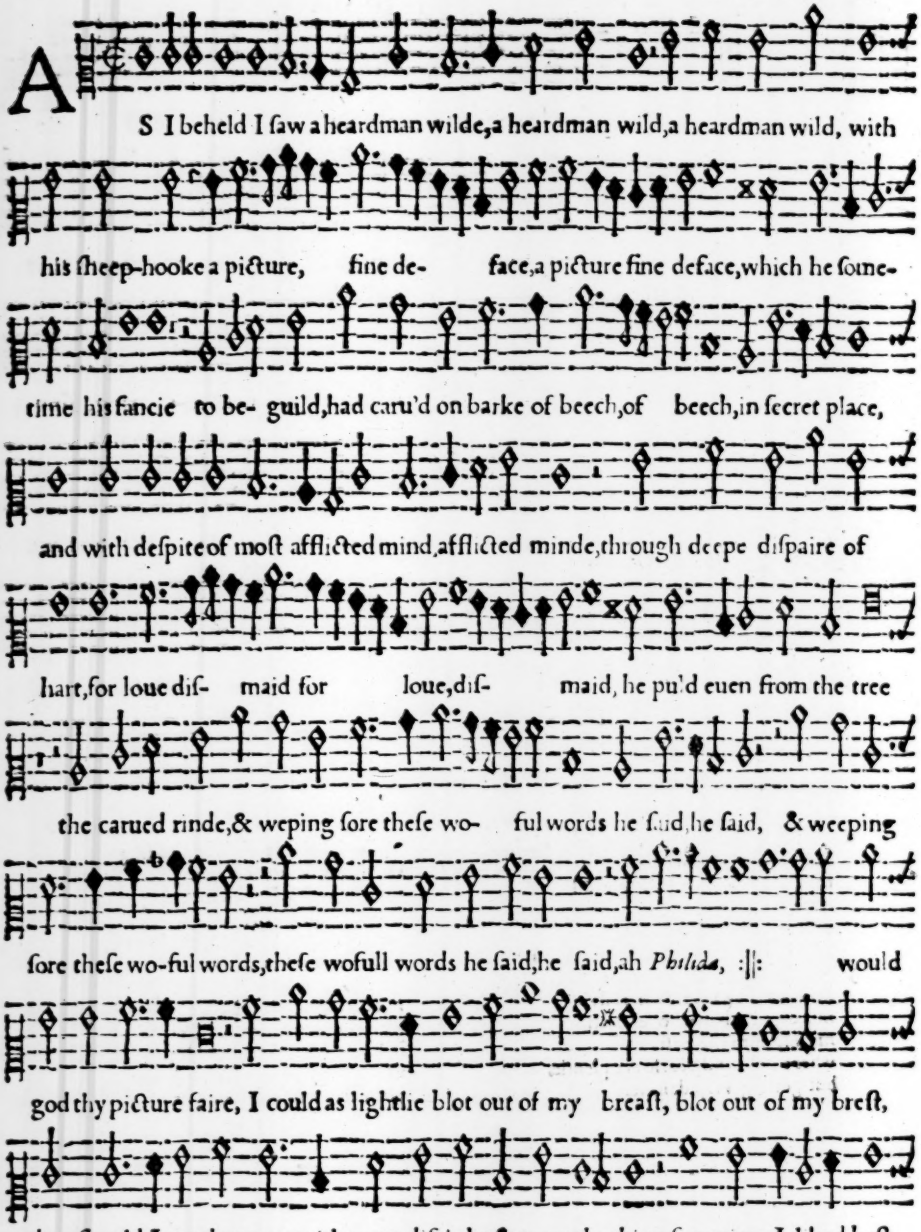
2 Their dealings plaine and rightfull,
are voyd of all diſceit:
they neuer know how ſpightfull
it is to kneele and waite
on fauorite preſumptious,
whoſe pride is vaine and ſumptious.

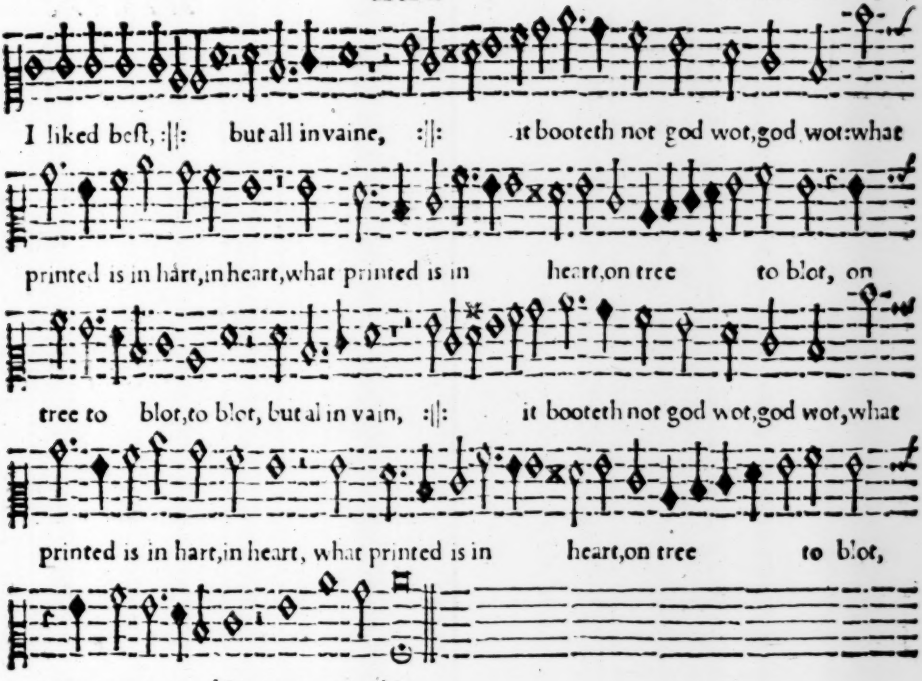
3 All day their flocks each tendeth,
at night they take their reſt,
more quiet than who ſendeth
his ſhip into the eaſt,
where gold and pearle are plentie,
but getting very daintie.

4 For Lawiers and their pleading
the'ſteeme it not a ſtraw,
they think that honeſt meaning
is of it ſelfe a law,
vvhere conſcience iudgeth plainely,
they ſpend no mony vainely.

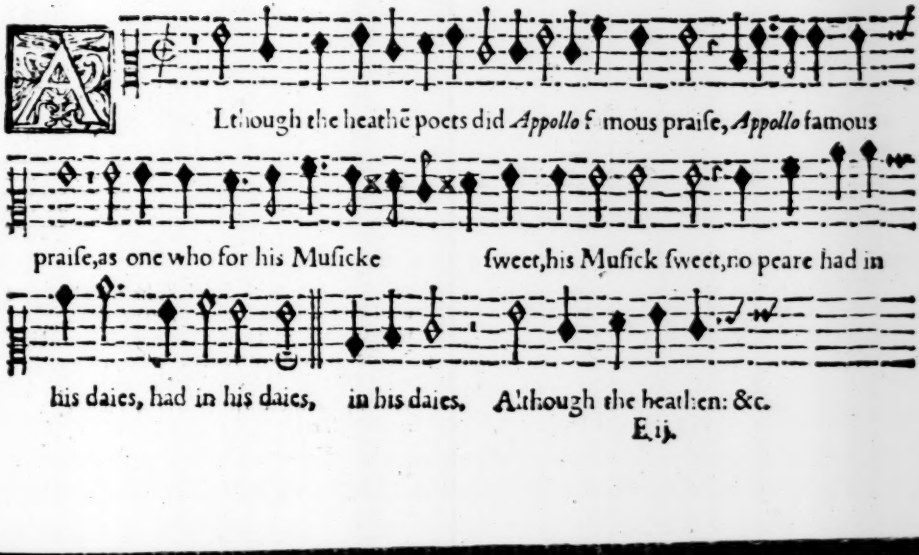
5 O happie who thus liueth,
not caring much for gold,
with clothing which ſuffileth,
to keepe him from the cold,
though poore and plaine his diet,
yet merry it is and quiet,

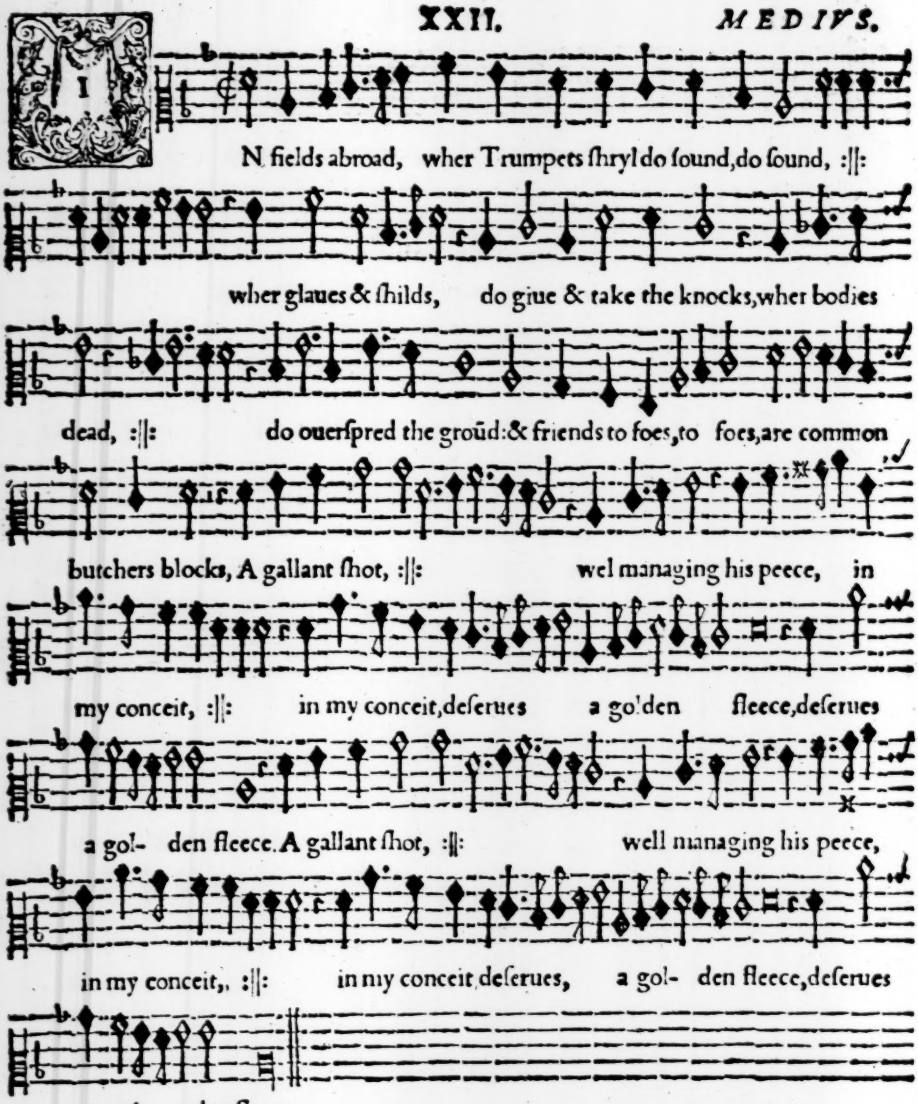
FINIS.


AS I beheld I ſaw a heardman wilde,a heardman wild,a heardman wild, with
his ſheep-hooke a picture, fine de- face,a picture fine deface,which he ſome-
time his fancie to be- guild,had caru'd on barke of beech,of beech,in ſecret place,
and with deſpite of moſt afflicted mind,afflicted minde,through deepe diſpaire of
hart,for loue diſ- maid for loue,diſ- maid, he pu'd euen from the tree
the carued rinde,& weping ſore theſe wo- ful words he ſaid,he ſaid, & weeping
ſore theſe wo-ful words,theſe wofull words he ſaid,he ſaid,ah *Philida*, :||: would
god thy picture faire, I could as lightlie blot out of my breaſt, blot out of my breſt,
then ſhould I not thus rage,with great diſpight,& teare the thing ſometime I liked beſt,


I liked beſt, :||: but all in vaine, :||: it booteth not god wot, god wot: what
printed is in hart, in heart, what printed is in heart, on tree to blot, on
tree to blot, to blot, but al in vain, :||: it booteth not god wot, god wot, what
printed is in hart, in heart, what printed is in heart, on tree to blot,
on tree to blot, on tree to blot.

XXI.


Although the heathē poets did Appollo famous praiſe, Appollo famous
praiſe, as one who for his Muſicke ſweet, his Muſick ſweet, no peare had in
his daies, had in his daies, in his daies. Although the heathen: &c.

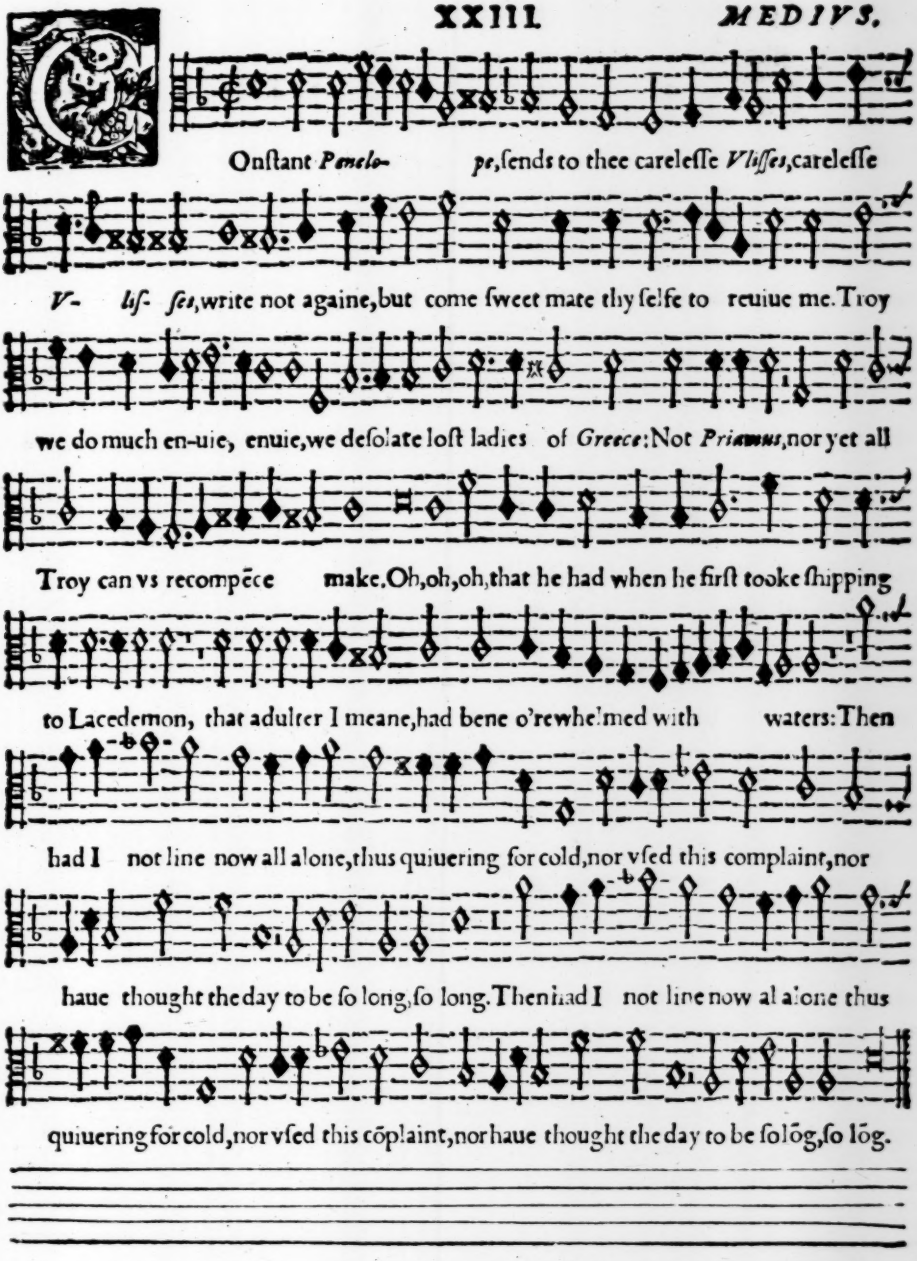


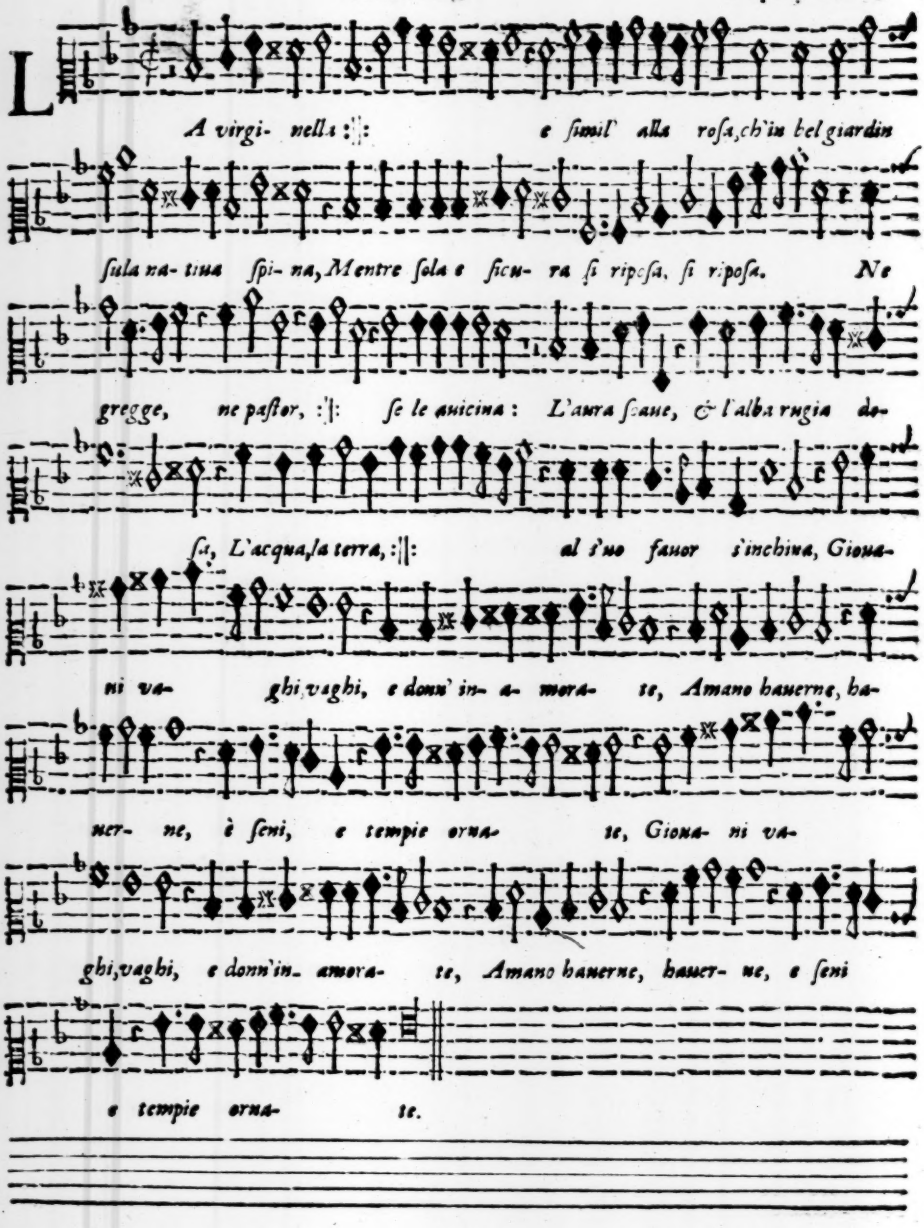
2 Amid the ſeas, a gallant ſhip ſet out,
where in nor men nor yet munitions lacks,
in greateſt windes that ſpareth not a clout,
but cuts the waues in ſpight of wethers wracks,
would force a ſwain that coms of cowards kinde,
to change him ſelfe and be of noble minde.

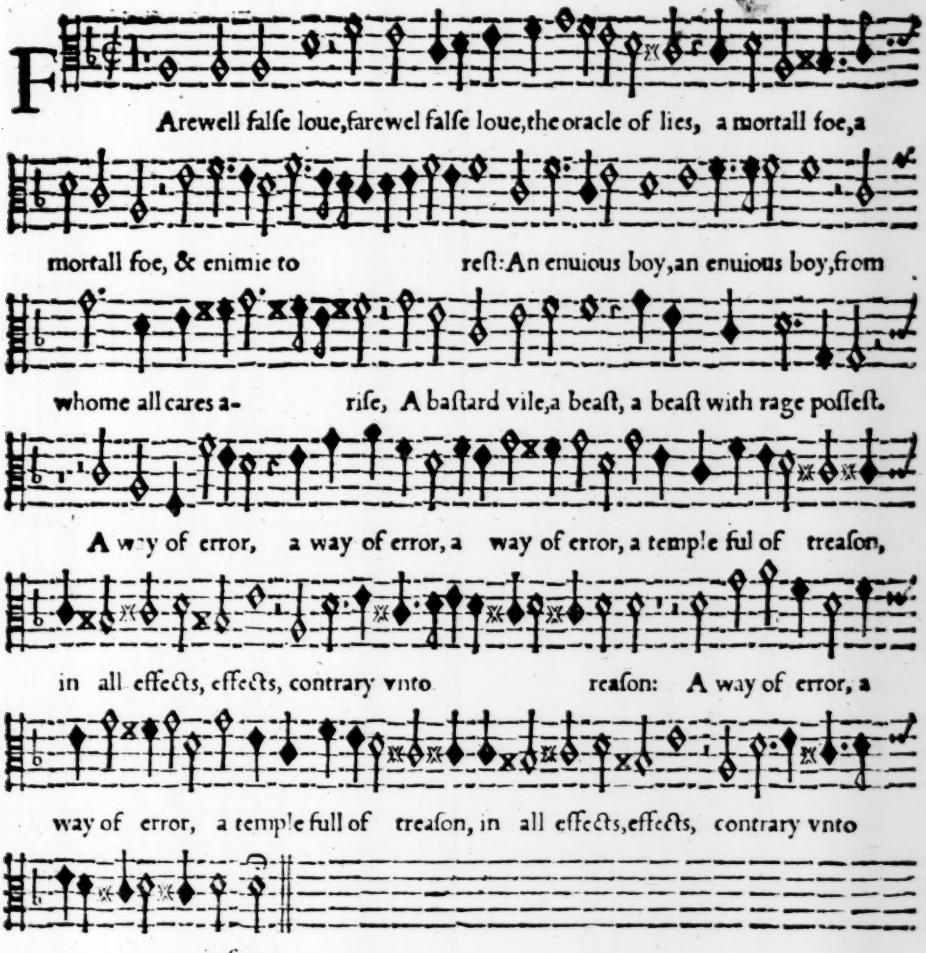
3 VVho makes his ſeat a ſtately ſtamping ſtead,
whoſe neighes & playes are princely to behold,
vvhoſe courage ſtout, vvhoſe eies are fiery red,
vvhoſe ioynts vvel knit, vvhoſe harnes all of gold
doth vvell deſerue to be no meaner thing,
then Percīā knight whoſe horſe made him a king.

4 By that bedſide vvhere ſits a gallant Dame,
vvho caſteth of hir braue and rich attyre,
vvhoſe petecote ſets forth as faire a frame,
as mortall men or gods can vvell deſire,
vvho ſits and ſees hir pettecote vnlaſt,
I ſay no more the reſt are all diſgraſt.

FINIS.


Conſtant Penelope, ſends to thee careleſſe Vliſſes, careleſſe
V- liſ- ſes, write not againe, but come ſweet mate thy ſelfe to reuiue me. Troy
we do much en-uie, enuie, we deſolate loſt ladies of Greece: Not Priamus, nor yet all
Troy can vs recompēce make. Oh, oh, oh, that he had when he firſt tooke ſhipping
to Lacedemon, that adulter I meane, had bene o'rewhe!med with waters: Then
had I not line now all alone, thus quiuering for cold, nor vſed this complaint, nor
haue thought the day to be ſo long, ſo long. Then had I not line now al alone thus
quiuering for cold, nor vſed this cōplaint, nor haue thought the day to be ſolōg, ſo lōg.


L
A virgi- nella : : e simil' alla rosa, ch'in bel giardin
sula na- tiua spi- na, Mentre sola e sicu- ra si riposa, si riposa. Ne
gregge, ne pastor, : : se le auicina : L'aura soaue, & l'albe rugia do-
sa, L'acqua, la terra, : : al s'uo fauor s'inchina, Giona-
ni va- ghi, vaghi, e donn' in- a- mora- te, Amano hauerne, ha-
uer- ne, è seni, e tempie orna- te, Giona- ni va-
ghi, vaghi, e donn'in- amora- te, Amano hauerne, hauer- ne, e seni
e tempie orna- te.

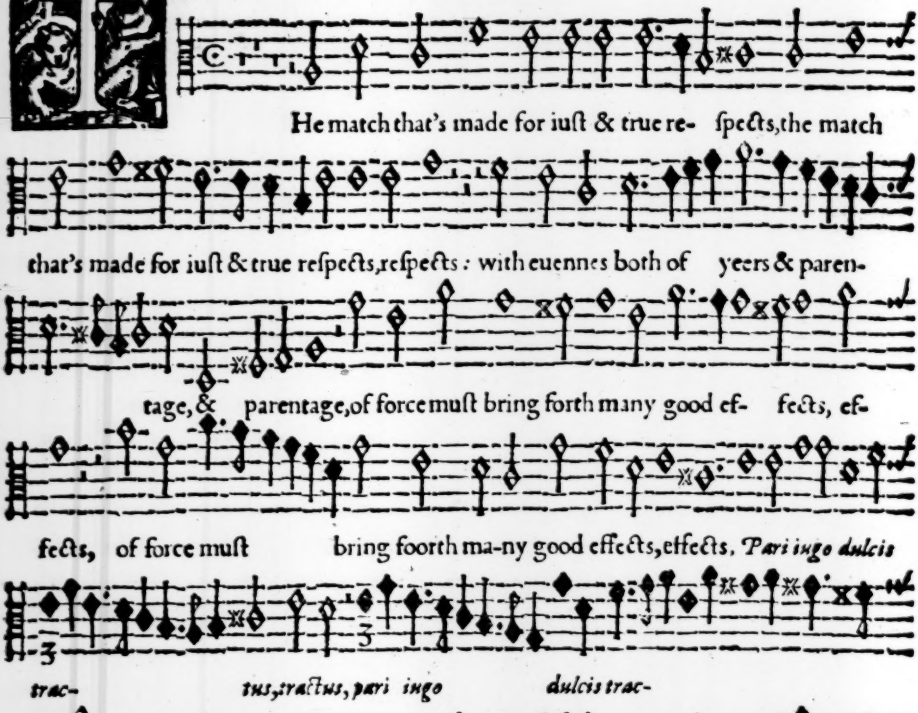


2 A poyſoned ſerpent couered all vvith flovvers,
Mother of ſighes and murtherer of repoſe,
A ſea of ſorow ſtrō whēce are drawē ſuch ſhowers
As moiſture lend to euery griefe that grovves,
A ſchole of guile, a net of deepe deceit,
A guilded hooke, that holds a poyſoned bayte.

3 A fortreſſe foyld, vvhich reaſon dyd defend,
A Syren ſong, a feauer of the minde,
A maze vvherein affection finds no end,
A raging cloud that runnes before the vvinde,
A ſubſtance like the ſhadovv of the Sunne,
A goale of griefe for vvhich the vviſeſt runne.

4 A quenchleſſe fire, a nurſſe of trembling teare,
A path that leads to perill and miſhap,
A true retreat of ſorrovv and diſpayre,
An idle boy that ſleepes in pleaſures lap,
A deepe miſtruſt of that vvhich certaine ſeemes,
A hope of that vvhich reaſon doubtfull deemes.

FINIS.



2 For vvhere chaſt loue and liking ſets the plant,
And concord vvaters vvith a firme good vvill,
Of no good thing there can be any vvant.
Pari iugo dulcis tractus.

3 Sound is the knot that chaſtitie hath tyde,
Sweet is the Muſicke vnitie doth make,
Sure is the ſtore that plentie doth prouide.
Pari iugo dulcis tractus.

4 VVher chaſtnes fayles, ther concord vvill decay,
VVher concord fleets, ther plentie vvill decreaſe,
VVher plenty vvants, ther loue vvill veare avvay
Pari iugo dulcis tractus.

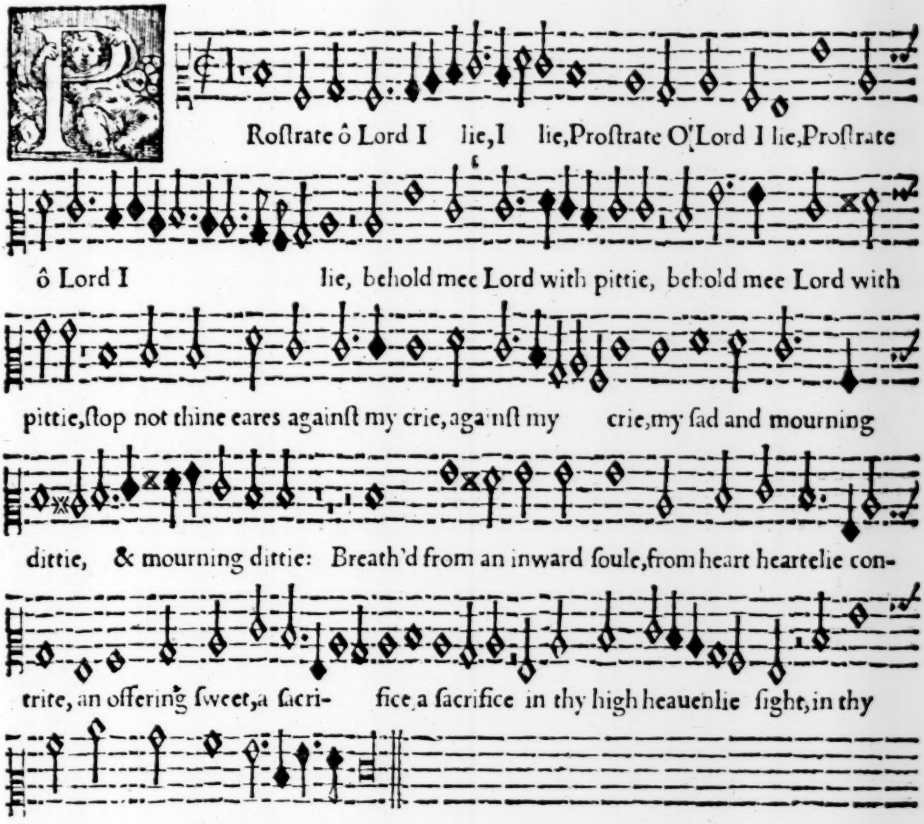
5 I chaſtitie reſtraine all ſtrange deſires,
I concord keepe the courſe of ſound conſent,
I plentie ſpare, and ſpend as cauſe requires.
Pari iugo dulcis tractus.

6 Make much of vs all ye that married bee,
Speake vvell of vs all ye that minde to bee,
The tyme may come, to vvant and vvith all three.
Pari iugo dulcis tractus.

FINIS.

¶ Heere endeth the Sonets and Paſtoralles,

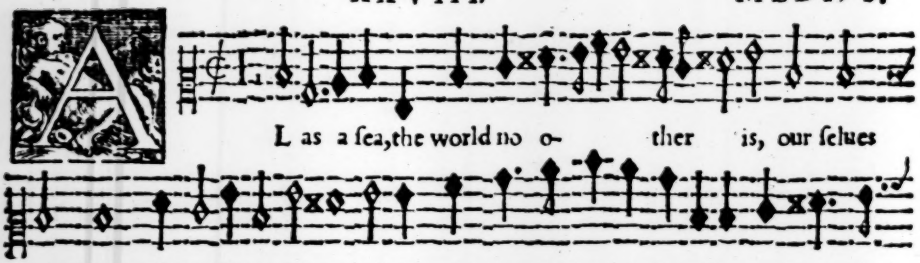
and beginneth Songes of Sadnes and Pietie.

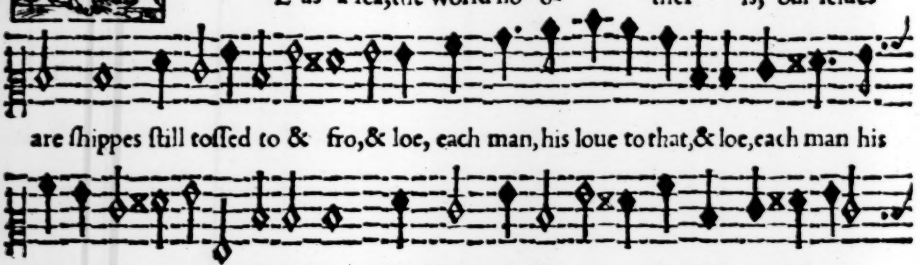


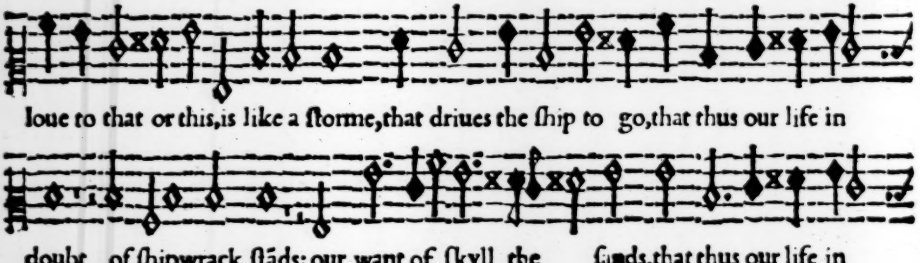
2 Obſerue not ſinnes O Lord,
for vvho may then abide it,
but let thy mercie cancell them,
thou haſt not man deni'd it,
man melting vvith remorſe and thoughts,
thought paſt repenting,
O lighten Lord, O heare our ſongs,
our ſinnes full ſore lamenting.

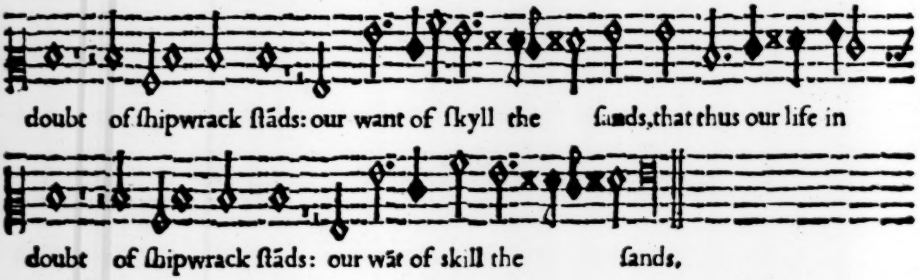
3 The vvonders of thy vvorks,
aboue all reaſon reacheth,
and yet thy mercie aboue all
this, vs thy Spirit teacheth,
then let no ſinner fall,
in depth of foule diſpaire,
ſince neuer ſoule ſo foule there vvas,
but mercie made it faire.

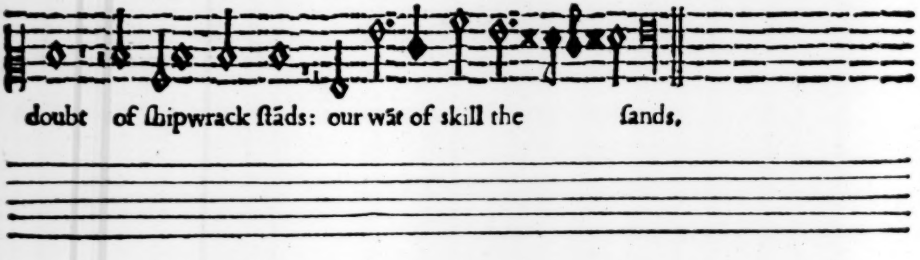
FINIS.











2 Our paſſions be the Pirates ſtill that ſpoyle,
and ouerboard caſt's out our reaſons fraight:
the Marriners that day and night doe toyle,
be our conceits that doe on pleaſure vvaight:
pleaſure Maſter doth tirannize the ſhip,
and giueth vertue ſecretly the nip.

3 The Compaſſe is a minde to compas all,
both pleaſure, profit, place and fame for naught:
the vvinds that blovv, men ouer vveening call,
the Merchandiſe is vvit full deerely bought:
triall the'Anker, caſt vpon experience,
for labor, lyfe, and all a doe the recompence.

FINIS.

Vſan- na faire ſometime aſſaulted was, :||:

by two olde men,deſiring their delight:whoſe falſe intent,they

thought to bring :||: to paſſe,to bring to paſſe, if not by tender loue,

by force and might: to whome ſhe ſaid,if I your ſute de- ny, de-ny,you will

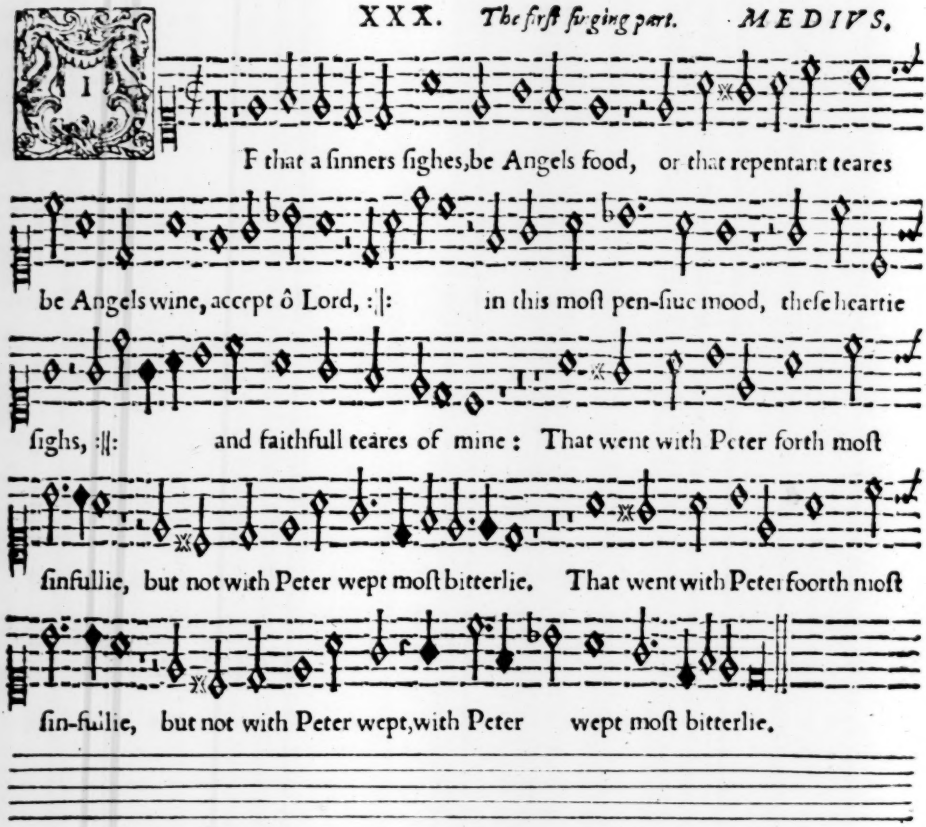
me falſely,falſely accuſe,& make me die:to whom ſhe ſaid,if I your

ſute de- ny,de- ny, you will mee falſelie,falſely ac- cuſe,and make mee

die.

3 And if I graunt to that vvhich you requeſt,
my chaſtitie ſhall then defloured bee,
vvhich is ſo deere to mee that I dereſt
my lyfe,if it bereſted bee from mee:
And rather vvould I dye of mine accord,
ten thouſand times,then once offend the Lord.

FINIS.



2 If I had Dauids crovvne to mee betide,
or all his purple robes that he did vveare,
I vvould lay then ſuch honor all aſide,
and onely ſeeke a ſackcloth vveede to beare:
his Pallace vvould I leaue that I might ſhovv,
and mourne in cell for ſuch offence, my woe.

3 Ther ſhould theſe hãds beate on my pẽſiue breſt,
and ſad to death, for ſorrovv rend my haire,
my voice to call on thee, ſhould neuer reſt,
vvhoſe grace I ſeeke, whoſe iudgement I do feare:
vpon the ground all groueling on my face,
I vvould beſeech thy ſauour and good grace.

4 But ſince I haue not meane to make the ſhow
of my repentant minde, and yet I ſee
my ſinne to greater heape then Peters grow,
vvhereby the danger more it is to mee,
I put my truſt in his moſt precious blud,
vvhoſe life vvas ſhed to purchaſe all our good.

5 Thy mercie greater is then any ſinne,
thy greatneſſe none can euer comprehend:
vvherfore O Lord, let mee thy mercie winne,
vvhoſe glorious name no time can euer end:
vvherefore I ſay all praiſe belongs to thee,
vvhom I beſeech be merciſull to mee.

FINIS.

Are for thy ſoule as thing of greateſt price, made to the end

to taſt of poore deuine, deuoid of guilt, abhorring ſinne & vice, apt by gods grace

to vertue to encline, care for it ſo, as by thy retchles traine, it be not brought to

taſt, to taſt eternall paine, care for it ſo, as by thy retchles traine, it be not brought to

taſt, to taſt eternal paine.

8 Care for thy corps, but chiefly for ſoules ſake,
cut of exceſſe, ſuſteyning food is beſt,
to vanquiſh pride, but comelie clothing take,
ſeeke after ſkill, deepe ignorance deteſt:
Care ſo I ſay, the fleſh to feede and cloth,
that thou harme not thy ſoule and bodie both.

9 Care for the world to do thy bodie right,
racke not thy vvit to winne thy wicked waies,
ſeeke not t'oppreſſe the weak by wrongful might,
to pay thy dew do baniſh all delayes:
Care to diſpend according to thy ſtore,
and in like ſort be mindefull of the poore.

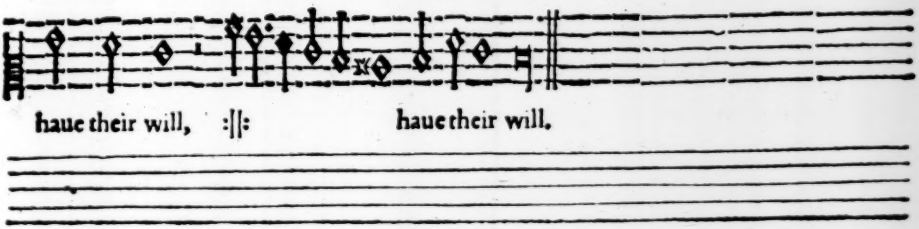
4 Care for thy ſoule, as for thy chiefeſt ſtay,
care for thy bodie for thy ſoules auaile,
care for the world for bodies helpe alway,
care yet but ſo as vertue may preuaile,
care in ſuch ſort that thou be ſure of this,
care keepe thee not frō heauen & heauenly bliſſe.

FINIS.

VIla, lullaby, lul-la lulla-by, my ſweet lit- t'e, baby, :‖: what meaneſt thou to cry, Lulla, lulla-by, :‖: la lulla, lulla-by, la lulla la lulla-by, :‖: Lul-la-by my ſweete lit- tle ba- by.

The ſecond part.

BE ſtill my bleſſed babe, though cauſe thou haſt to mourne whoſe bloud moſt innocent to ſhed, the cruel king hath ſworne, & lo, alas, be-hold, what ſlaughter he doth make, ſhedding the bloud of in-fants all, ſweet ſa- ui-our for thy ſake. A King is borne, they ſay: which king this king would kil, oh woe, oh woe, & woful heauie daie, when wretches haue their wil, :‖: haue their wil, oh woe, oh woe, & wofull heauie day, when wretches



Lulla, la lulla, lulla lullaby,
My ſweet little Baby, what meaneſt thou to cry:

2 Three kings this king of kings to ſee, are come from farre,
To each vnknowen, with offerings great, by guiding of a Starre:
And ſhepherds heard the ſong, which Angells bright did ſing,
Giuing all glory vnto God, for comming of this king:
Which muſt be made away, king Herod would him kill,
Oh woe and wofull heauie day, when wretches haue their will.
Lulla, la lulla, lulla lullaby, my ſweet &c.

3 Lo, lo, my little Babe, be ſtill, lament no more,
From fury ſhalt thou ſtep aſide, help haue wee ſtill in ſtore:
Wee heauenly warning haue, ſome other ſoyle to ſeeke,
From death muſt flie the Lord of lyfe, as Lamb both myld and meeke:
Thus muſt my Babe obey the king that would him kill,
Oh wo, and wofull heauy day, when wretches haue their will.
Lulla la lulla, lulla lullaby, my ſweet &c.

4 But thou ſhalt liue and raigne, as *Sibilles* haue foreſaide,
As all the Prophets Propheſie, whoſe mother yet a maide,
And perfect virgin pure, with hir breſts ſhall vpbreed,
Both God and man that all hath made, the Sunne of heauenly ſeed:
Whom caytiues none can tray, whom tirants none can kill,
Oh ioy, and ioyfull happy day, when wretches want their will.

FINIS.

Hy do I vſe :‖: my paper inck & pen, and call my

wits to counſel what to ſay, ſuch memories were made for mortall men, I

ſpeak of Saints, whoſe names can- not decay, an Angells trump, an Angels

trump, were fitter for to ſound, their glorious death, :‖: if ſuch on earth were

found, an Angells trump, :‖: were fitter for to ſound, their glorious death,

their glorious death, if ſuch on earth were found, if ſuch on earth were ſound.

1 That ſtoare of ſuch were once on earth purſu'd,
the hiſtories of auncient times record,
whoſe conſtancie great tirants rage ſubdu'd,
through patiēt death profeſſing Chriſt their Lord,
as his Apoſtles perfect witneſſe bare.
with many more that bleſſed Martirs were.

2 VVhoſe patiēce rare & moſt couragious minde,
with fame renoum'd perpetuall ſhall endure,
by whoſe examples we may right the find,
of holie life and death a patterne pure:
that we therefore their vertues may embrace,
pray we to Chriſt to guide vs with his grace.

FINIS.

¶ *The funerall Songs of that honorable Gent. Syr Phillip Sidney, Knight.*

Ome to mee grief for euer, :‖: Come to mee teares,

day & night, day & night, Come to mee plaint, ah helples, plaint ah helples,

iuſt griefe, iuſt griefe, heart teares, plaint worthie, iuſt griefe, heart teares, plaint

worthie, iuſt griefe, heart teares, plaint worthie.

2 Go fro mee dread to die now,
Go fro mee care to liue more,
Go fro mee ioyes all on earth,
Sidney, *O Sidney* is Dead.

3 He whome the Court adorned,
He whome the country courtis'd,
He who made happie his friends,
He that did good to all men.

4 *Sidney* the hope of land ſtrange,
Sidney the floure of England,
Sidney the ſpirit heroic,
Sidney is dead, O dead, dead,

5 Dead? no, no, but renewed,
With the anointed oned,
Honor on earth at his feete,
Bliſſe euerlaſting his ſeate.
Come to mee griefe, &c.

That moſt rare breſt, O that moſt rare breſt, moſt rare

breſt, O that moſt rare breſt, moſt rare breſt, chriſtalline ſin-

cere, ſincere through which like gold, thy princely hart did ſhine, did ſhine,

O ſprite heroic, heroic, O vali-ant worthie knight, O Sidney, O Sidney, prince

of fame, O Sidney, prince of fame & mens good will,

O Sidney, Sidney, O Sidney, :‖: prince of fame, and mens good wil,

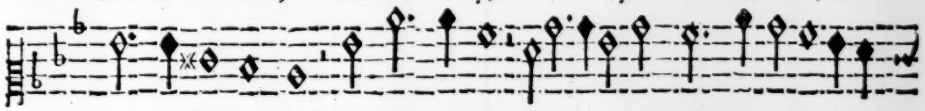
good will. For thee, for thee, both kings & princeſſes do mourne, for thee, both

kings & princeſſes do mourne, & princeſſes do mourne, do mourne,

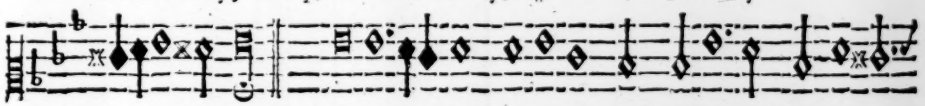
thy noble Tombe, three Cities ſtrange deſired, de- ſired, foes to the cauſe, the

cauſe,thy prowes did defend,bewaile the day,bewaile the day,that croſt thy

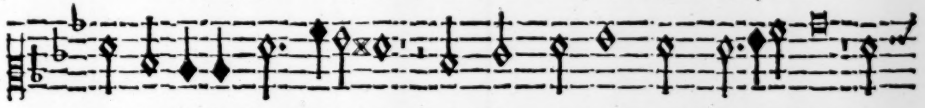
famous race, bewaile the day,that croſt thy fa- mous race,be-



waile the day,the day, bewaile the day, :‖: that croſt thy fa-

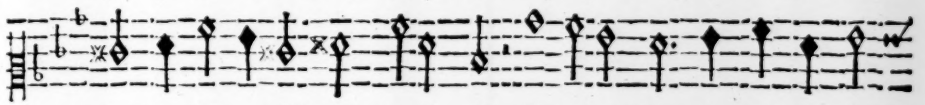


mous race. The dolfull debt due to thy hearſe,due to thy hearſe I

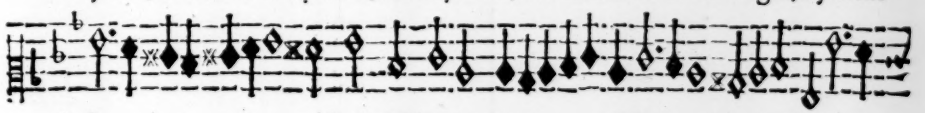


pay,due to thy hearſe I pay, teares from the ſoule,teares from the ſoule,that

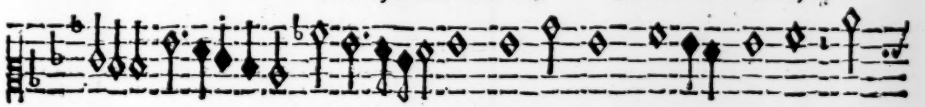
aye thy want ſhall moane,ſhall moane,and by my will my life it ſelfe would



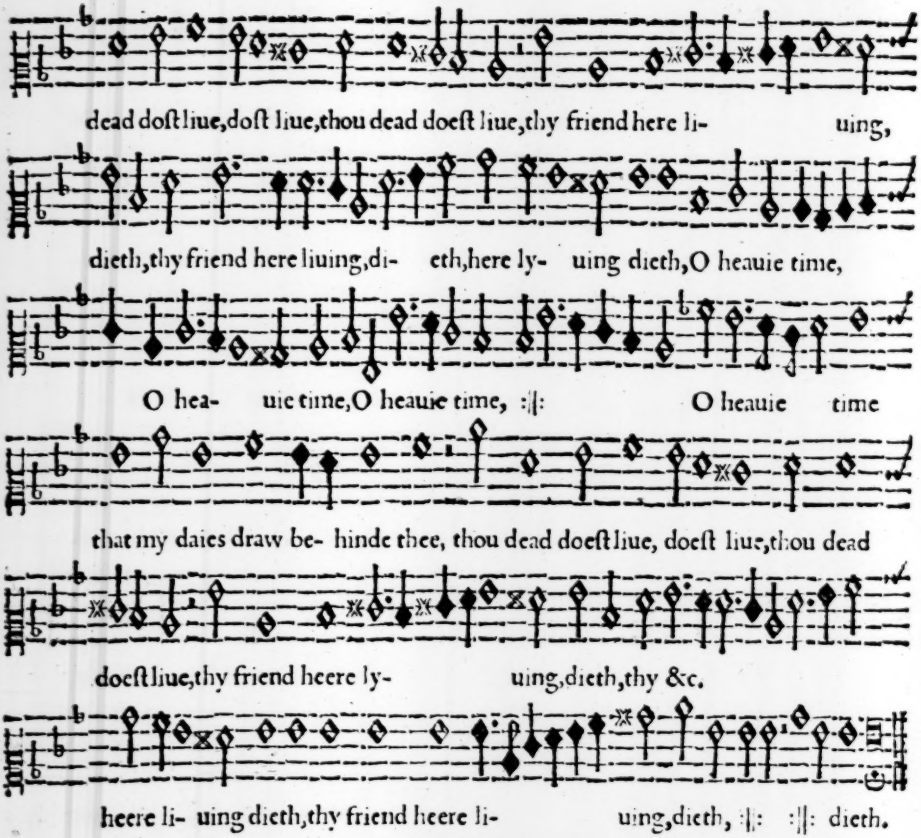
yeeld, it ſelfe would yeelde,would yeelde, if heathen blame ne might,my faith



di- ſtaine,O heauie time, O hea- uie time, :‖:



:‖: O heauie time,that my dayes draw be- hind thee,thou



¶ *The Table for the Pſalmes, and the reſt of the ſongs,*

O God giue eare & do apply. I
Mine eies with feruencie. II
My ſoule oppreſt with care. III
How ſhall a young man prone. IIII
O Lord how long wilt thou. V
O Lord who in thy ſacred tẽt. VI
Help Lord for waſted are. &c. VII
Bleſſed is he that feares &c. VIII
Lord in thy wrath. IX
Euen from the depth. X

The Sonets and Paſtoralles.

I ioy not in no earthly bliſſe. XI
Though Amarillis. XII
Who likes to loue XIII
My minde to me &c. XIIII
Where fancie fond. XV
O you that heare this voyce. XVI
If woemẽ could be faire. XVII
Ambitious loue XVIII
What pleaſure haue great prin- ces. XIX
As I beheld. XX
Although the heathen poets. XXI
In fields abroade. XXII
Conſtant Penelope. XXIII
La Virginella. XXIIII
Farewell falſe loue. XV
The match that's made. XXVI

Songs of ſadnes & pietie.

Proſtrate O Lord. XXVII
All as a Sea. XXVIII
Suſanna faire. XXIX
If that a ſinners ſighes. XXX
Care for thy ſoule. XXXI
Lulla, Lullaby. XXXII
Why doe I vſe. XXXIII

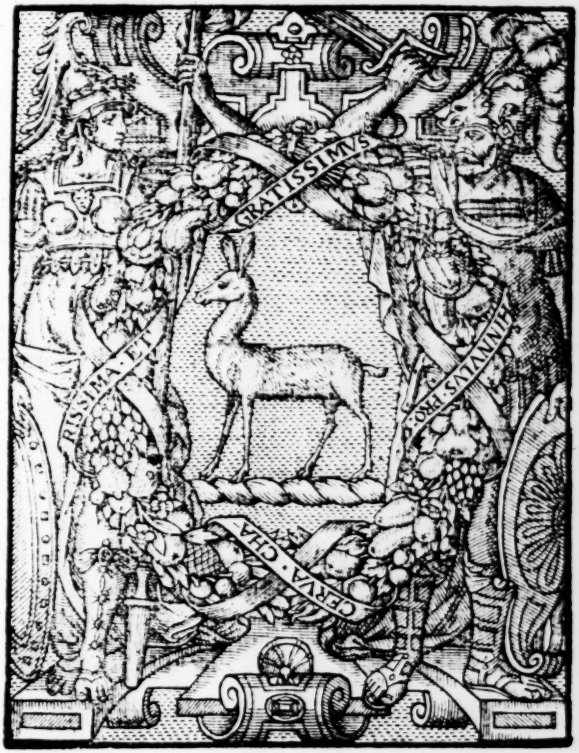
The funerall ſongs of that honorable Gent. Sir Philip Sidney Knight.

Come to mee griefe &c. XXXIIII
O that moſt rare breſt. XXXV

FINIS.

TENOR.

Pſalmes, Sonets, & ſongs of ſadnes and pietie, made into Muſicke of fiue parts: whereof, ſome of them going abroad among diuers, in vntrue coppies, are heere truely corrected, and th'other being Songs very rare & newly compoſed, are heere publiſhed, for the recreation of all ſuch as delight in Muſick: By *William Byrd*, one of the Gent. of the Queenes Maieſties honorable Chappell.



Printed by Thomas Eaſt, the aſsigne of W. Byrd, and are to be ſold at the dwelling houſe of the ſaid T. Eaſt, by Paules wharfe. 1588.

Cum priuilegio Regiæ Maieſtatis.

¶Reaſons briefely ſet downe by th'auctor, to perſwade euery one to learne to ſing.

FIrſt, it is a knowledge eaſely taught, and quickly learned, wher ther is a good Maſter, & an apt Scoler.

2 The exerciſe of ſinging is delightful to Nature, and good to preſerue the health of man.

3 It doth ſtrengthen all parts of the breſt, & doth open the pipes.

4 It is a ſinguler good remedie for a ſtutting & ſtamaring in the ſpeech.

5 It is the beſt meanes to procure a perfect pronunciation, and to make a good Orator.

6 It is the onely way to know where Nature hath beſtowed the benefit of a good voyce: which gift is ſo rare, as ther is not one among a thouſand that hath it: & in many that excelent gift is loſt, becauſe they want art to expreſſe Nature.

7 Ther is not any Muſicke of Inſtruments whatſoeuer, comparable to that which is made of the voyces of men, wher the voices are good, & the ſame wel ſorted and ordered.

8 The better the voyce is, the meeter it is to honour & ſerue God there-with: and the voice of man is chiefly to be imployed to that end.

Omnis ſpiritus laudet Dominum.

Since ſinging is ſo good a thing,
I wiſh all men would learne to ſing.

¶TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE Sir Chriſtopher Hatton knight, Lord Chancellor of England, William Byrd wiſheth long life, and the ſame to be moſt healthie and happie.

THE often deſires of many my good friends, Right honorable, and the conſideration of many vntrue incorrected coppies of diuers my ſonges ſpred abroade, haue beene the two cauſes, chiefly mouing my conſent at length to put in Print the fruits of my ſmall ſkill and labors in Muſicke. Then the dutie, honor, and ſeruice due from me vnto your Lordſhip, together with the remembrance of your iudgement and loue of that Art, did moue and imbolden me to preſent this firſt printed worke of mine in Engliſh, to paſſe vnder your L. fauour & protectiō: vnworthie I cōfeſſe, the view or Patronage of ſo worthie a Perſonage. Yet remembring that ſmall things ſometime do great ſeruice, and that repoſe is beſt taſted by bodies forewearied: I hoped that (by this occaſion) theſe poore ſongs of mine might happely yeeld ſome ſweetneſſe, repoſe, and recreation vnto your Lordſhips mynde, after your daily paynes & cares taken in the high affaires of the Common wealth. Moſt humbly beſeeching your Lordſhip, that if my boldneſſe heerein be faultie, my dutifull good will, and good meaning may excuſe it: which if I may ſo fortunately perceiue, it ſhall incourage mee to ſuffer ſome other things of more depth and ſkill to follow theſe, which being not yet finiſhed, are of diuers expected and deſired. Inceſſantlie beſeeching our Lord to make your yeeres happie, and ende bleſſed, I wiſh there were any thing in me worthie of your Lordſhip to be commaunded.

Moſt humbly your L. euer to commaund

William Byrd.

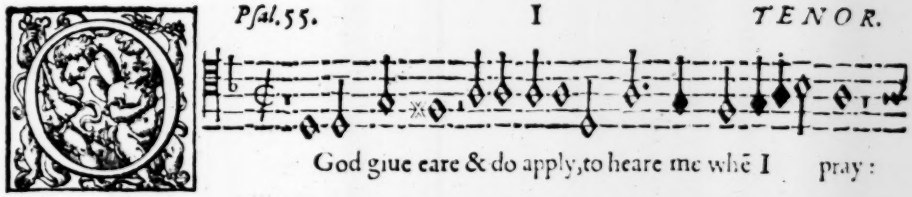
¶The Epiſtle to the Reader.

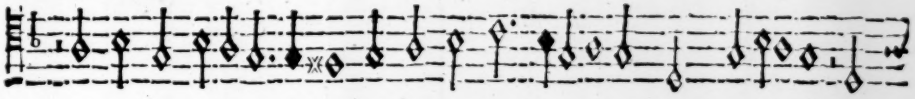
BEnigne Reader, heere is offered vnto thy courteous acceptation, Muſicke of ſundry ſorts, and to content diuers humors. If thou be diſpoſed to pray, heere are Pſalms. If to be merry, heere are Sonets. If to lament for thy ſinnes, heere are ſongs of ſadneſſe & pietie. If thou delight in Muſicke of great compaſſe, heere are diuers ſongs, which being originally made for inſtruments to expreſſe the harmony, & one voyce to pronoũce the dittie, are now framed in all parts for voyces to ſing the ſame. If thou deſire ſongs of ſmall compaſſe and fit for the reach of moſt voyces, heere are moſt in number of that ſort. Whatſoeuer pains I haue taken heerein, I ſhal think to be wel imploied, if the ſame be well accepted, Muſicke therby the better loued, and the more exerciſed. In the expreſſing of theſe ſongs, either by voyces or inſtruments, if there happen to be any iarre or diſſonance, blame not the Printer, who (I doe aſſure thee) through his great paines & diligence, doth heere deliuer to thee a perfect & true coppie. If in the compoſition of theſe ſongs, there be any fault by me committed, I deſire the skilful, either with courteſie to let the ſame be concealed, or in friendly ſort to be thereof admoniſhed: & at the next impreſſion he ſhall finde the error reformed: remembring alwaies, that it is more eaſie to finde a fault then to amend it. If thou finde any thing heere worthy of lykeing and commendation, giue prayſe vnto God, from whom (as from a moſt pure and plentifull fountaine) all good gifts of Science doe flow: whoſe name be glorified for euer.

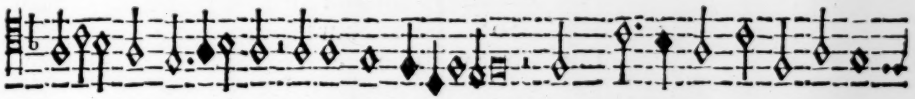
The moſt aſſured friend to all
that loue or learne Muſicke:
William Byrd.

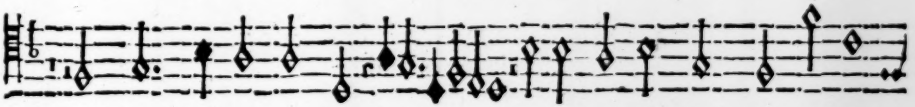
¶The names and number of thoſe ſongs which are of the higheſt compaſſe.

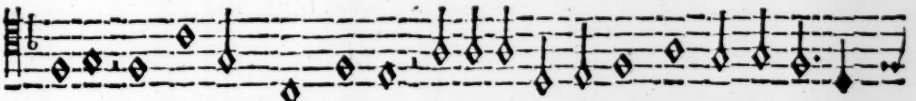
MY ſoule oppreſt with care and griefe.	III	Lord in thy wrath.	IX
How ſhall a yong man prone to ill.	IIII	La virginella.	XXIIII
O Lord how long wilt thou forget.	V	If that a ſinners ſighes.	XXX
O Lord who in thy ſacred tent.	VI	Care for thy ſoule.	XXXI
Help Lord for waſted are all thoſe.	VII	Lullaby.	XXXII
Bleſſed is he that feares the Lord.	VIII	Why doe I vſe.	XXXIII

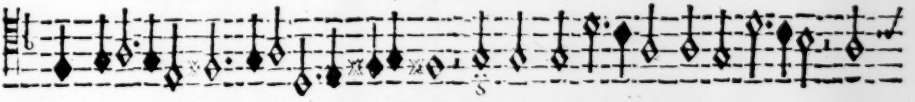

God giue eare & do apply, to heare me whē I pray:

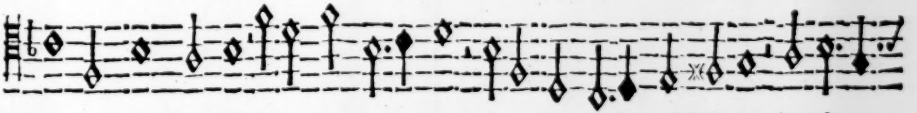

and whē to thee I call & cry, hide not thy ſelfe a- way. Take heed to me, :||:

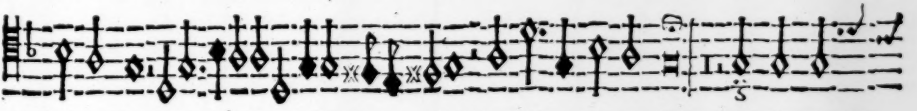

graūt my re-queſt, & aūſwere me a- game: With plaints I pray ful ſore oppreſt,


great griefe doth me conſtraine. :||: Becauſe my foes with threats & cries,


& cries, oppreſſe me through deſpite, and ſo the wicked ſort like-wiſe, to vexe me


haue de- light, haue de- light. For they in coūſel do cōſpire, :||: to


charge me with ſome ill, So in their haſty wrath, ſo in their haſty wrath & yre, they do pur-


ſue me ſtil, :||: purſue me ſtill, they do purſue me ſtil. For they in &c,

1 Ine eyes with feruencie of ſprite,
I do lift vp on hie:
To thee ô lord that dwell'ſt in light,
which no man may come nie.

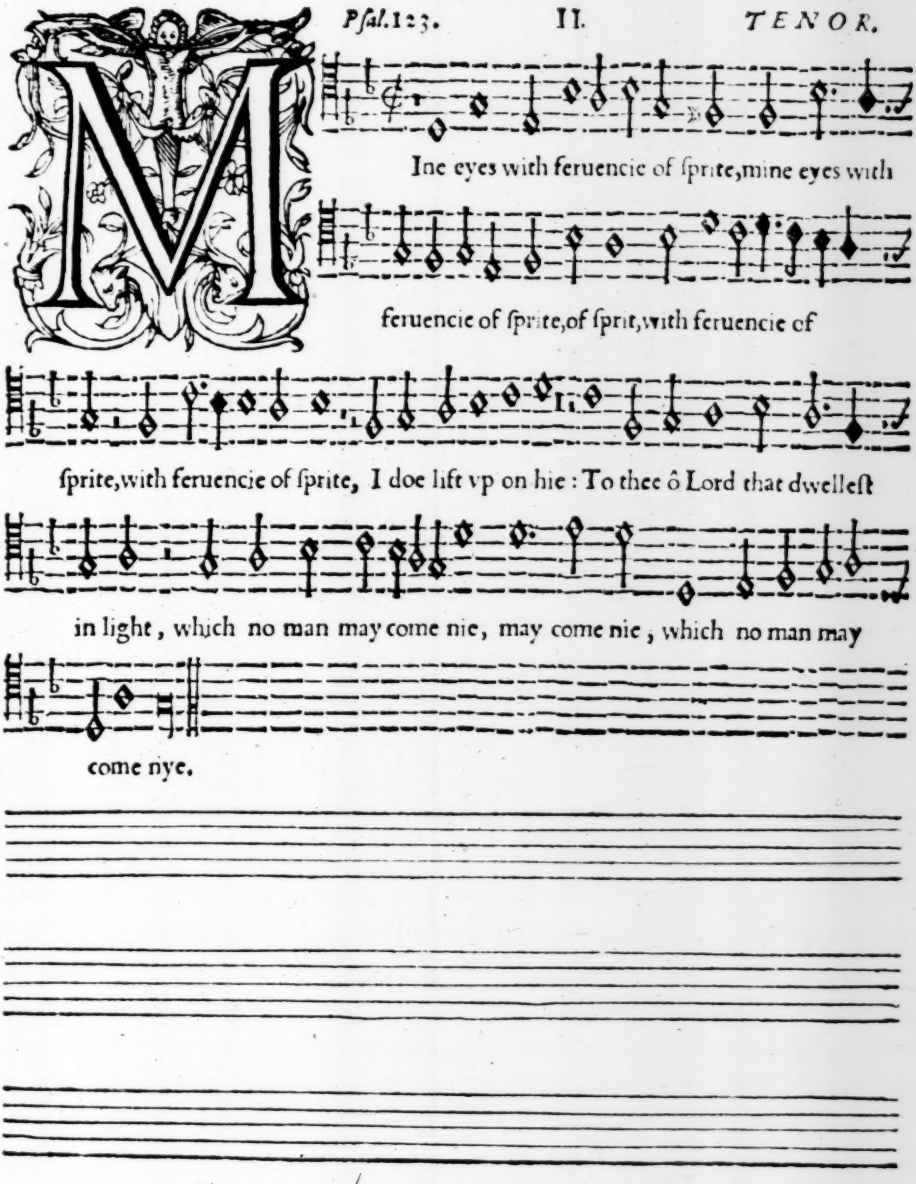
2 Behold euen as the ſeruants eies,
vpon their maſter waite:
And as the maide her miſtriſt hand,
with carefull eye and ſtrayte

3 Attends: So we ô Lord our God,
thy throne with hope and griefe
Behold, vntill thou mercie ſend,
and giue vs ſome relife.

4 O Lord though we deſerue it not,
yet mercie let vs finde:
A people that deſpiſed are,
throwne downe in ſoule and minde,

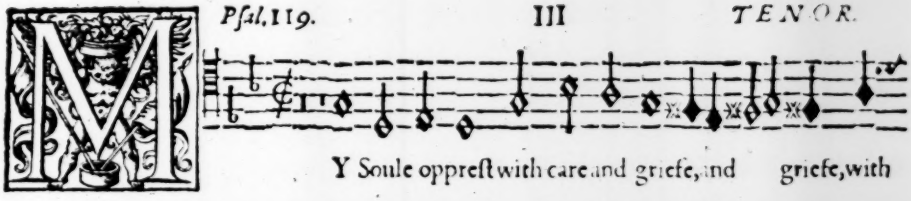
5 The mightie proud men of the world,
that ſeekes vs to oppreſſe:
Haue fild our ſoules with all contempts,
and left vs in diſtreſſe.

FINIS.


Mine eyes with feruencie of ſprite, mine eyes with
feruencie of ſprite, of ſprit, with feruencie of
ſprite, with feruencie of ſprite, I doe lift vp on hie : To thee ô Lord that dwelleſt
in light, which no man may come nie, may come nie, which no man may
come nye.

1 MY ſoule oppreſt with care and griefe,
doth cleaue vnto the duſt:
O quicken me after thy woord,
for therein doe I truſt.
2 My waies vnto thee haue I ſhew'd,
thou aunſwereſt me againe:
Teach me thy law and ſo I ſhall,
be eaſed of my paine.
3 The way of thy commaund'ments Lord,
make me to vnderſtand:
And I will muſe vppon the power,
and wonders of thy hand.
4 My heart doth melt and pyne away,
for very payne and griefe:
O,raiſe me vp,after thy word,
and ſend mee ſome reliefe.
5 All falſhood,and falſe waies O Lord,
doe thou from me remoue:
And graunt me grace,to know thy law,
and onely that to loue.
6 The way of truth I chooſe to tread,
to keepe my life in awe:
And ſet before me as a marke,
thy ſacred woord and law.
7 I cleaue,O Lord,vnto all things,
witneſſed by thy ſpeech:
Whereof that I repent me not,
I humbly thee beſeech.
8 When that my heart thou ſhalt enlarge,
to ſeeke and runne the waies:
Of thy precepts,I will not fayle,
the length of all my dayes.

FINIS.


MY Soule oppreſt with care and griefe, and griefe, with
care and griefe, :‖: doth cleaue vnto the duſt, doth cleaue vnto the
duſt: ó quicken me after thy word, for therein doe I truſt. My wayes vnto thee
my waies vnto thee haue I ſhew'd, thou aunſwereſt me againe: Teach me thy
lawe and ſo I ſhall, & ſo I ſhall, be eaſed of my paine, be eaſed of my paine,
of my payne. Teach me thy law and ſo I ſhall, and ſo I ſhall, be eaſed of my
paine, :‖: be eaſed of my paine.

1 HOw ſhall a young man prone to ill,
clenſe his vnbridled heart?
If that thy law, ô Lord he doe,
all frailtie ſet apart.
Embrace with ſetled minde, and learne
thy word with care to keepe:
And ſearch to finde with humble ſprite,
thy iudgements that are deepe.

2 With my whole heart, I haue thee ſought,
and ſearched out thy way:
O ſuffer not that from thy word
I ſwarue or goe aſtraie.

3 Thy word ô Lord, within my heart,
leaſt I ſhould thee offend:
I haue laide vp as treaſure great,
for that ſhall mee defend.

4 The Lord is bleſt, he ſhall me teach,
the iudgements of his mouth,
Thereby to rule and dreſſe the waies,
of mine vntamed youth.

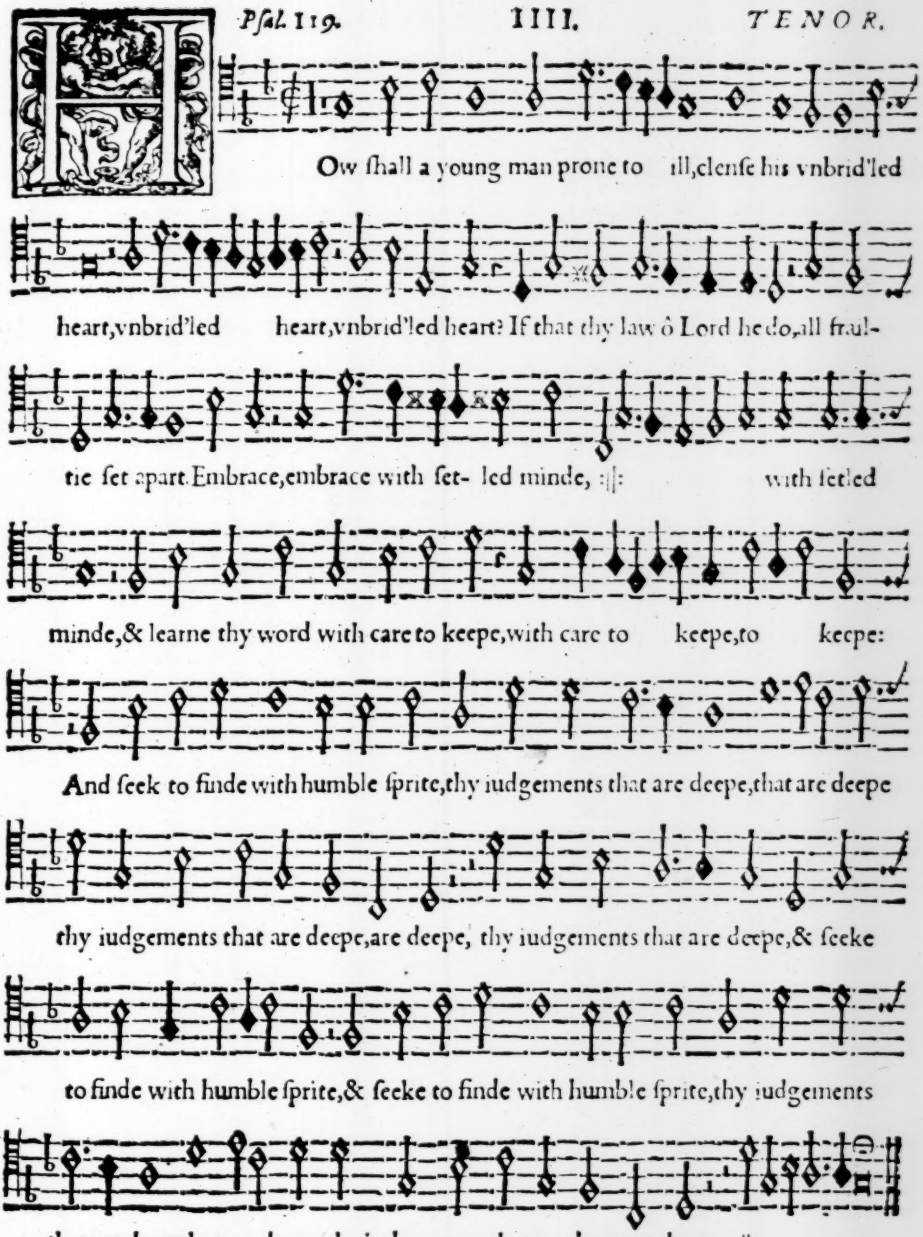
5 Thy lawes therefore, in open place,
my lippes ſhall euer ſound:
And neuer fayle to ſhew foorth that,
to which thou haſt me bound.

6 For in the way of thy precepts,
I ſet my whole delight:
No wealth, no treaſure of the world,
ſo precious in my ſight.

7 What thou commaund'ſt I will thinke on,
with diligent reſpect:
And to thy lawes haue due regard,
for they ſhall me protect.

8 In thy precepts, ô Lord, my ſoule
her whole delight hath ſet:
Thy words therefore more pure then gold,
I neuer will forget.

FINIS.


How ſhall a young man prone to ill,cleanſe his vnbrid'led
heart,vnbrid'led heart,vnbrid'led heart? If that thy law ô Lord he do,all frail-
tie ſet apart. Embrace,embrace with ſet- led minde, :‖: with ſetled
minde,& learne thy word with care to keepe,with care to keepe,to keepe:
And ſeek to finde with humble ſprite,thy iudgements that are deepe,that are deepe
thy iudgements that are deepe,are deepe, thy iudgements that are deepe,& ſeeke
to finde with humble ſprite,& ſeeke to finde with humble ſprite,thy iudgements
that are deep,that are deepe,thy iudgements that are deep,are deep. :‖:

1 Lord, how long wilt thou forget,
to ſend mee ſome relife?
For euer wilt thou hide thy face,
and ſo increaſe my griefe?

2 How long ſhall I with vexed heart,
ſeeke counſell in my ſpirit?
How long ſhall my malicious foes,
triumph and me deſpit?

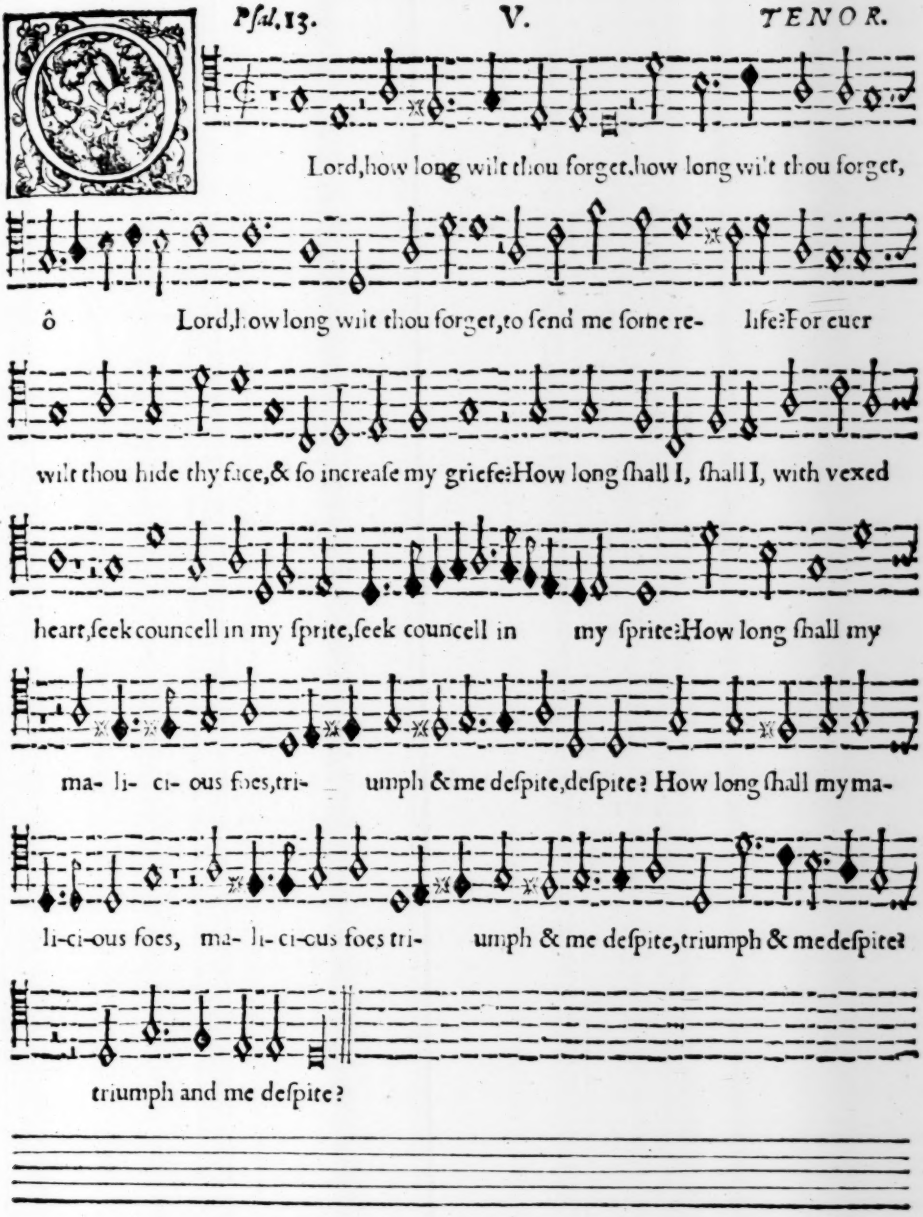
3 O Lord my God, heare my complaint,
vttered with wofull breath:
Lighten mine eyes, defend my life,
that I ſleepe not in death.

4 Leaſt that mine enemie ſay I haue,
againſt him loe preuayl'd:
At my downe fall they will reioyce,
that thus haue me aſſayl'd.

5 But in thy mercie Lord I truſt,
for that ſhall mee defend:
My heart doth ioye, to ſee the help,
which thou to mee wilt ſend.

6 Vnto the Lord therefore I ſing,
and doe lift vp my voyce:
And for his goodneſſe ſhew'd to mee,
I will alwaie reioyce.

FINIS.


O Lord, how long wilt thou forget, how long wilt thou forget,
ô Lord, how long wilt thou forget, to ſend me ſome re- life? For euer
wilt thou hide thy face, & ſo increaſe my griefe? How long ſhall I, ſhall I, with vexed
heart, ſeek councell in my ſprite, ſeek councell in my ſprite? How long ſhall my
ma- li- ci- ous foes, tri- umph & me deſpite, deſpite? How long ſhall my ma-
li-ci-ous foes, ma- li- ci-ous foes tri- umph & me deſpite, triumph & me deſpite?
triumph and me deſpite?

¶ *Pſalme.* 15.

1 Lord who in thy ſacred tent,
and holy hill ſhall dwell:
Euen he that both in heart & minde,
doth ſtudie to do well.

2 In life vpright, in dealing iuſt,
and he that from his heart
The truth doth ſpeake with ſinglenes,
all falſhood ſet apart.

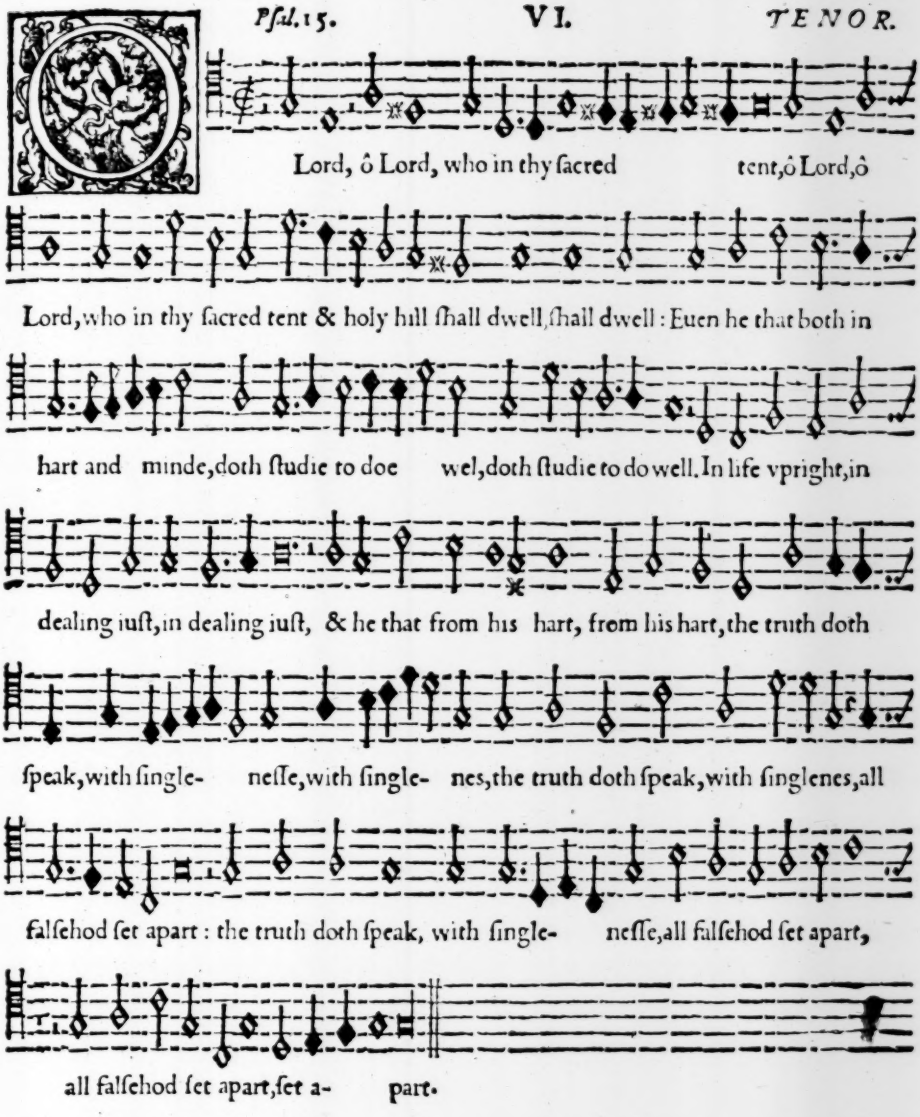
3 With tongue beſides that hurts no man,
by falſe and ill report:
Nor friend nor neighbour harme will doe,
where euer he reſort.

4 That hates the bad, and loues the good,
and faith that neuer breakes:
But keepes alwaies though to his loſſe,
the word that once he ſpeakes.

5 Nor filthie gaine by loue that ſeekes,
nor wealth ſo to poſſeſſe:
Nor that for bribes, the guiltles ſoule,
doth labour to oppreſſe.

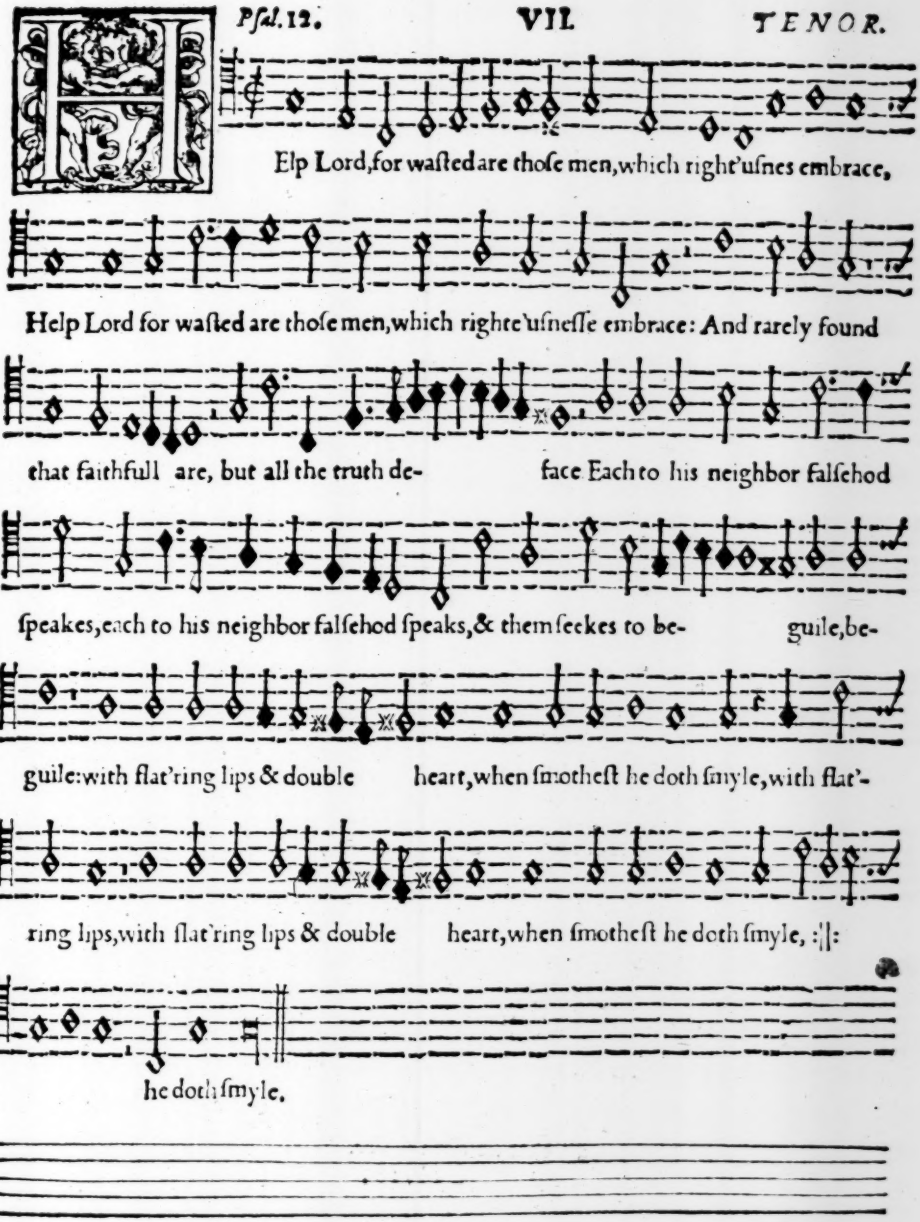
6 Like as a mount ſo ſhall he ſtand,
nothing ſhall him remoue:
That thus ſhall do, the Lord hath ſaid,
no man can it diſproue.

FINIS.


Lord, ô Lord, who in thy ſacred tent, ô Lord, ô
Lord, who in thy ſacred tent & holy hill ſhall dwell, ſhall dwell: Euen he that both in
hart and minde, doth ſtudie to doe wel, doth ſtudie to do well. In life vpright, in
dealing iuſt, in dealing iuſt, & he that from his hart, from his hart, the truth doth
ſpeak, with ſingle- neſſe, with ſingle- nes, the truth doth ſpeak, with ſinglenes, all
falſehod ſet apart: the truth doth ſpeak, with ſingle- neſſe, all falſehod ſet apart,
all falſehod ſet apart, ſet a- part.

1 HElp Lord for waſted are thoſe men,
which right'uſneſſe embrace:
And rarely found that faithfull are,
but all the truth deface.
2 Each to his neighbour falſhood ſpeakes,
and them ſeekes to beguile:
With flattering lips and double heart,
when ſmotheſt he doth ſmile.
3 All flattering lips, the Lord our God,
in iuſtice will confound:
And all proud tongues, that vaunt great things,
he will bring to the ground.
4 Our tongues ſay they, ſhall lift vs vp,
by them we ſhall preuaile:
Who ſhould vs let, or ſtoppe our courſe,
that thereof we ſhould fayle.
5 For the deſtruction of the iuſt,
and ſuch as be oppreſt:
And for the mournings of the poore,
that likewiſe be diſtreſt.
6 I will riſe vp now ſaith the Lord,
and eaſe their griefe and care:
Of thoſe which he full craftely,
hath draw'n into his ſnare.
7 Like ſiluer fine that tried is,
ſeuen times by heate of fire:
So are thy woords Lord pure and cleane,
to ſuch as them deſire.
8 Thou Lord wilt keep, and wilt defend,
all ſuch as in thee truſt,
And from that curſed race of men,
ſaue all ſuch as be iuſt.
9 When euill men exalted bee,
the wicked gad about:
Farre from all feare of paine, but thou
ô Lord wilt roote them out.

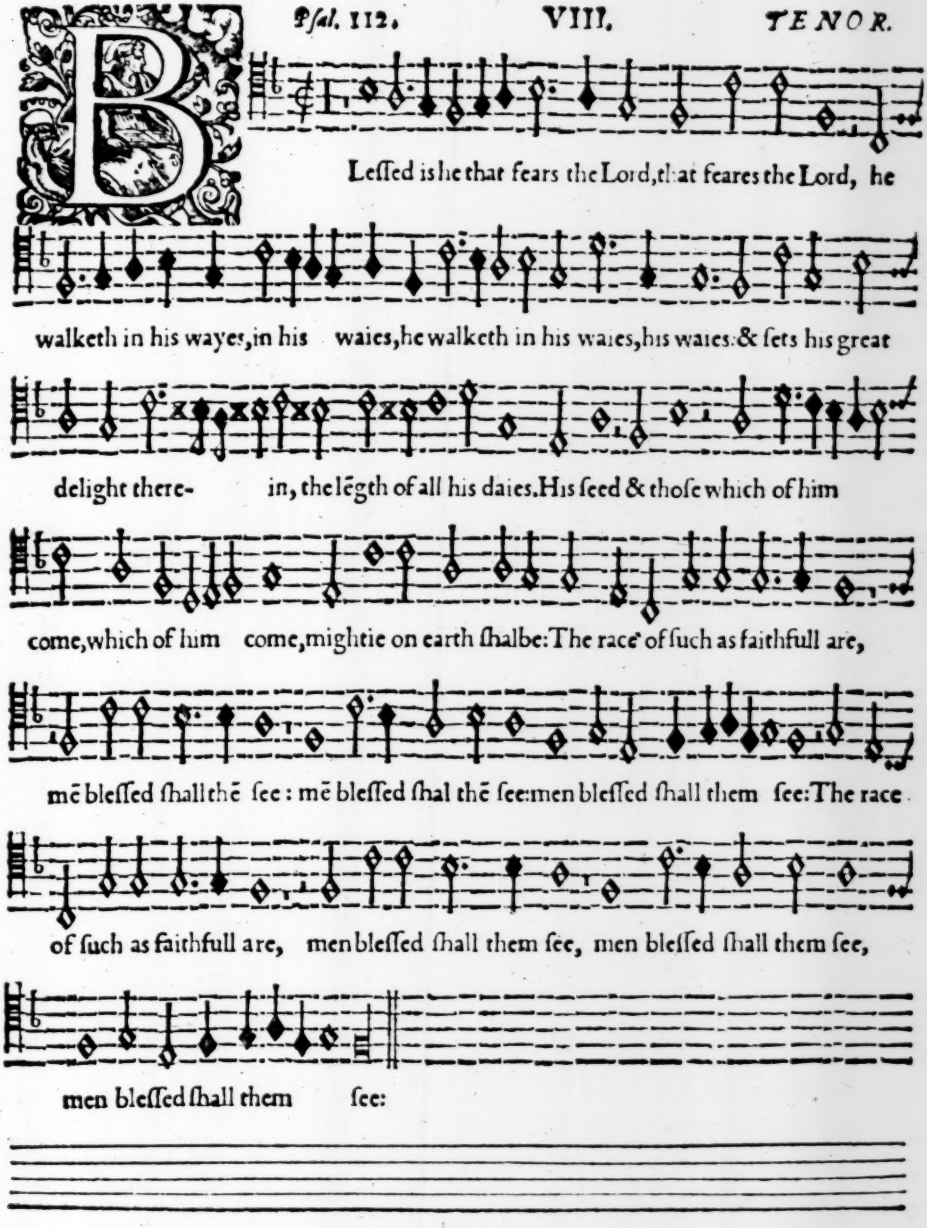
FINIS.


Elp Lord,for waſted are thoſe men,which right'uſnes embrace,
Help Lord for waſted are thoſe men,which righte'uſneſſe embrace: And rarely found
that faithfull are, but all the truth de-
face Each to his neighbor falſehod
ſpeakes,each to his neighbor falſehod ſpeaks,& them ſeekes to be-
guile,be-
guile:with flat'ring lips & double
heart,when ſmotheſt he doth ſmyle,with flat'-
ring lips,with flat'ring lips & double
heart,when ſmotheſt he doth ſmyle, :||:
he doth ſmyle.

¶ PSALME. 112.

1 BLeſſed is he that feares the Lord,
he walketh in his waies:
And ſets his great delight therein,
the length of all his dayes.
2 His ſeed and thoſe which of him come,
mightie on earth ſhall be:
The race of ſuch as faithfull are,
men bleſſed ſhall them ſee.
3 Plentiouſnes within his houſe,
and want there ſhalbe neuer:
His righteous and vpright dealing,
endure ſhall for euer.
4 In miſtie cloudes of troubles darke,
which doe the iuſt oppreſſe,
The Lord in mercie ſends them light,
and eaſeth their diſtreſſe.
5 The righteous man is mercifull,
and lendeth where is need,
He guids with iudgement all his things,
be it in word or deed.
6 Though ſtormes doe fall and tempeſts riſe,
the righteous ſhall ſtand faſt:
A good remembrance of the iuſt,
for euer that ſhall laſt.
7 None euill tidings ſhall him feare,
his heart is fully ſet,
He truſteth and beleeues the Lord,
that will him not forget.
8 A ſtabliſht heart within his breſt,
no feare where ſo he goes,
The Lord in iuſtice will reuenge,
the malice of his foes.
9 A hand that doth reliue the poore,
for which he may be ſure,
A good report will follow him,
that alwaies ſhall endure.
10 This ſhall the wicked ſee and fret,
and waſt away with ire,
Periſh ſhall and conſume to naught,
all that he doth deſire.

FINIS.


Leſſed is he that fears the Lord, that feares the Lord, he
walketh in his wayes, in his waies, he walketh in his waies, his waies: & ſets his great
delight there- in, the lēgth of all his daies. His ſeed & thoſe which of him
come, which of him come, mightie on earth ſhalbe: The race of ſuch as faithfull are,
mē bleſſed ſhall thē ſee: mē bleſſed ſhal thē ſee: men bleſſed ſhall them ſee: The race
of ſuch as faithfull are, men bleſſed ſhall them ſee, men bleſſed ſhall them ſee,
men bleſſed ſhall them ſee:

Ord in thy wrath reproue me not,though I deſerue thine

yre,deſerue thine yre:Ne yet correct me in thy rage,ô Lord I thee

deſire, :||: For I am weak,therefore(ô Lord)of mercy me forbeare: & heale me

lord,for why?thou know'ſt, :||: my bones do quake for fear,my bons do quake for fear.

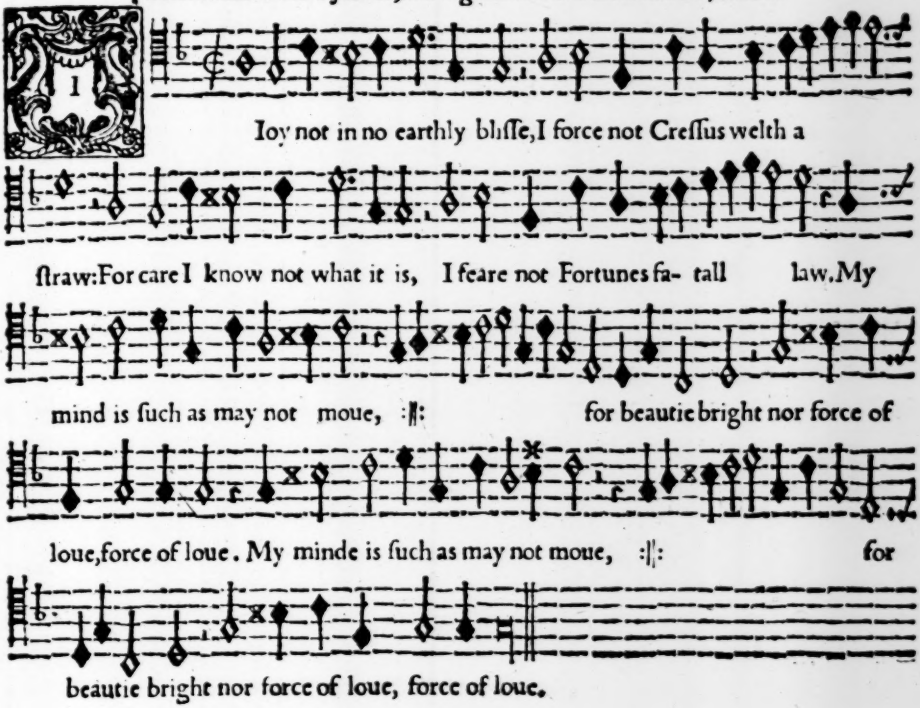
Ven frō the depth,vnto thee Lord,from the depth vnto thee

Lord,vnto thee Lord,vnto thee Lord,thee Lord,with heart and voice I cry, :||:

Giue eare ô God vnto my plaint,and help my miſerie, :||:

and help my mi- ſerie.

Heere endeth the Pſalmes, and beginneth the Sonets and Paſtorales.

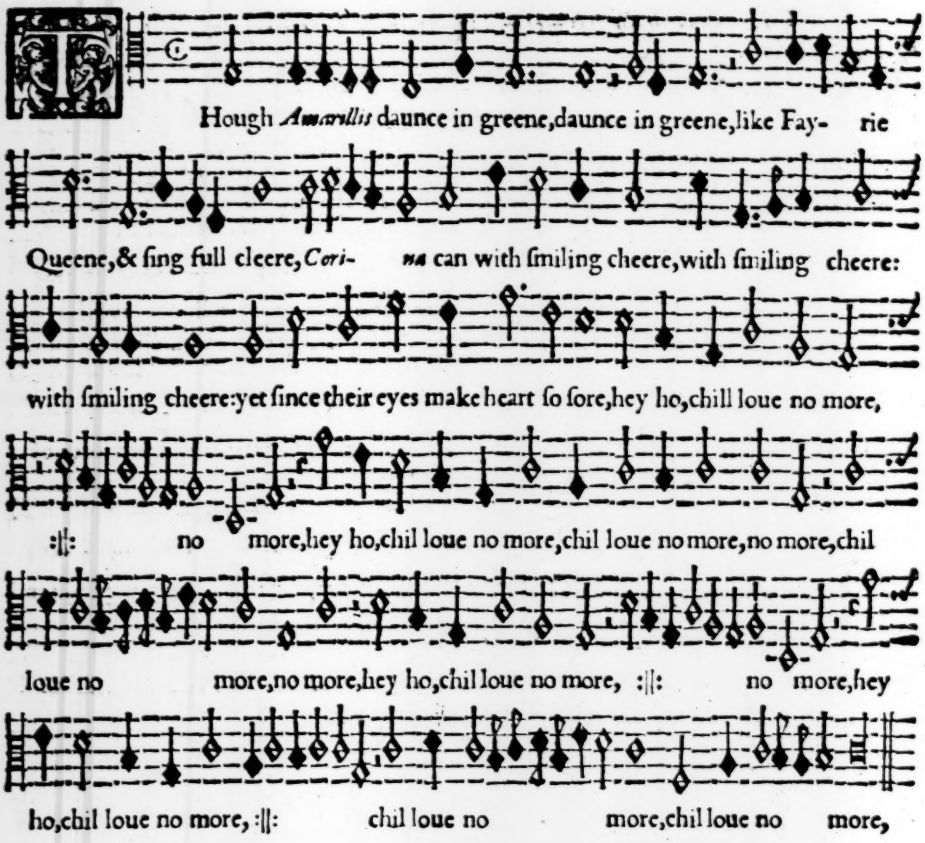


2 I wiſh but what I haue at will,
I wander not to ſeeke for more:
I like the plaine I clime no hill,
in greateſt ſtormes I ſitte on ſhore:
and laugh at them that toyle in vaine,
to get what muſt be loſt againe.

3 I kiſſe not where I wiſh to kill,
I faine not loue where moſt I hate:
I breake no ſleepe to winne my will,
I wayte not at the mighties gate:
I ſcorne no poore, nor feare no ritch,
I feele no want nor haue to much.

4 The Court and cart I like nor loath,
extreames are counted worſt of all:
the golden meane betweene them both,
doth fureſt ſit and feare no fall:
this is my choyſe, for why I finde,
no wealth is like the quiet minde.

FINIS.



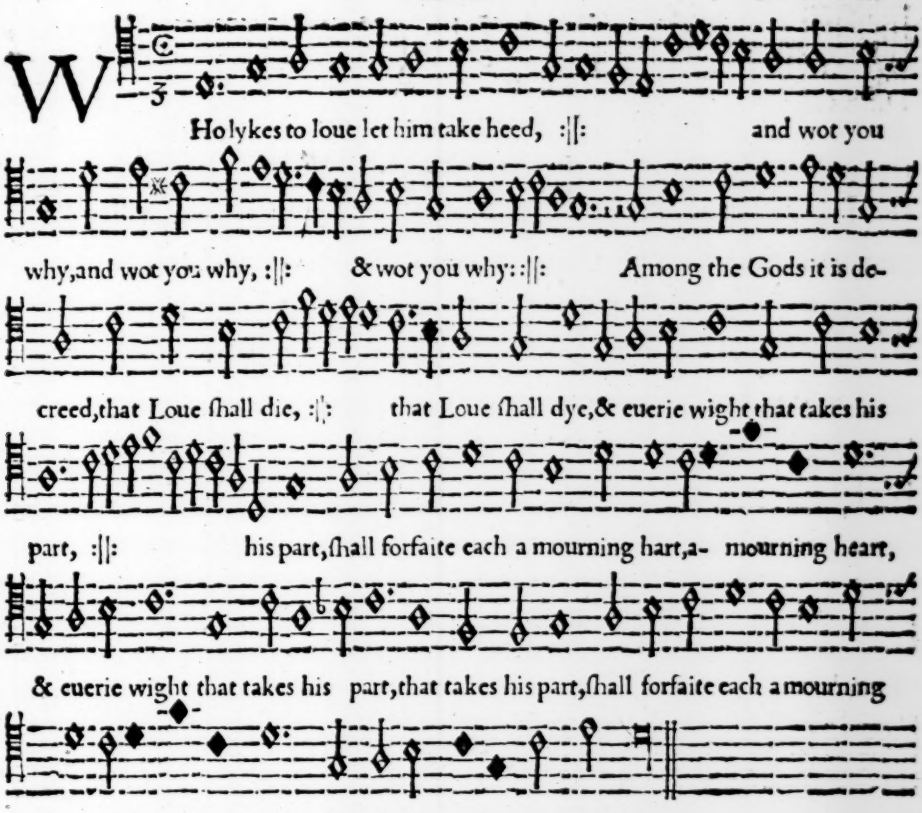
2 My ſheepe are loſt for want of foode.
and I ſo wood:
that all the day,
I ſit and watch a heardmaid gaye:
who laughes to ſee me ſigh ſo ſore,
hey ho, chil loue no more.

3 Her louing lookes, her beautie bright,
is ſuch delight:
that all in vaine,
I loue to like, and loſe my gaine:
for her that thankes me not therefore,
hey ho chil loue no more.

4 Ah wanton eyes my friendlie foes,
and cauſe of woes:
your ſweete deſire,
breeds flames of Ile & freeſe in fire:
ye ſkorne to ſee me weepe ſo ſore,
hey ho chil loue no more.

5 Loue ye who liſt I force him not,
ſith God it wot,
the more I wayle,
the leſſe my ſighs and teares preuaile:
what ſhall I doe but ſay therefore,
hey ho chil loue no more.

FINIS.



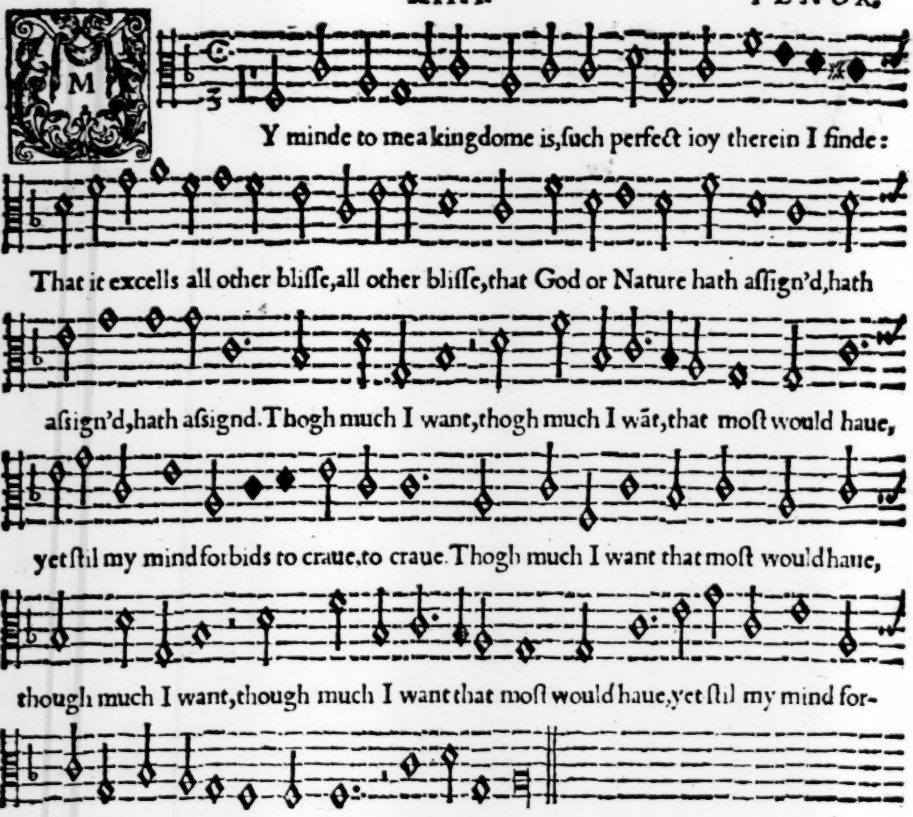
2 The cauſe is this as I haue heard,
a ſort of dames,
whoſe beautie he did not regard,
nor ſecret flames.
complaind before the gods aboue,
that golde corrupts the God of loue.

3 The gods did ſtorme to heare this newes
and there they ſwore,
that ſith he did ſuch dames abuſe,
he ſhould no more
be god of Loue, but that he ſhould
both die, and forfait all his gold.

4 His bowe & ſhaftes they tooke away,
before their eies,
and gaue theſe dames a longer day,
for to deuiſe,
who ſhould them keepe, & they be bound,
that loue for gold ſhould not be found.

5 Theſe Ladies ſtriuing long, at laſt,
they did agree,
to giue them to a mayden chaſt,
whome I did ſee:
who with the ſame did perce my breſt,
her beauties rare and ſo I reſt.

 FINIS.



2 No princ'lie port nor welthie ſtore,
no force to winne a victorie:
no wylie wit to ſalue a ſore,
no ſhape to winne a louing eye:
to none of theſe I yeeld as thrall,
for why my mind deſpiſe them all,

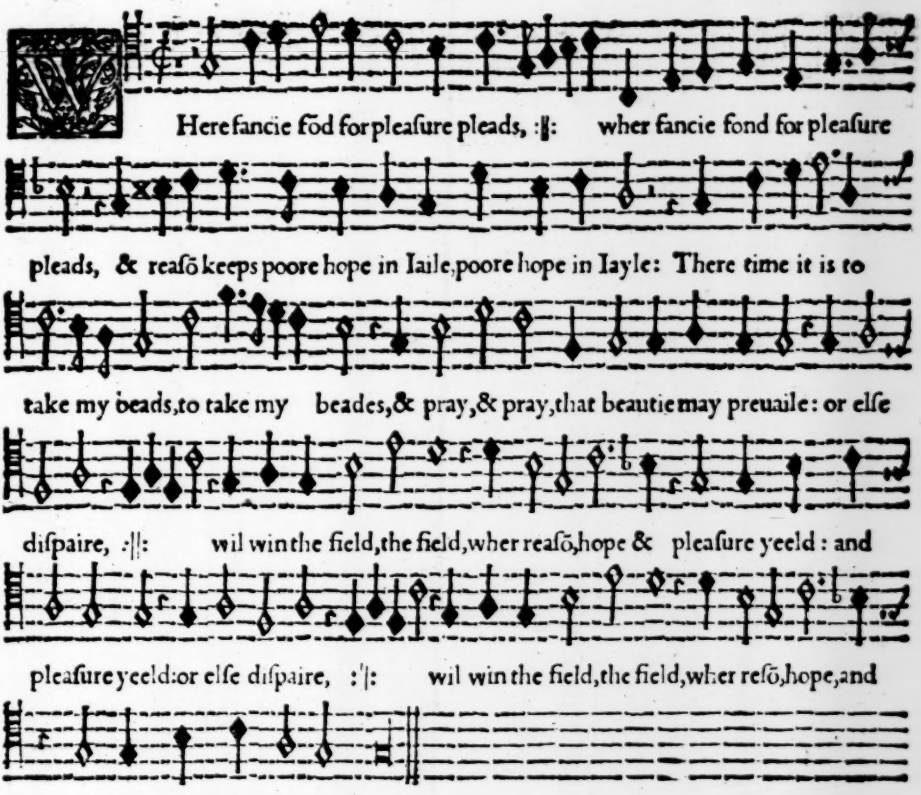
3 I ſee that plentie ſurfets oft,
and haſtie clymbers ſooneſt fall:
I ſee that ſuch as are aloft,
miſhap doth threaten moſt of all:
theſe get with toyle and keepe with feare,
ſuch cares my mind can neuer beare.

4 I preſſe to beare no haughtie ſway,
I wiſh no more then may ſuffice:
I doe no more then well I may,
looke what I want my mind ſupplies:
loe thus I triumph like a king,
my minde content with any thing.

5 I laugh not at anothers loſſe,
nor grudge not at anothers gaine:
no worldly waues my mind can toſſe,
I brooke that is an others bane:
I feare no foe nor fawne on friend,
I loth not life nor dread mine end.

6 My wealth is health & perfect eaſe,
and conſcience cleere my chiefe defence:
I neuer ſeeke by bribes to pleaſe,
nor by deſart to giue offence:
thus do I liue, thus will I die,
would all did ſo as well as I.

FINIS.



2 My eyes preſume to iudge this caſe,
whoſe iudgement reaſon doth diſdam:
but beautie with her wanton face,
ſtands to defend, the caſe is plaine:
and at the barre of ſweet delight,
ſhe pleads that fancie muſt be right.

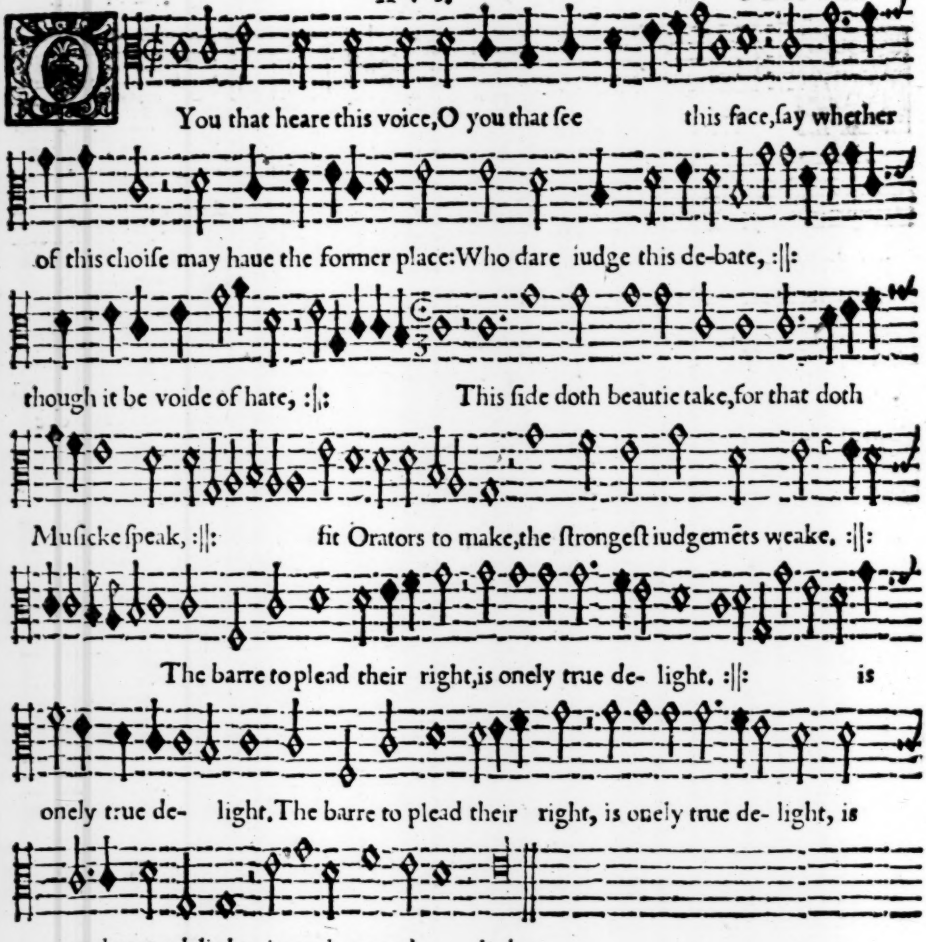
3 But ſhame will not haue reaſon yeeld,
though griefe do ſweare it ſhall be ſo:
as though it were a perfect ſhield,
to bluſh, and feare to tell my woe:
where ſilence force will at the laſt,
to wiſh for wit when hope is paſt.

4 So farre hath fond deſire out runne,
the bond which reaſon ſet out firſt:
that where delight the fray beginne,
I would now ſay, if that I durſt:
that in her ſtead ten thouſand woes,
haue ſprong in field where pleaſure grows

5 O that I might declare the reſt,
of all the toies which fancy turnes:
like towres of wind within my breſt,
where fire is hid that neuer burnes.
then ſhould I try one of the twaine,
either to loue, or to diſdaine.

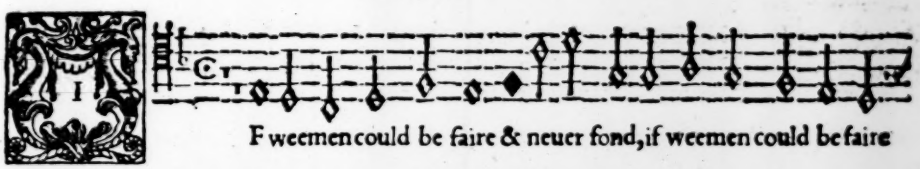
6 But fine conceit dares not declare,
the ſtrange conflict of hope and feare:
leſt reaſon ſhould be left ſo bare,
that loue durſt whiſper in mine eare,
and tell me how my fancie ſhall,
bring reaſon to be beawties thrall.

7 I muſt therefore with ſilence build,
the Labornith of my delight:
till loue haue tri'd in open feild,
which of the twaine ſhall win the fight:
I feare mee reaſon muſt giue place,
If fancie fond winne beauties grace.

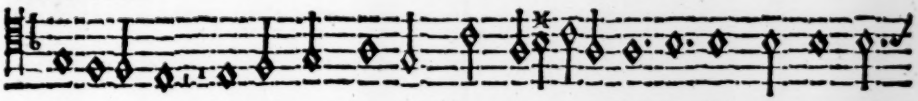


3 Thus doth the voyce and face,
theſe gentle lawiers wage:
like louing brothers caſt.
for fathers heritage:
that ech, while ech contends,
it ſelfe to other lends.
4 For beautie beautifies,
with heauenly hewe and grace,
the heauenly harmonies,
and in that faultles face,
the perfect beauties be,
a perfect harmonie.
5 Muſicke more loftie ſwells,
in phraſes finely plac'd:
Beautie as farre excels,
in action aptly grac'd:
a friend ech partie drawes,
to countenance his cauſe.
6 Loue more affected ſeemes,
to Beauties louelie light,
and wonder more eſteemes,
of Muſicke wond'rous might,
but both to both ſo bent,
as both in both are ſpent.
7 Muſicke doth witneſſe call,
the eare his truth doth trie:
Beautie brings to the hall,
eye witneſſe of the eye
eche in his obiect ſuch,
as none exceptions touch,
8 The cōmon ſenſe which might,
be arbiter of this:
to be forſoth vpright,
to both ſides parciall is:
he layes on this chiefe prayſe,
chiefe praiſe on that he layes.
9 Then reaſon, princeſſe hie,
which ſits in throne of mind:
and Muſicke can in ſkye,
with hidden beauties find,
ſay whether thou wilt crowne,
with limit leſſe renowne.

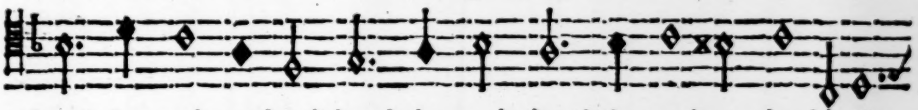
FINIS.



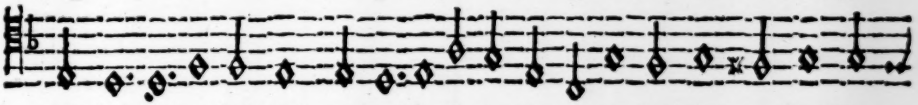
I F weemen could be faire & neuer fond, if weemen could be faire



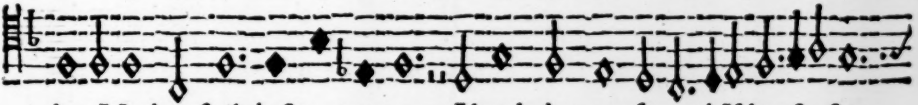
& neuer fond, or that their beautie might con-tinue ſtill: I would not meruaile



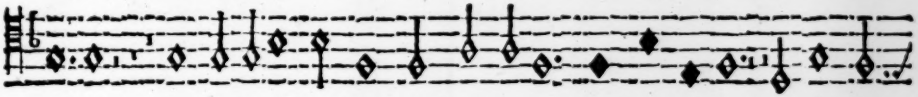
though they made men bond, though they made, though they made men bond, by ſer-



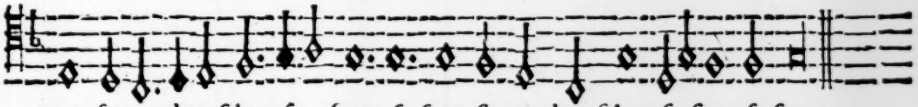
uice long, to purchaſe their good wil, by ſeruice long, to purchaſe their good wil. But



when I ſee, how frail, theſe cretures are, I laugh, that men forget thēſelues ſo farre,



ſo farre. But whē I ſee, how frail theſe cretures are, theſe cretures are, I laugh, that



men forget themſelues ſo farre, ſo farre, forget themſelues ſo farre, ſo farre.

2 To marke what choiſe they make, & how they
How leauing beſt, the worſt they choſe out ſtill. [change,
And how like haggards wilde, about they range,
Skorning after reaſon to follow will.
who would not ſhake ſuch buſſards from the fiſt,
And let them flie [faire fooles] which way they liſt.

3 Yet for our ſport, we fawne & flatter both,
To paſſe the time, when nothing elſe can pleaſe:
And traine them on, to yeeld by ſubtill oath,
The ſweet content, that giues ſuch humer eaſe.
And then we ſay when we their follies tri'e,
To play with fooles, Oh what a foole was I.

FINIS.

Mbitious loue hath forſt me to aſpire, the beauties rare which do

adorne thy face: Thy modeſt life yet bridles my de- ſire, whoſe ſeuere law doth promiſe

me no grace, doth promiſe me no grace. But what? may loue liue vnder any law. No,

no? his power exceedeth mans cõceit: Of which the Gods thẽſelues do ſtand in awe

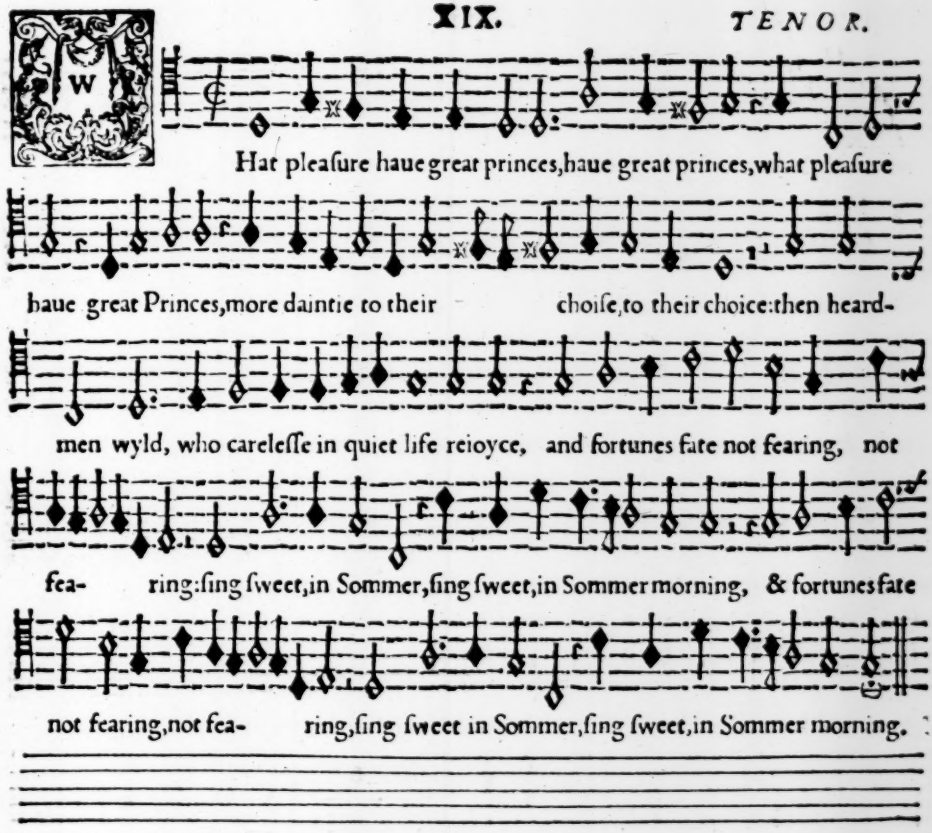
for on his frown, a thouſãd tormẽts waite, a thouſãd tormẽts waite. Proceed then

in this deſperate enterpriſe, with good aduiſe, aduiſe, & follow loue thy guyd, that

leads thee to, that leads thee to thy wiſhed Paradiſe, to thy wiſhed Paradiſe. Thy clim-

ing thoughts, this comfort take with all, that if it be, it be thy foule diſgrace to ſlide,

thy braue attempt, :||: ſhall yet excuſe thy fall, :||: thy fall.



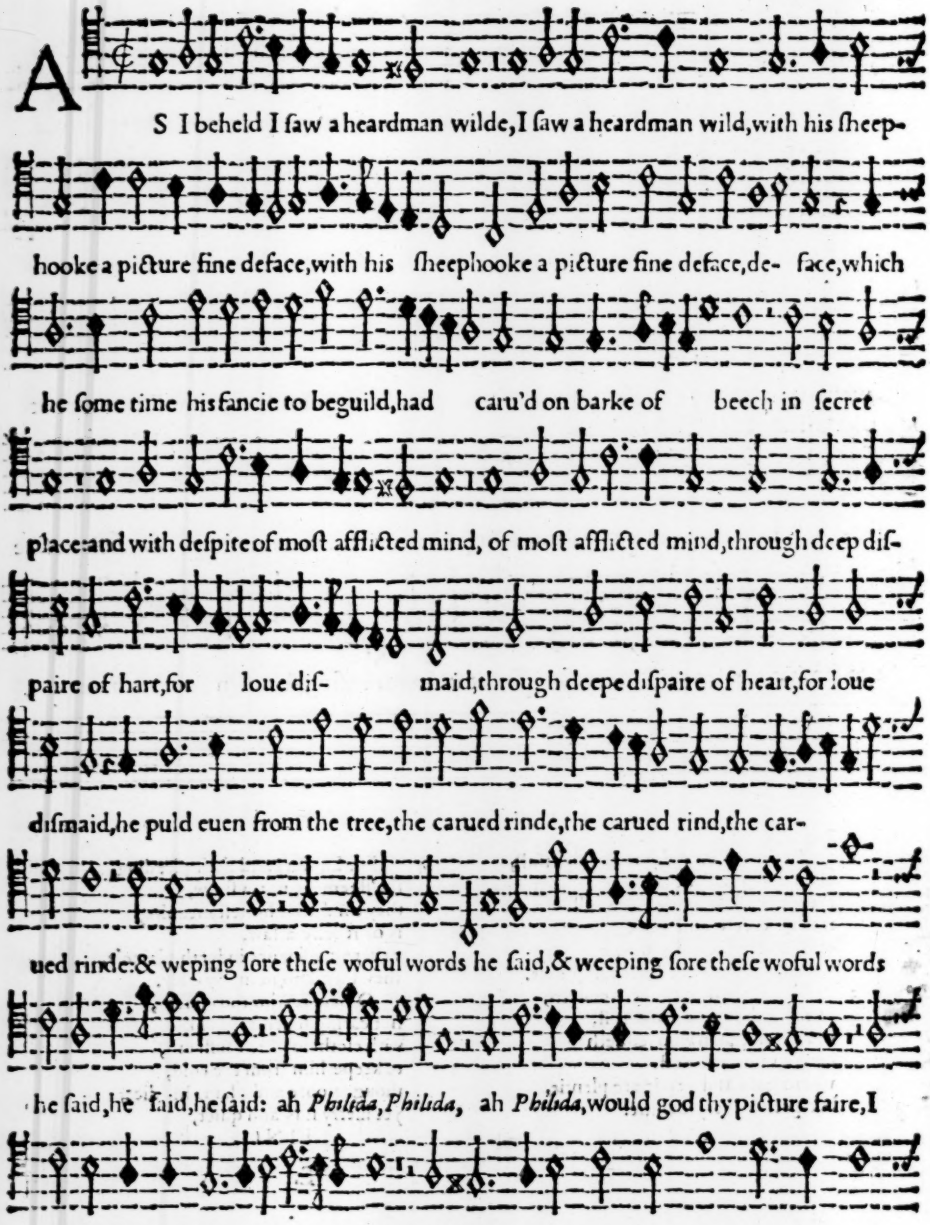
2 Their dealings plaine and rightfull,
are voyd of all diſceit:
they neuer know how ſpightfull
it is to kneele and waite
on fauorite preſumptious,
whoſe pride is vaine and ſumptious.

3 All day their flocks each tendeth,
at night they take their reſt,
more quiet than who ſendeth
his ſhip into the Eaſt,
where gold and pearle are plentie,
but getting very daintie.

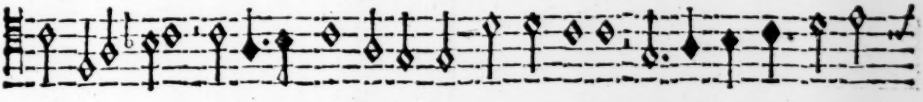
4 For Lawiers and their pleading
the'ſteeme it not a ſtraw,
they think that honeſt meaning
is of it ſelfe a law,
vvhere conſcience iudgeth plainely,
they ſpend no mony vainely.

5 O happie who thus liueth,
not caring much for gold,
with clothing which ſufficeth,
to keepe him from the cold,
though poore and plaine his diet,
yet merry it is and quiet,

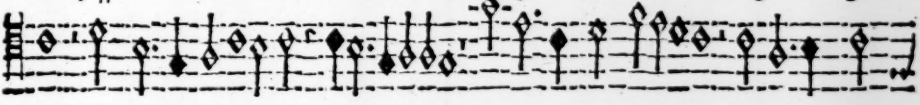
FINIS.


A S I beheld I ſaw a heardman wilde, I ſaw a heardman wild, with his ſheep-
hooke a picture fine deface, with his ſheephooke a picture fine deface, de- face, which
he ſome time his fancie to beguild, had caru'd on barke of beech in ſecret
place: and with deſpite of moſt afflicted mind, of moſt afflicted mind, through deep diſ-
paire of hart, for loue diſ- maid, through deepe diſpaire of heart, for loue
diſmaid, he puld euen from the tree, the carued rinde, the carued rind, the car-
ued rinde: & weping ſore theſe woful words he ſaid, & weeping ſore theſe woful words
he ſaid, he ſaid, he ſaid: ah *Philida, Philida,* ah *Philida,* would god thy picture faire, I
could as lightlie blot out of my breaſt, thē ſhould I not thus rage, with great diſpight,

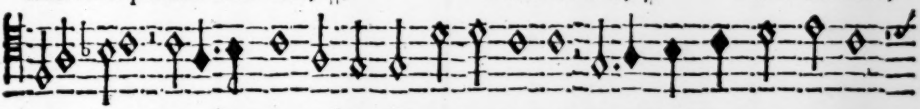
deſpight, & teare the thing ſome time I liked beſt, ſometime I liked beſt: But all in



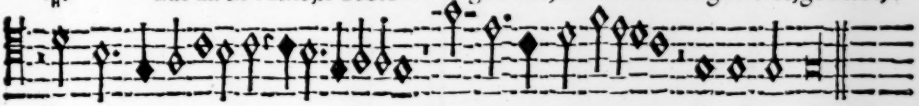
vaine, :||: but all in vaine, it booteth not god wot, it booteth not god wot, god



wot: what printed is in hart, :||: on tree to blot, :||: but all in vaine,

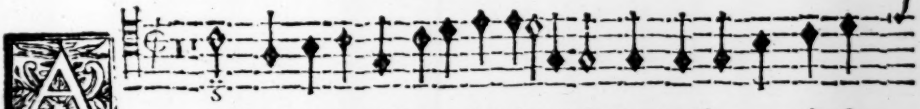


:||: but all in vaine, it booteth not god wot, it boteth not god wot, god wot,



what printed is in hart, :||: on tree to blot, :||: on tree to blot.

XXI.



Although the heathē poets did *Appollo* famous praiſe, as one who for

his Muſicke ſweet, his Muſick ſweet, no peare had in his daies, in his daies, no

peere had in his daies. Although the heathen poets did, poets did, Although the

IN fields abrode wher Trumppets ſhryl do ſound, :||:

where glaues & ſhilds, do giue and take the knockes, where bodies dead do

ouerſpred the ground: & friend to foes, to foes, are common butchers

blockes: A gallant ſhot, :||: a gallant ſhot wel managing his peece, well mana-

ging his peece, in my conceit, :||: conceit, deſerues, deſerues a go'den fleece,

deſerues a golden fleece, a golden fleece, a gallant ſhot, :||: a gallant ſhot

wel managing his peece, well managing his peece, in my conceit, :||: conceit,

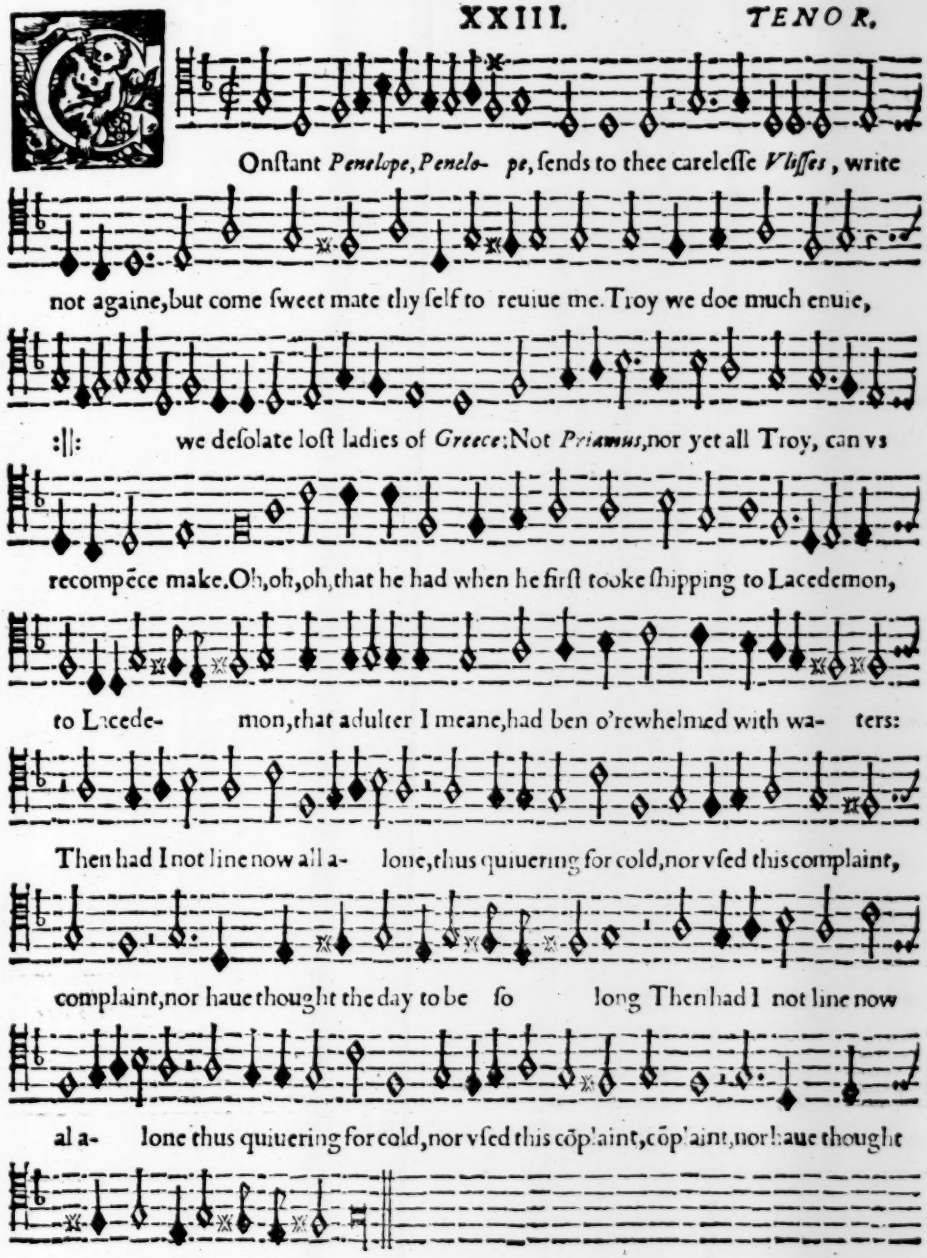
deſerues, deſerues a golden fleece, deſerues a golden fleece, a golden fleece.

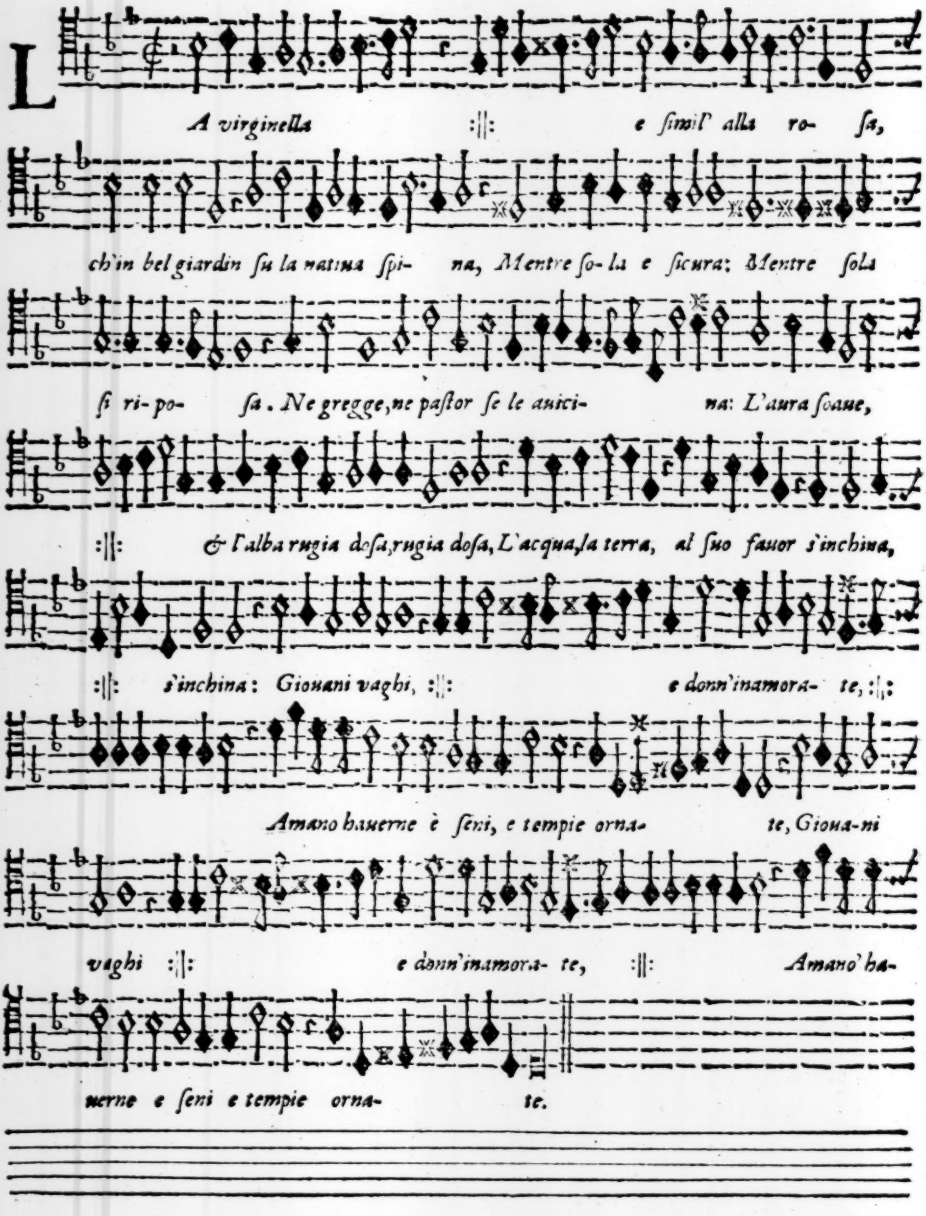
2 Amid the ſeas, a gallant ſhip ſet out,
where in nor men nor yet munitions lacks,
in greateſt windes that ſpareth not a clout,
but cuts the waues in ſpight of wethers wracks,
would force a ſwain that coms of cowards kinde,
to change him ſelfe and be of noble minde.

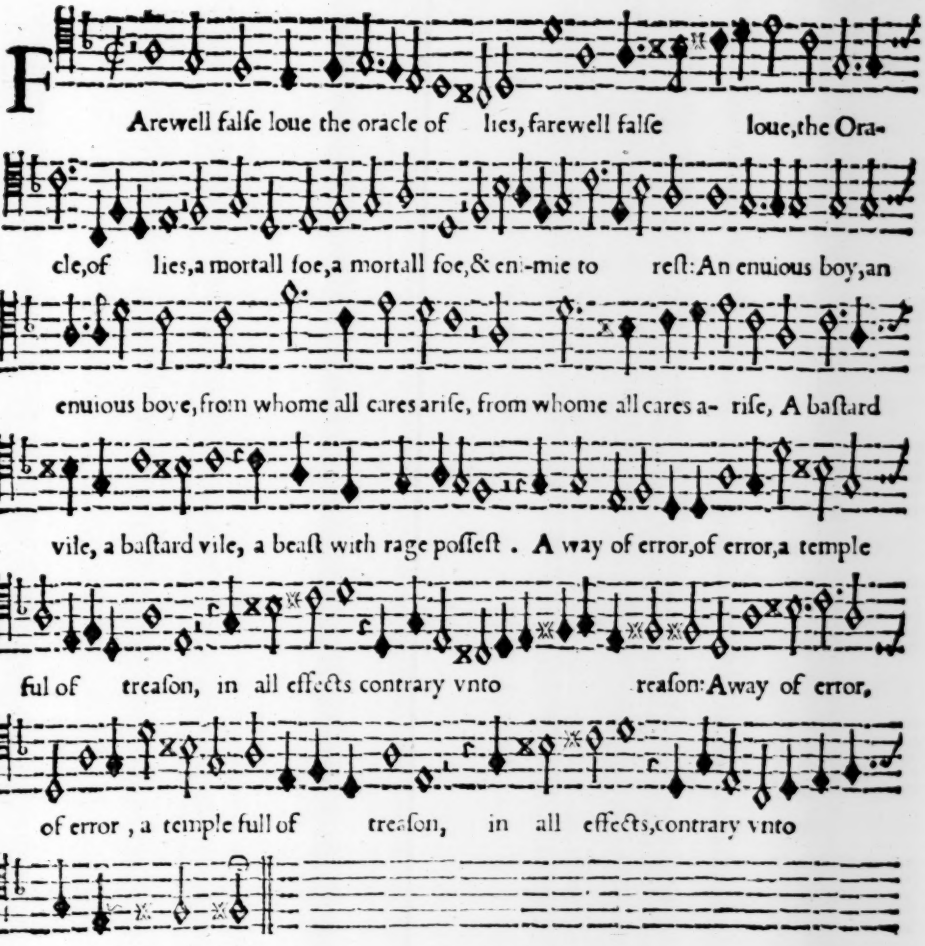
3 VVho makes his ſeat a ſtately ſtamping ſtead,
whoſe neighes & playes are princely to behold,
vvhoſe courage ſtout, vvhoſe eies are fiery red,
vvhoſe ioynts vvel knit, vvhoſe harnes all of gold
doth vvell deſerue to be no meaner thing,
then Pereiã knight whoſe horſe made him a king.

4 By that bedſide vvhere ſits a gallant Dame,
vvho caſteth of hir braue and rich attyre,
vvhoſe petecote ſets forth as faire a frame,
as mortall men or gods can vvell deſire,
vvho ſits and ſees hir pettecote vnlaſt,
I ſay no more the reſt are all diſgraſt.

FINIS.


Onſtant Penelope, Penelo- pe, ſends to thee careleſſe Vliſſes, write
not againe, but come ſweet mate thy ſelf to reuiue me. Troy we doe much enuie,
:||: we deſolate loſt ladies of Greece: Not Priamus, nor yet all Troy, can vs
recompẽce make. Oh, oh, oh, that he had when he firſt tooke ſhipping to Lacedemon,
to Lacede- mon, that adulter I meane, had ben o'rewhelmed with wa- ters:
Then had I not line now all a- lone, thus quiuering for cold, nor vſed this complaint,
complaint, nor haue thought the day to be ſo long Then had I not line now
al a- lone thus quiuering for cold, nor vſed this cõplaint, cõplaint, nor haue thought
the day to be ſo long.


L
A virginella :||: e ſimil' alla ro- ſa,
ch'in bel giardin ſu la matina ſpi- na, Mentre ſo-la e ſicura: Mentre ſola
ſi ri-po- ſa. Ne gregge,ne paſtor ſe le anici- na: L'aura ſoaue,
:||: & l'alba rugia doſa,rugia doſa,L'acqua,la terra, al ſuo fauor s'inchina,
:||: s'inchina: Giouani vaghi, :||: e donn'inamora- te, :||:
Amano hauerne è ſeni, e tempie orna- te, Giouani
vaghi :||: e donn'inamora- te, :||: Amano'ha-
uerne e ſeni e tempie orna- te.



A poyſoned ſerpent couered all vvith flovvers,
Mother of ſighes, and murtherer of repoſe,
A ſea of ſorovvs frō vvhēce are drawē ſuch ſhovvers
As moiſture lend to euery griefe that grovves,
A ſchole of guile, a net of deepe deceit,
A guilded hooke, that holds a poyſoned bayte.

3 A ſortreſſe foyld, vvhich reaſon dyd defend,
A Syren ſong, a feauer of the minde,
A maze vvherein affection finds no end,
A raging cloud that runnes before the vvinde,
A ſubſtance like the ſhadovv of the Sunne,
A goale of griefe for vvhich the vviſeſt tunne.

4 A quenchleſſe fire, a nurſſe of trembling feare,
A path that leads to perill and miſhap,
A true retreat of ſorrovv and diſpayre,
An idle boy that ſleepes in pleaſures lap,
A deepe miſtruſt of that vvhich certaine ſeemes,
A hope of that vvhich reaſon doubtfull deemes.

FINIS.

He match that's made for iuſt & true re-ſpects, for iuſt & true re-

ſpects, for iuſt & true reſpects, & true reſpects: with euennes both of yeers & parẽtage, &

parentage, :‖: of force muſt bring forth ma-ny good effects, of

force muſt bring foorth many good effects, of force muſt bring forth many good ef-

fects, many good effects: *Pari iu-* *go dul-cis tractus, pari iu-*

go dulcis trac- *tus,* :‖: *tractus, dulcis trac-*

tus.

2 For vvhere chaſt loue and liking ſets the plant,
And concord vvaters vvith a firme good vvill,
Of no good thing there can be any vvant.
Pari iugo dulcis tractus.

3 Sound is the knot that chaſtitie hath tyde,
Sweet is the Muſicke vnitie doth make,
Sure is the ſtore that plentie doth prouide.
Pari iugo dulcis tractus.

4 VVher chaſtnes fayles, ther concord vvill decay,
VVher concord deets, ther plentie vvill decreaſe,
VVher plenty vvants, ther loue vvill veare avvay
Pari iugo dulcis tractus.

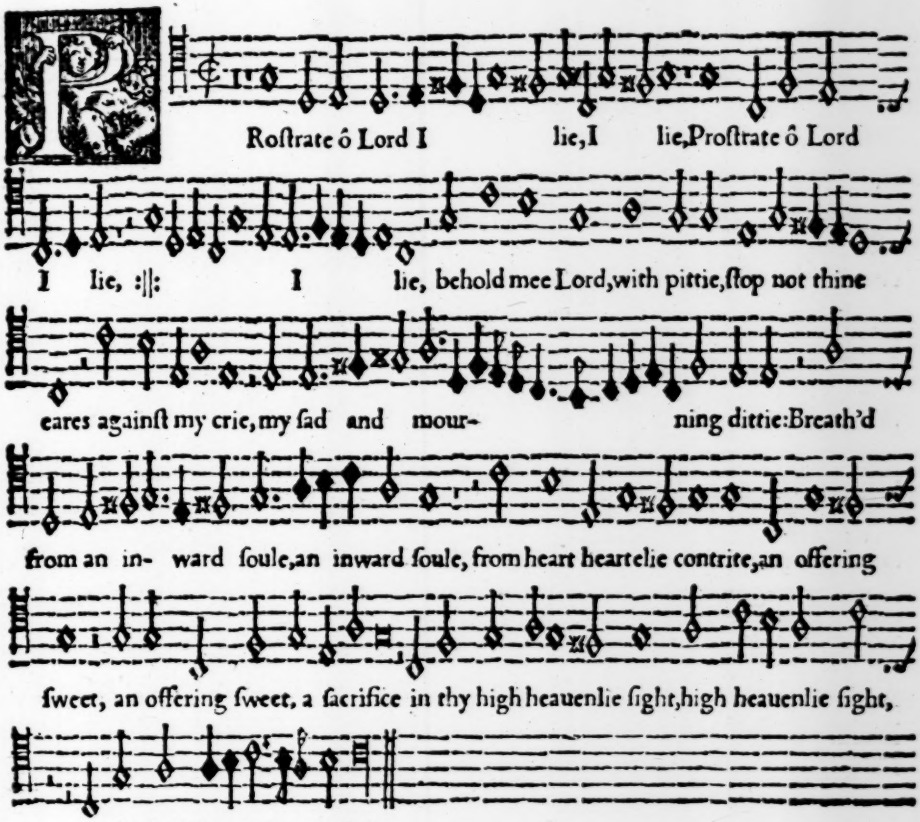
5 I chaſtitie reſtraine all ſtrange deſires,
I concord keepe the courſe of ſound conſent,
I plentie ſpare, and ſpend as cauſe requires.
Pari iugo dulcis tractus.

6 Make much of vs all ye that married bee,
Speake vvell of vs all ye that minde to bee,
The tyme may come, to vvant and vviſh all three.
Pari iugo dulcis tractus,

FINIS.

¶ Heere endeth the Sonets and Paſtoralles,

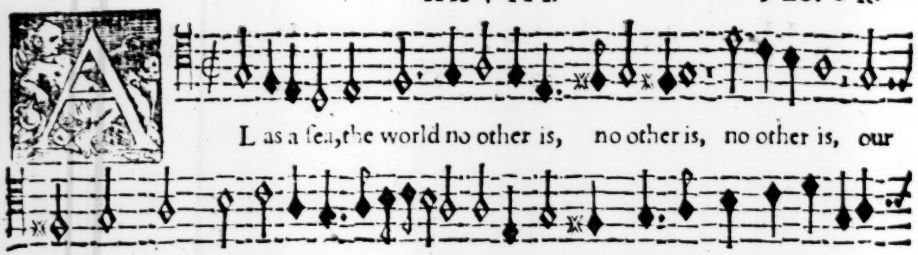
and beginneth Songes of Sadnes and Pietie.



2 Obſerue not ſinnes O Lord,
for who may then abide it,
but let thy mercie cancell them,
thou haſt not man deni'd it,
man melting with remorſe and thoughts,
thought paſt repenting,
O lighten Lord, O heare our ſongs,
our ſinnes full ſore lamenting.

3 The wonders of thy works,
aboue all reaſon reacheth,
and yet thy mercie aboue all
this, vs thy Spirit teacheth,
then let no ſinner fall,
in depth of foule diſpaire,
ſince neuer ſoule ſo foule there was,
but mercie made it faire.

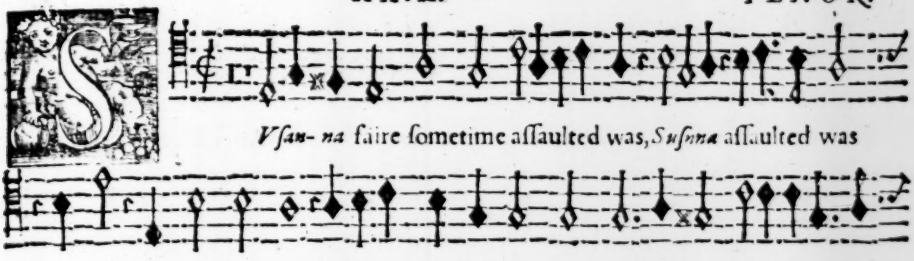
FINIS.



3 Our paſſions be the Pirates ſtill that ſpoyle,
and ouerboard caſt's out our reaſons fraight:
the Marriners that day and night doe toyle,
be our conceits that doe on pleaſure vvaight:
pleaſure Maſter doth tirannize the ſhip,
and giueth vertue ſecretly the nip.

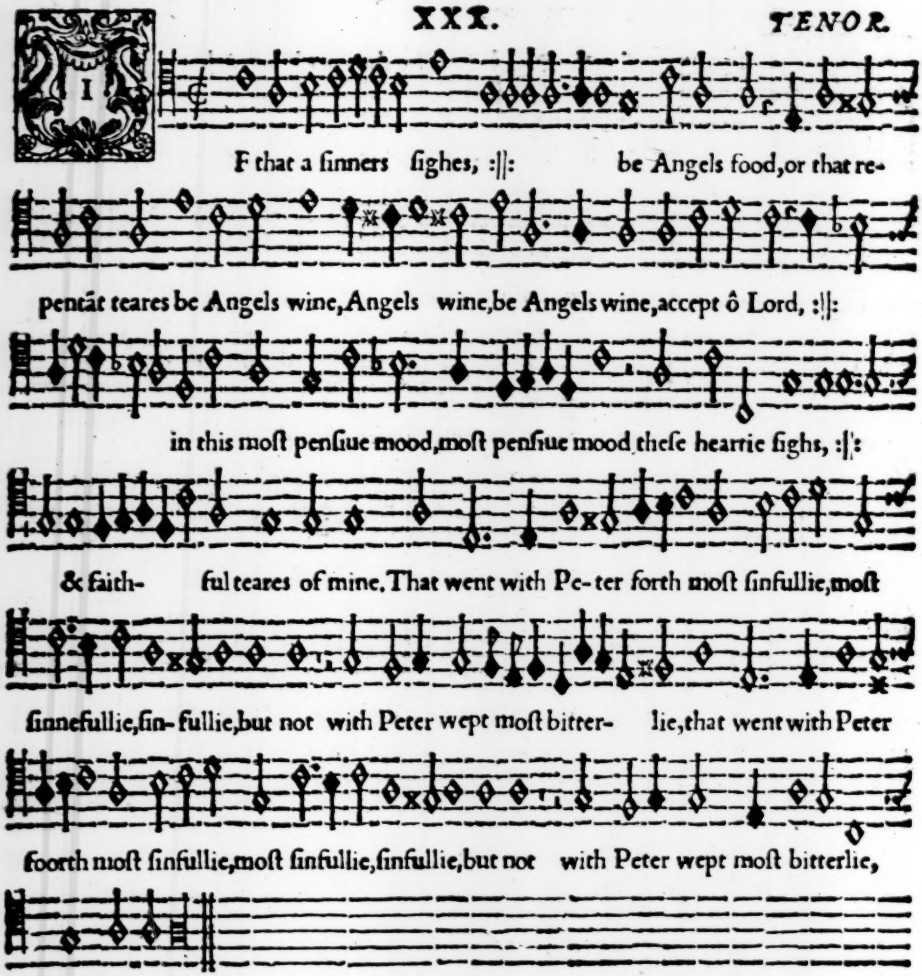
3 The Compaſſe is a minde to compas all,
both pleaſure, profit, place and fame for naught:
the vvinds that blovv, men ouer vveening call,
the Merchandiſe is vvit full deerely bought:
triall the'Anker, caſt vpon experience,
for labor, lyfe, and all a doe the recompence.

FINIS.



a And if I graunt to that vvhich you requeſt,
my chaſtitie ſhall then defloured bee,
vvhich is ſo deere to mee that I deteſt
my lyfe, if it bereſted bee from mee:
And rather vvould I dye of mine accord,
ten thouſand times, then once offend the Lord.

FINIS.



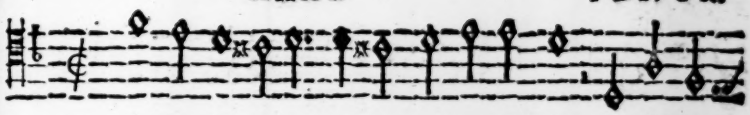
3 If I had Dauids crovvne to mee betide,
or all his purple robes that he did vveare,
I vvould lay then ſuch honor all aſide,
and onely ſeeke a ſackcloth vveede to beare:
his Pallace vvould I leaue that I might ſhovv,
and mourne in cell for ſuch offence, my woe.

3 Ther ſhould theſe hãds beate on my pẽſiue breſt,
and ſad to death, for ſorrovv rend my haire,
my voice to call on thee, ſhould neuer reſt,
vvhoſe grace I ſeeke, whoſe iudgement I do feare:
vpon the ground all grouelmg on my face,
I vvould beſeech thy fauour and good grace.

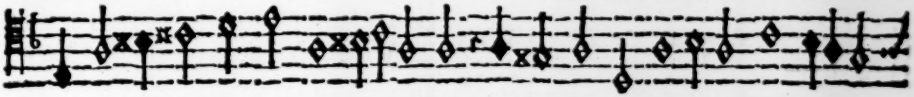
4 But ſince I haue not meane to make the ſhow
of my repentant minde, and yet I ſee
my ſinne to greater heape then Peters grow,
vvhereby the danger more it is to mee,
I put my truſt in his moſt precious bloud,
vvhoſe life vvas ſhed to purchaſe all our good.

5 Thy mercie greater is then any ſinne,
thy greatneſſe none can euer comprehend:
vvherfore O Lord, let mee thy mercie winne,
vvhoſe glorious name no time can euer end:
vvherefore I ſay all praiſe belongs to thee,
vvhom I beſeech be merciſull to mee.

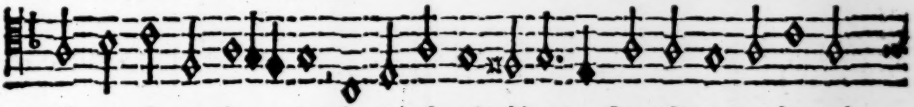
FINIS.



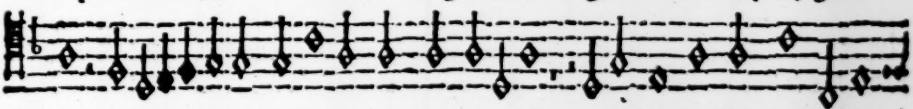
Are for thy ſoule as thing of greateſt price, care for thy



ſoule, for thy ſoule, as thing of greateſt price, made to the end to taſt of poore deuine,

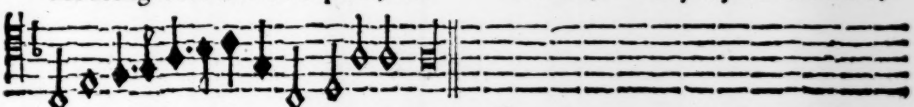


of poore deuine, de- uine, deuoid of guilt, abhorring ſinne & vice, apt by gods

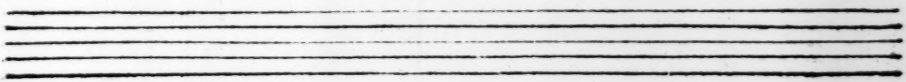


grace to vertue to encline, to encline, care for it ſo, as by thy retchles traine, it be

not brought to taſt eternall paine, care for it ſo, as by thy retchles traine,



it be not brought to taſt eternall paine.



8 Care for thy corps, but chiefly for ſoules ſake,
cut of exceſſe, ſuſteyning food is beſt,
to vanquiſh pride, but comelie clothing take,
ſeeke after ſkill, deepe ignorance deteſt:
Care ſo I ſay, the fleſh to feede and cloth,
that thou harme not thy ſoule and bodie both.

9 Care for the world to do thy bodie right,
racke not thy vvit to winne thy wicked waies,
ſeeke not t'oppreſſe the weak by wrongful might,
to pay thy dew do baniſh all delayes:
Care to diſpend according to thy ſtore,
and in like ſort be mindefull of the poore.

4 Care for thy ſoule, as for thy chiefeſt ſtay,
care for thy bodie for thy ſoules auaile,
care for the world for bodies helpe alway,
care yet but ſo as vertue may preuaile,
care in ſuch ſort that thou be ſure of this,
care keepe thee not frō heauen & heauenly bliſſe.

FINIS.

Vlla, lulla, lulla, lullaby, Lulla, lulla-by, la lulla lullaby, my ſweet

little, little ba- by, my ſweete little baby: what meaneſt thou to cry, Lulla, lulla-

by, lulla- by, by, la lulla-by, la lulla, la lulla- by, la lulla, lulla-by, lullaby, my ſweete

little baby, ba- by.

The ſecond part.

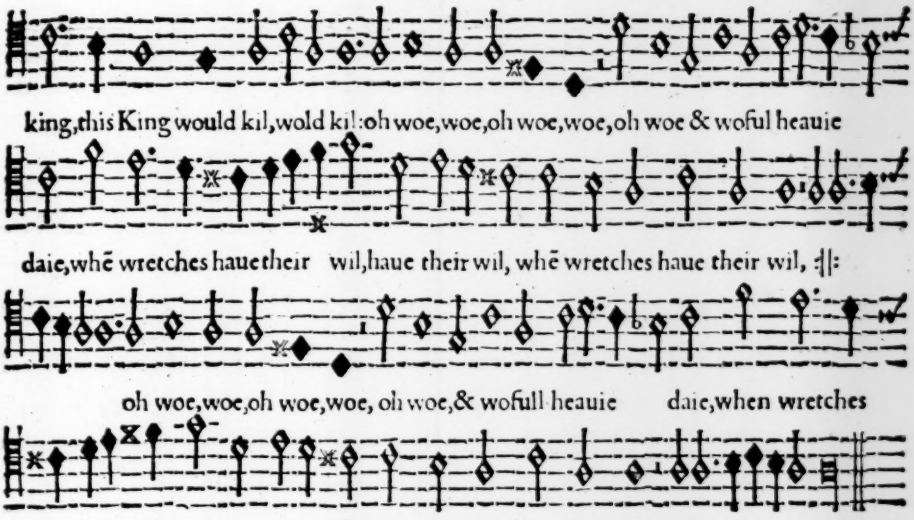
BE ſtill my bleſſed babe, bleſſed babe, be ſtill my bleſſed babe,

though cauſe thou haſt to mourne: to mourne: whoſe bloud moſt innocent, the cruel king

hath ſworne, hath ſworne: the cruell king hath ſworne: and lo, alas, beho'd what

ſlaughter he doth make, he doth make, he doth make, ſhedding the bloud of of in-

fants all, ſweet ſa- ui- our for thy ſake, for thy ſake. A King is borne, they ſay: which



king,this King would kil,wold kil:oh woe,woe,oh woe,woe,oh woe & woful heauie daie,whē wretches haue their wil,haue their wil, whē wretches haue their wil, :||: oh woe,woe,oh woe,woe, oh woe,& wofull heauie daie,when wretches haue their wil,haue their wil,whē wretches haue their will. :||:

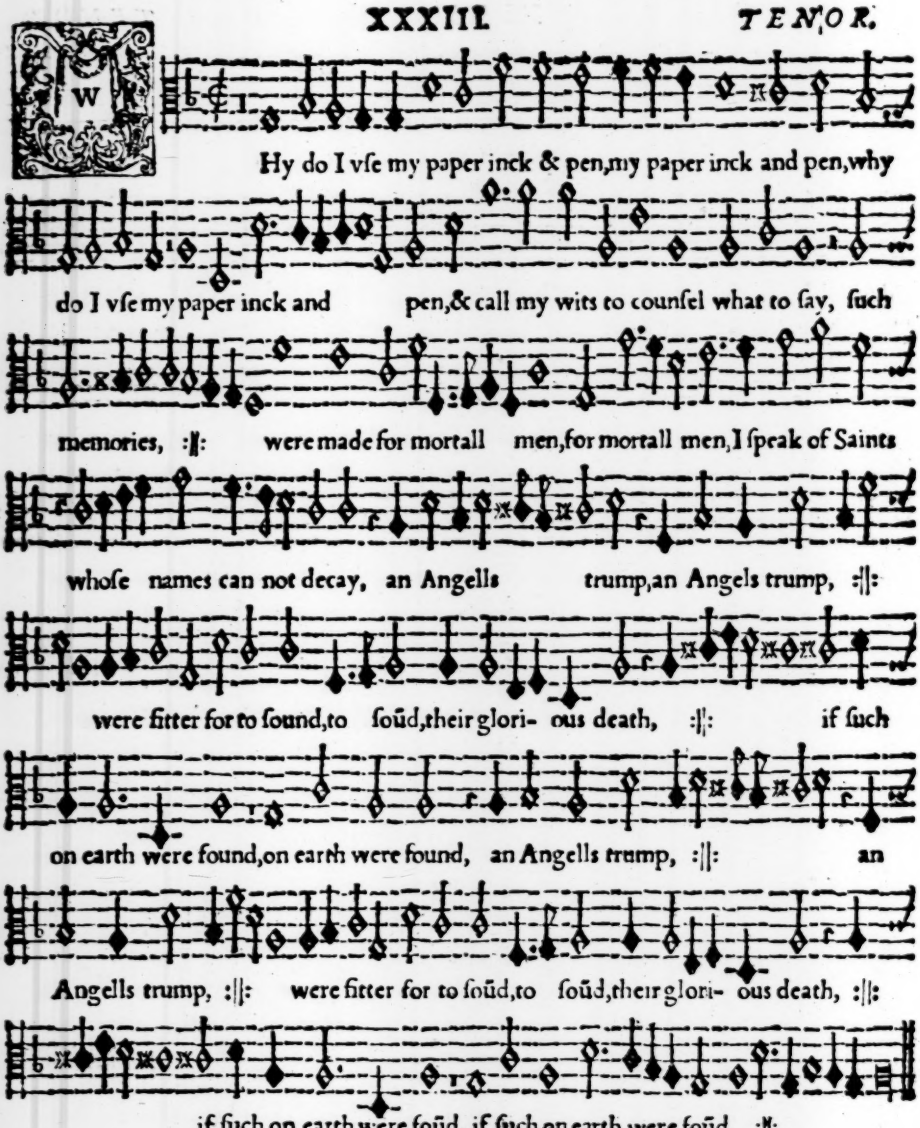
Lulla la lulla lulla lullaby,
My ſweet little Baby,what meaneſt thou to cry:

2 Three kings this king of kings to ſee,are come from farre,
To each vnknowen,with offerings great,by guiding of a Starre:
And ſhepherds heard the ſong,which Angells bright did ſing,
Giuing all glory vnto God,for comming of this king:
Which muſt be made away,king Herod would him kill,
Oh woe and wofull heauie day,when wretches haue their will.
Lulla la lulla,lulla lullaby,my ſweet &c.

3 Lo,lo,my little Babe,be ſtill,lament no more,
From fury ſhalt thou ſtep aſide,help haue wee ſtill in ſtore:
Wee heauenly warning haue,ſome other ſoyle to ſeeke,
From death muſt flie the Lord of lyfe,as Lamb both myld and meeke:
Thus muſt my Babe obey the king that would him kill,
Oh wo,and wofull heauy day,when wretches haue their will.
Lulla la lulla, lulla lullaby,my ſweet &c.

4 But thou ſhalt liue and raigne,as *Sibilles* haue foreſaide,
As all the Prophets Propheſie,whoſe mother yet a maide,
And perfect virgin pure,with hir breſts ſhall vpbreed,
Both God and man that all hath made,the Sunne of heauenly ſeed:
Whom caytiues none can tray,whom tirants none can kill,
Oh ioy,and ioyfull happy day,when wretches want their will.

FINIS.

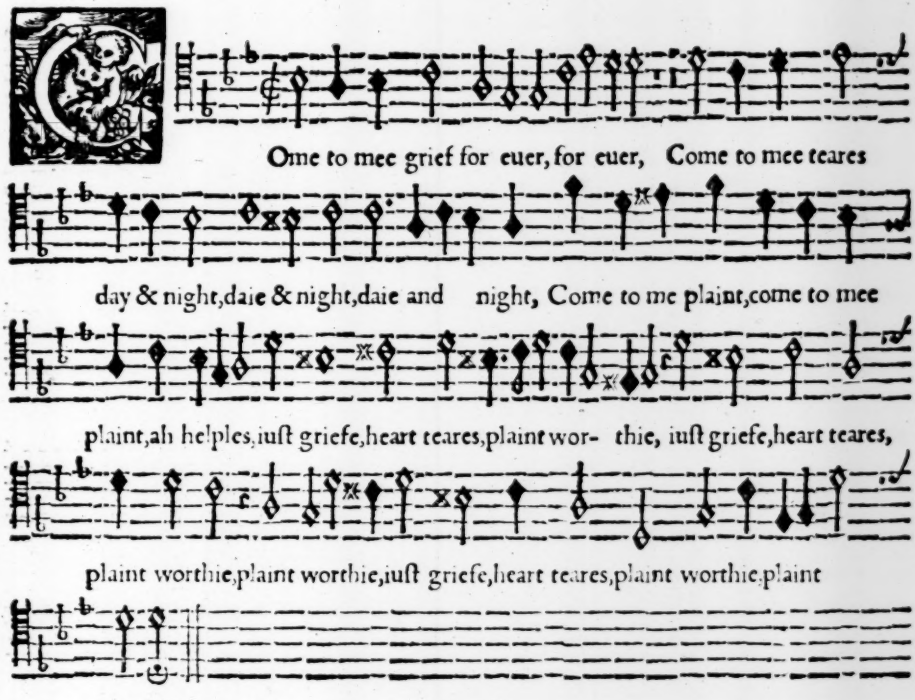


3 That floare of ſuch were once on earth purſu'd,
the hiſtories of auncient times record,
whoſe conſtancie great tirants rage ſubdu'd,
through patiẽt death profeſſing Chriſt their Lord,
as his Apoſtles perfect witneſſe bare,
with many more that bleſſed Martirs were.

2 VVhoſe patiẽce rare & moſt couragious minde,
with fame renoum'd perpetuall ſhall endure,
by whoſe examples we may rightlie find,
of holie life and death a patterne pure:
that we therefore their vertues may embrace,
pray we to Chriſt to guide vs with his grace.

FINIS.

¶ The funerall Songs of that honorable Gent. Syr Phillip Sidney, Knight.



2 Go fro mee dread to die now,
Go fro mee care to liue more,
Go fro mee ioyes all on earth,
Sidney, *O Sidney* is Dead.

3 He whome the Court adorned,
He whome the country courtis'd,
He who made happie his friends,
He that did good to all men.

4 *Sidney* the hope of land ſtrange,
Sidney the floure of England,
Sidney the ſpirit heroic,
Sidney is dead, O dead, dead,

5 Dead? no, no, but renomed,
With the anointed oned,
Honor on earth at his feete,
Bliſſe euerlaſting his ſeate.
Come to mee griefe &c.

O that, O that moſt rare breſt, moſt rare breſt, chriſtal-

line ſincere, O that moſt rare breſt, chriſtalline ſincere, through which like

gold, like gold, through which like gold, thy princely hart did ſhine: O ſprite

heroic, heroic, O ſpirit heroic, O vali-ant worthie knight, O Sidney, :‖:

O Sidney, prince of fame, prince of fame, & mens good

will, & mens good will, O Sidney, O Sidney, prince of fame, and mens good

will. :‖: :‖: For, for thee, both kings & princeſſes

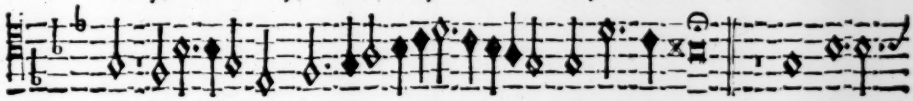
do mourne, for thee, both kings & princeſſes, for thee both kings & princeſſes

do mourne, thy noble Tombe, noble Tombe, thy noble Tombe, three Cities

ſtrange de- ſired,foes to the cauſe,the cauſe,foes to the cauſe,thy prowes did

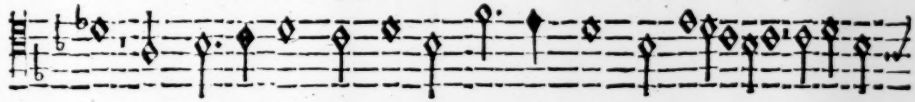
de- fend,bewaile the day that croſt thy famous race,bewaile the day,the

day,the day,that croſt thy famous race,thy famous race, bewaile the

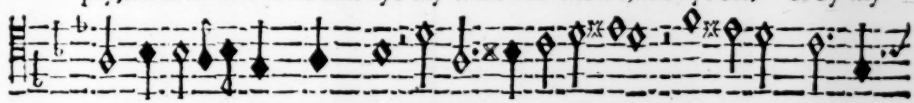


day, :‖: that croſt thy fa- mous race,thy famous race. The dolfull

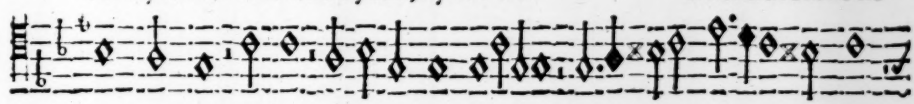
debt due to thy hearſe I pay,the dolfull debt due to thy hearſe I pay, I



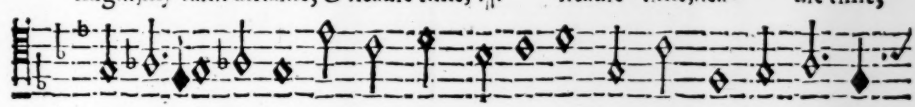
pay,teares frō the ſoule that aye thy want ſhall moane,that aye &c, & by my



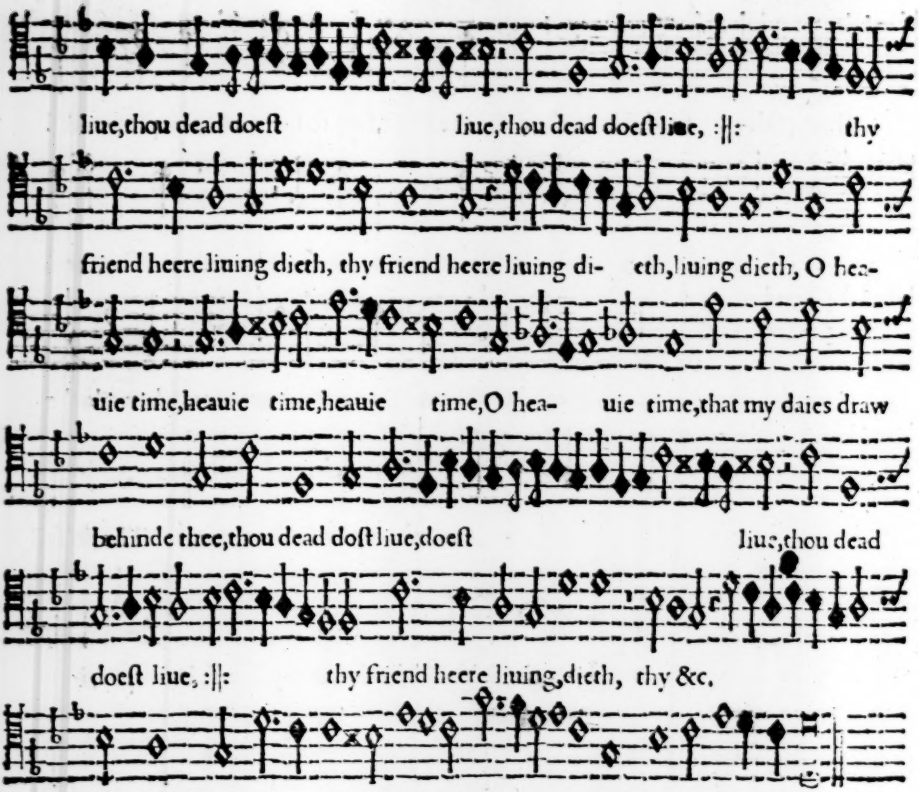
wil my life it ſelfe would yeeld,my life &c. if heathen blame ne



might,my faith diſtaine, O heauie time, :‖: heauie time,hea- uie time,



O hea- uie time,that my dayes draw behind thee,thou dead doeſt liue,doeſt



¶ *The Table for the Pſalmes, and the reſt of the ſongs.*

O God giue eare & do apply. I
Mine eies with feruencie. II
My ſoule oppreſt with care. III
How ſhall a young man prone. IIII
O Lord how long wilt thou. V
O Lord who in thy ſacred tẽt. VI
Help Lord for waſted are. &c. VII
Bleſſed is he that feares &c. VIII
Lord in thy wrath. IX
Euen from the depth. X

The Sonets and Paſtoralles.

I ioy not in no earthly bliſſe. XI
Though Amarillis. XII
Who likes to loue XIII
My minde to me &c. XIIII
Where fancie fond. XV
O you that heare this voyce. XVI
If woemen could be faire. XVII
Ambitious loue XVIII
What pleaſure haue great princes. XIX
As I beheld. XX
Although the heathen poets. XXI
In fields abroade. XXII
Conſtant Penelope. XXIII
La Virginella. XXIIII
Farewell falſe loue. XV
The match that's made. XXVI

Songs of ſadnes & pietie.

Proſtrate O Lord. XXVII
All as a Sea. XXVIII
Suſanna faire. XXIX
If that a ſinners ſighes. XXX
Care for thy ſoule. XXXI
Lul'a, Lullaby. XXXII
Why doe I vſe. XXXIII

The funerall ſongs of that honorable Gent. Sir Philip Sidney Knight.

Come to mee griefe &c. XXXIIII
O that moſt rare breſt. XXXV

FINIS.

CONTRATENOR.

Pſalmes, Sonets, & ſongs of ſadnes and pietie, made into Muſicke of fiue parts: whereof, ſome of them going abroad among diuers, in vntrue coppies, are heere truely corrected, and th'other being Songs very rare & newly compoſed, are heere publiſhed, for the recreation of all ſuch as delight in Muſick: By *William Byrd*, one of the Gent. of the Queenes Maieſties honorable Chappell.

Printed by Thomas Eaſt, the aſsigne of W. Byrd, and are to be ſold at the dwelling houſe of the ſaid T. Eaſt, by Paules wharfe. 1588.
Cum priuilegio Regiæ Maieſtatis.

¶ Reaſons briefely ſet downe by th'auctor, to perſwade euery one to learne to ſing.

FIrſt, it is a knowledge eaſely taught, and quickly learned, wher ther is a good Maſter, & an apt Scoler.

2 The exerciſe of ſinging is delightful to Nature, and good to preſerue the health of man.

3 It doth ſtrengthen all parts of the breſt, & doth open the pipes.

4 It is a ſinguler good remedie for a ſtutting & ſtamaring in the ſpeech.

5 It is the beſt meanes to procure a perfect pronunciation, and to make a good Orator.

6 It is the onely way to know where Nature hath beſtowed the benefit of a good voyce: which gift is ſo rare, as ther is not one among a thouſand that hath it: & in many that excelent gift is loſt, becauſe they want art to expreſſe Nature.

7 Ther is not any Muſicke of Inſtruments whatſoeuer, comparable to that which is made of the voyces of men, wher the voices are good, & the ſame wel ſorted and ordered.

8 The better the voyce is, the meeter it is to honour & ſerue God there-with: and the voice of man is chiefly to be imployed to that end.

Omnis ſpiritus laudet Dominum.

Since ſinging is ſo good a thing,
I wiſh all men would learne to ſing.

¶TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE Sir Chriſtopher Hatton knight, Lord Chancellor of England, William Byrd wiſheth long life, and the ſame to be moſt healthie and happie.

THE often deſires of many my good friends, Right honorable, and the conſideration of many vntrue incorrected coppies of diuers my ſonges ſpred abroade, haue beene the two cauſes, chiefly mouing my conſent at length to put in Print the fruits of my ſmall ſkill and labors in Muſicke. Then the dutie, honor, and ſeruice due from me vnto your Lordſhip, together with the remembrance of your iudgement and loue of that Art, did moue and imbolden me to preſent this firſt printed worke of mine in Engliſh, to paſſe vnder your L. fauour & protectiō: vnworthie I cōfeſſe, the view or Patronage of ſo worthie a Perſonage. Yet remembring that ſmall things ſometime do great ſeruice, and that repoſe is beſt taſted by bodies forewearied: I hoped that (by this occaſion) theſe poore ſongs of mine might happely yeeld ſome ſweetneſſe, repoſe, and recreation vnto your Lordſhips minde, after your dayly paynes & cares taken in the high affaires of the Common wealth. Moſt humbly beſeeching your Lordſhip, that if my boldneſſe heerein be faultie, my dutifull good will, and good meaning may excuſe it: which if I may ſo fortunately perceiue, it ſhall incourage mee to ſuffer ſome other things of more depth and ſkill to follow theſe, which being not yet finiſhed, are of diuers expected and deſired. Inceſſantlie beſeeching our Lord to make your yeeres happie, and ende bleſſed, I wiſh there were any thing in me worthie of your Lordſhip to be commaunded.

Moſt humbly your L. euer to commaund

William Byrd.

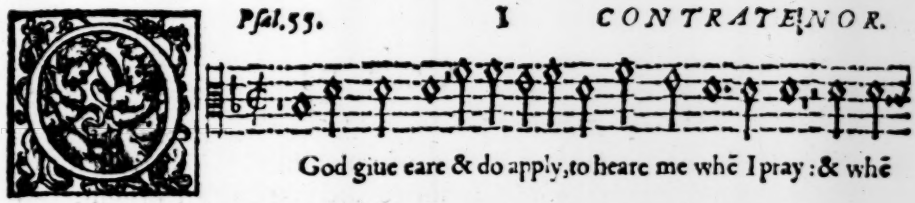
¶ *The Epiſtle to the Reader.*

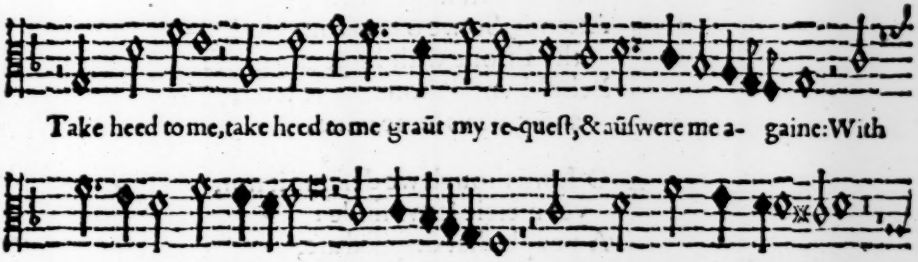
BEnigne Reader, heere is offered vnto thy courteous acceptation, Muſicke of ſundry ſorts, and to content diuers humors. If thou be diſpoſed to pray, heere are Pſalms. If to be merry, heere are Sonets. If to lament for thy ſinnes, heere are ſongs of ſadneſſe & pietie. If thou delight in Muſicke of great compaſſe, heere are diuers ſongs, which being originally made for inſtruments to expreſſe the harmony, & one voyce to pronoũce the dittie, are now framed in all parts for voyces to ſing the ſame. If thou deſire ſongs of ſmall compaſſe and fit for the reach of moſt voyces, heere are moſt in number of that ſort. Whatſoeuer pains I haue taken heerein, I ſhal think to be wel imploied, if the ſame be well accepted, Muſicke therby the better loued, and the more exerciſed. In the expreſſing of theſe ſongs, either by voyces or inſtruments, if there happen to be any iarre or diſſonance, blame not the Printer, who (I doe aſſure thee) through his great paines & diligence, doth heere deliuer to thee a perfect & true coppie. If in the compoſition of theſe ſongs, there be any fault by me committed, I deſire the skilful, either with courteſie to let the ſame be concealed, or in friendly ſort to be thereof admoniſhed: & at the next impreſſion he ſhall finde the error reformed: remembring alwaies, that it is more eaſie to finde a fault then to amend it. If thou finde any thing heere worthy of lykeing and commendation, giue prayſe vnto God, from whom (as from a moſt pure and plentifull fountaine) all good gifts of Science doe flow: whoſe name be glorified for euer.

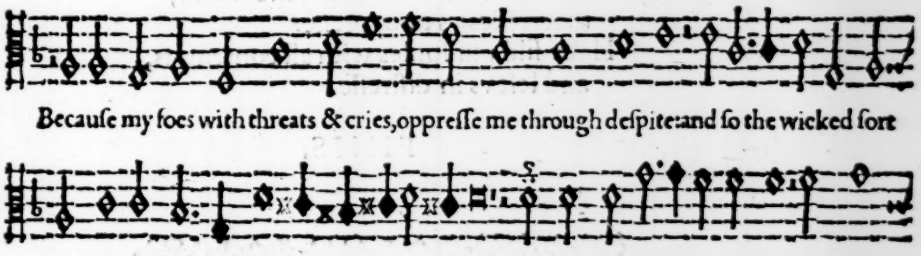
The moſt aſſured friend to all
that loue or learne Muſicke:
William Byrd.

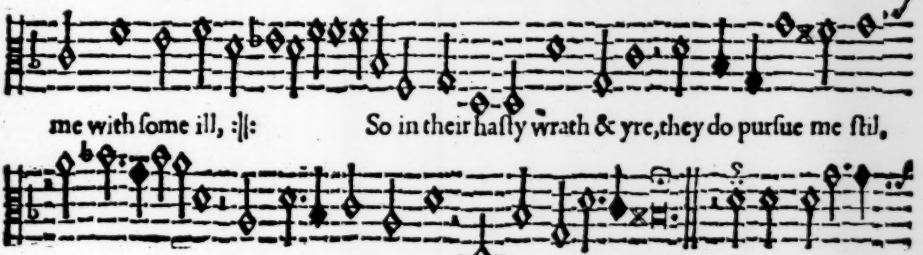
¶ The names and number of thoſe ſongs which are of the higheſt compaſſe.

MY ſoule oppreſt with care and griefe.	III	Lord in thy wrath.	IX
How ſhall a yong man prone to ill.	IIII	La virginella.	XXIIII
O Lord how long wilt thou forget.	V	If that a ſinners ſighes.	XXX
O Lord who in thy ſacred tent.	VI	Care for thy ſoule.	XXXI
Help Lord for waſted are all thoſe.	VII	Lullaby.	XXXII
Bleſſed is he that feares the Lord.	VIII	Why doe I vſe.	XXXIII


God giue eare & do apply,to heare me whē I pray:& whē
to thee I call & cry,hide not thy ſelf away,hide not thy ſelf a- way,a- way.


Take heed to me,take heed to me graūt my re-queſt,& aūſwere me a- gaine:With
plaints I pray ful ſore oppreſt,ful ſore op- preſt,great griefe doth me conſtraine.

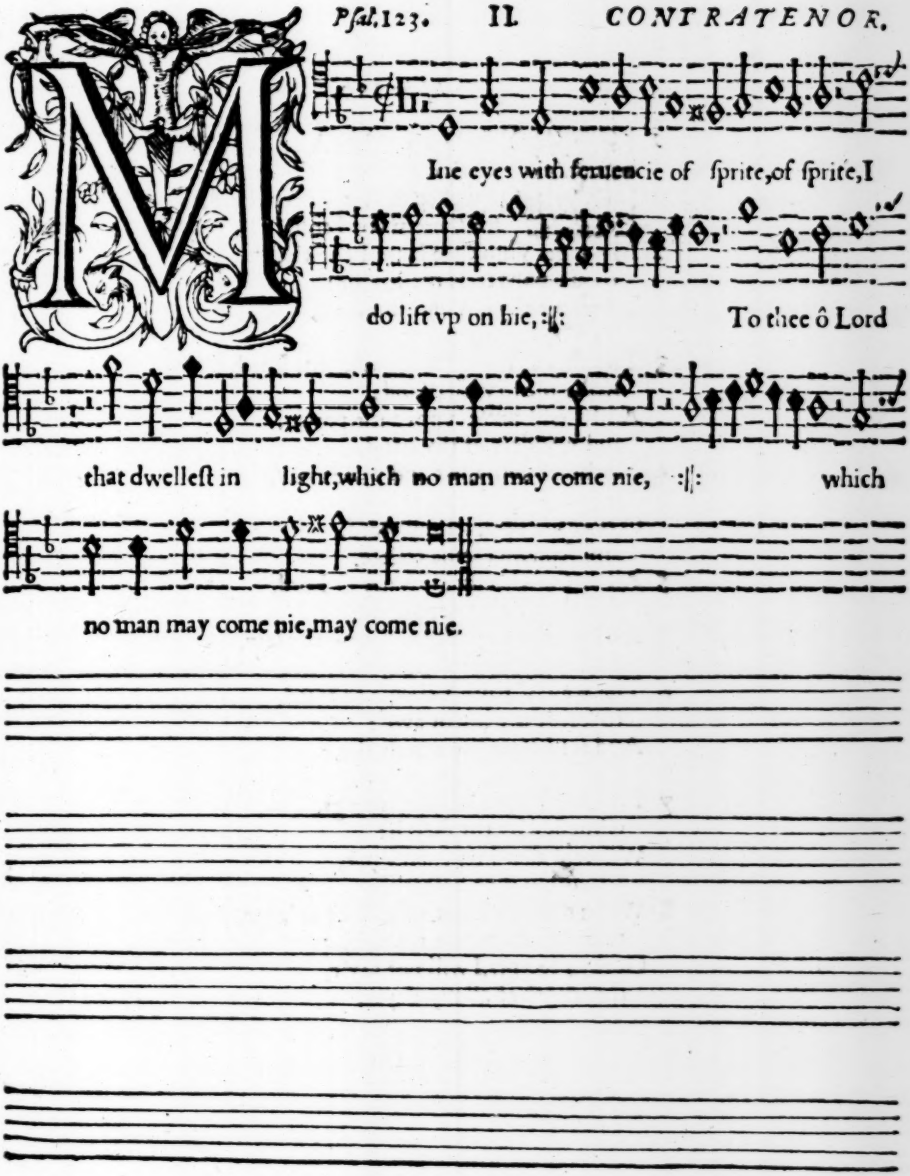

Becauſe my foes with threats & cries,oppreſſe me through deſpite:and ſo the wicked ſort
likewiſe,to vexe me haue de- light.For they in coūſel do cōſpire,to charge


me with ſome ill, :‖: So in their haſty wrath & yre,they do purſue me ſtil,
:‖: they do purſue me ſtill,they do purſue me ſtil. For they in &c.

1 MIne eyes with feruencie of ſprite,
I do lift vp on hie:
To thee ô lord that dwell'ſt in light,
which no man may come nie.
2 Behold euen as the ſeruants eies,
vpon their maſter waite:
And as the maide her miſtriſt hand,
with carefull eye and ſtrayte
3 Attends: So we ô Lord our God,
thy throne with hope and griefe
Behold, vntill thou mercie ſend,
and giue vs ſome relife.

4 O Lord though we deſerue it not,
yet mercie let vs finde:
A people that deſpiſed are,
throwne downe in ſoule and minde,
5 The mightie proud men of the world,
that ſeekes vs to oppreſſe:
Haue fild our ſoules with all contempts,
and left vs in diſtreſſe.

FINIS.


Mine eyes with feruencie of ſprite, of ſprite, I
do lift vp on hie, :|: To thee ô Lord
that dwelleſt in light, which no man may come nie, :|: which
no man may come nie, may come nie.

1 MY ſoule oppreſt with care and griefe,
doth cleaue vnto the duſt:
O quicken me after thy woord,
for therein doe I truſt.

2 My waies vnto thee haue I ſhew'd,
thou aunſwereſt me againe:
Teach me thy law and ſo I ſhall,
be eaſed of my paine.

3 The way of thy commaund'ments Lord,
make me to vnderſtand:
And I will muſe vppon the power,
and wonders of thy hand.

4 My heart doth melt and pyne away,
for very payne and griefe:
O,raiſe me vp,after thy word,
and ſend mee ſome reliefe.

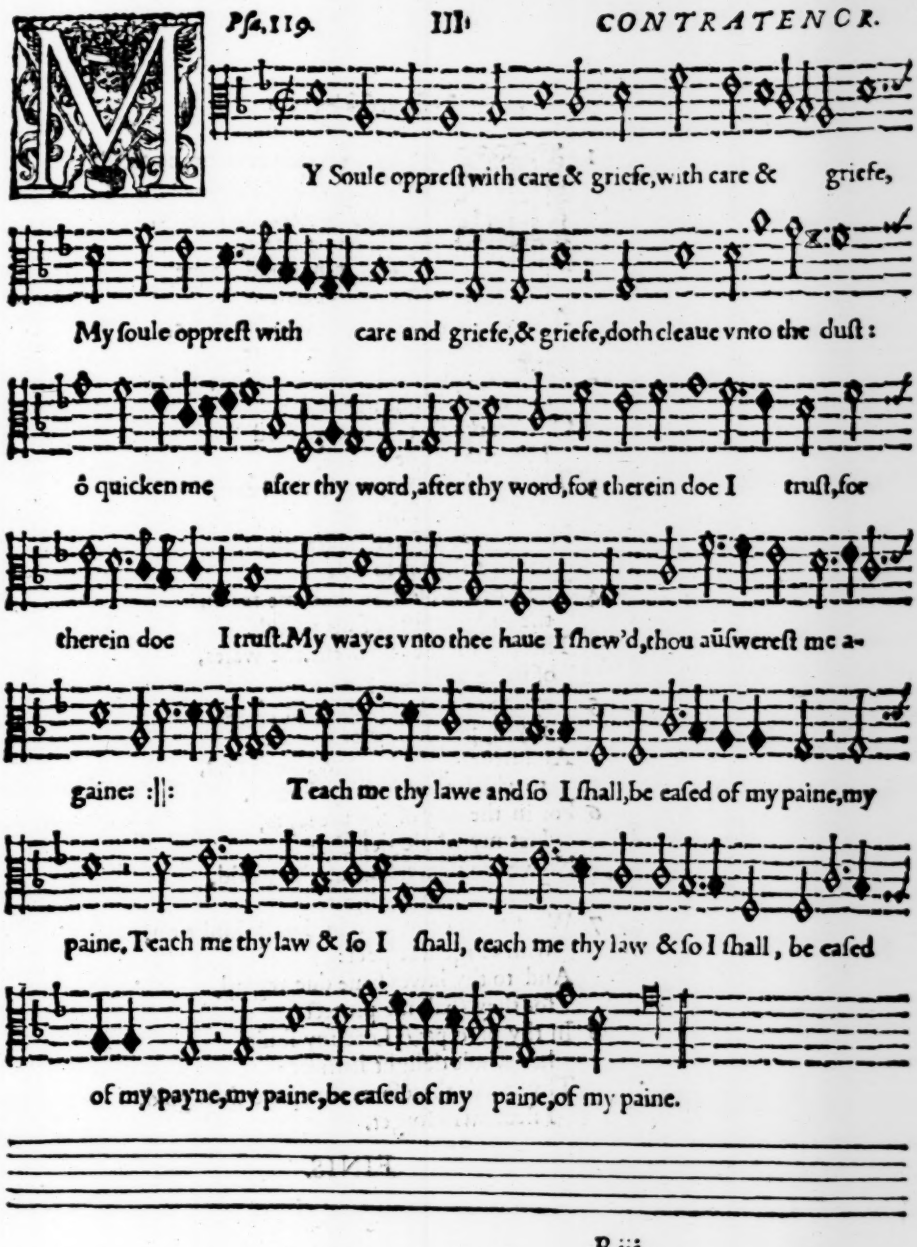
5 All falſhood,and falſe waies O Lord,
doe thou from me remoue:
And graunt me grace,to know thy law,
and onely that to loue.

6 The way of truth I chooſe to tread,
to keepe my life in awe:
And ſet before me as a marke,
thy ſacred woord and law.

7 I cleaue,O Lord,vnto all things,
witneſſed by thy ſpeech:
Whereof that I repent me not,
I humbly thee beſeech.

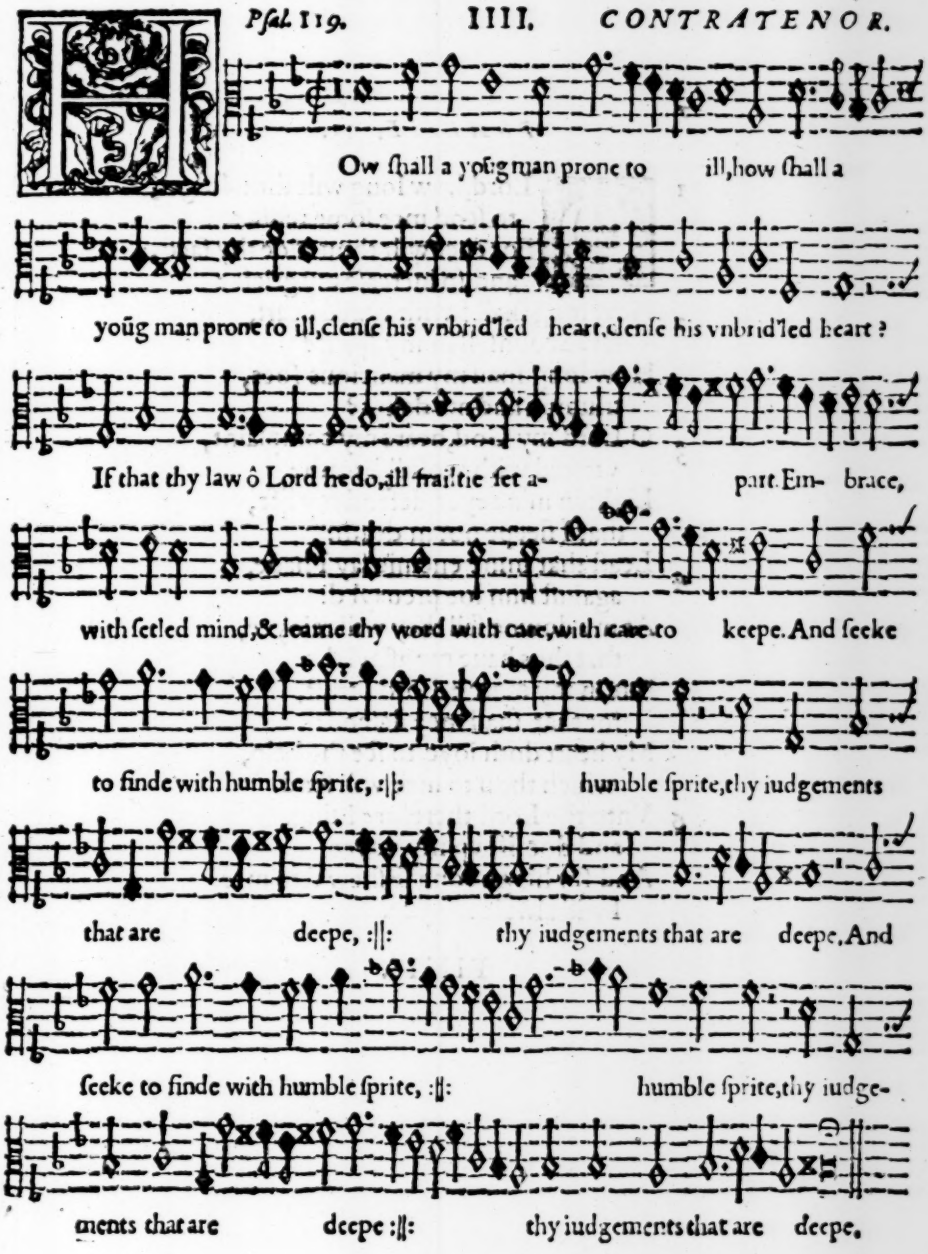
8 When that my heart thou ſhalt enlarge,
to ſeeke and runne the waies:
Of thy precepts,I will not fayle,
the length of all my dayes.

FINIS.


MY Soule oppreſt with care & griefe, with care & griefe,
My ſoule oppreſt with care and griefe, & griefe, doth cleaue vnto the duſt:
ô quicken me after thy word, after thy word, for therein doe I truſt, for
therein doe I truſt. My wayes vnto thee haue I ſhew'd, thou aũſwereſt me a-
gaine: :||: Teach me thy lawe and ſo I ſhall, be eaſed of my paine, my
paine. Teach me thy law & ſo I ſhall, teach me thy law & ſo I ſhall, be eaſed
of my payne, my paine, be eaſed of my paine, of my paine.

1 HOw ſhall a young man prone to ill,
cleanſe his vnbridled heart?
If that thy law, ô Lord he doe,
all frailtie ſet apart.
Embrace with ſetled minde, and learne
thy word with care to keepe:
And ſearch to finde with humble ſprite,
thy iudgements that are deepe.
2 With my whole heart, I haue thee ſought,
and ſearched out thy way:
O ſuffer not that from thy word
I ſwarue or goe aſtraie.
3 Thy word ô Lord, within my heart,
leaſt I ſhould thee offend:
I haue laide vp as treaſure great,
for that ſhall mee defend.
4 The Lord is bleſt, he ſhall me teach,
the iudgements of his mouth,
Thereby to rule and dreſſe the waies,
of mine vntamed youth.
5 Thy lawes therefore, in open place,
my lippes ſhall euer ſound:
And neuer fayle to ſhew foorth that,
to which thou haſt me bound.
6 For in the way of thy precepts,
I ſet my whole delight:
No wealth, no treaſure of the world,
ſo precious in my ſight.
7 What thou commaund'ſt I will thinke on,
with diligent reſpect:
And to thy lawes haue due regard,
for they ſhall me protect.
8 In thy precepts, ô Lord, my ſoule
her whole delight hath ſet:
Thy words therefore more pure then gold,
I neuer will forget.

FINIS.


How ſhall a yoũg man prone to ill, how ſhall a
yoũg man prone to ill, clenſe his vnbrid'led heart, clenſe his vnbrid'led heart?
If that thy law ô Lord he do, all frail tie ſet a- part. Em- brace,
with ſetled mind, & learne thy word with care, with care to keepe. And ſeeke
to finde with humble ſprite, :||: humble ſprite, thy iudgements
that are deepe, :||: thy iudgements that are deepe. And
ſeeke to finde with humble ſprite, :||: humble ſprite, thy iudge-
ments that are deepe :||: thy iudgements that are deepe.

1 Lord, how long wilt thou forget,
to ſend mee ſome relife?
For euer wilt thou hide thy face,
and ſo increaſe my griefe?

2 How long ſhall I with vexed heart,
ſeeke counſell in my ſpirit?
How long ſhall my malicious foes,
triumph and me deſpit?

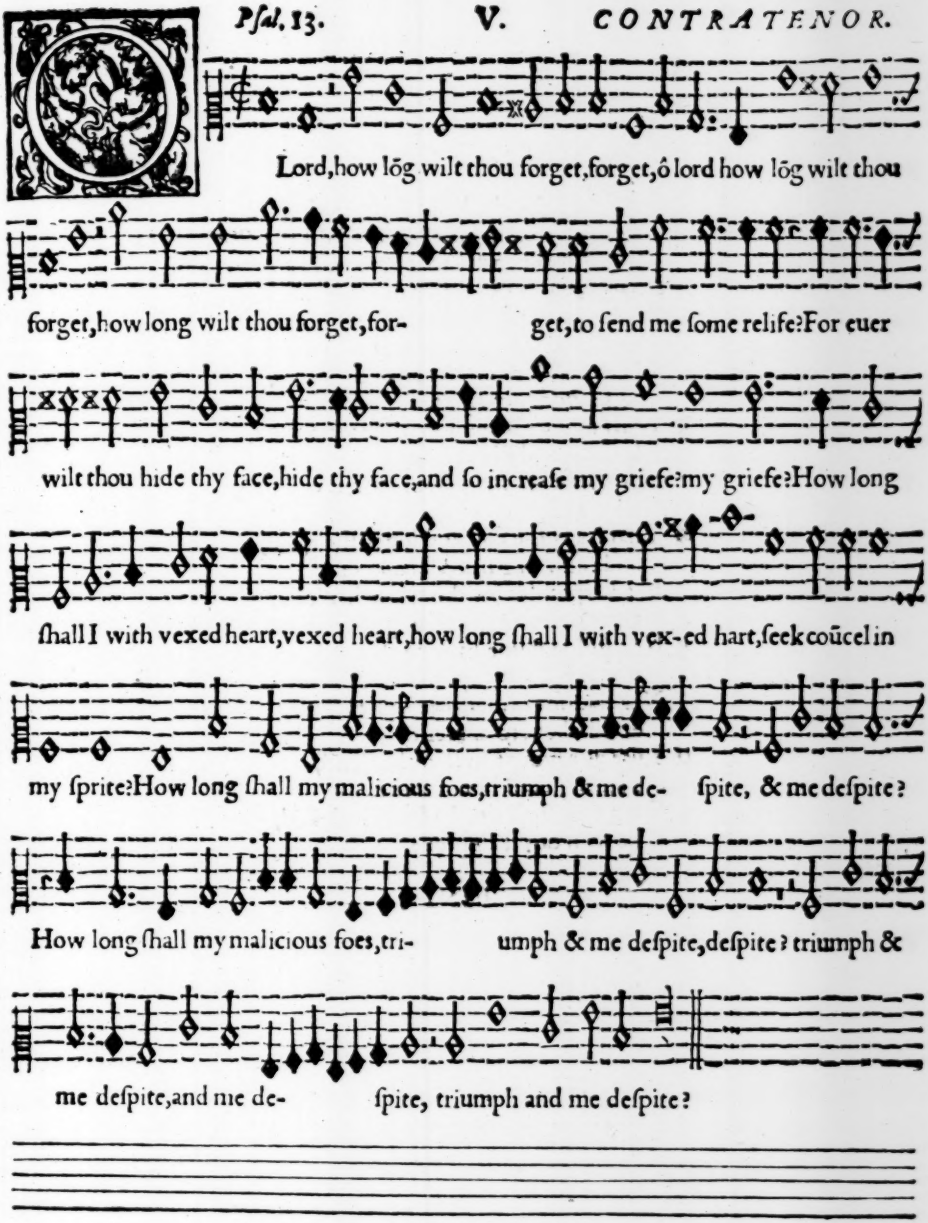
3 O Lord my God, heare my complaint,
vttered with wofull breath:
Lighten mine eyes, defend my life,
that I ſleepe not in death.

4 Leaſt that mine enemie ſay I haue,
againſt him loe preuayl'd:
At my downe fall they will reioyce,
that thus haue me aſſayl'd.

5 But in thy mercie Lord I truſt,
for that ſhall mee defend:
My heart doth ioye, to ſee the help,
which thou to mee wilt ſend.

6 Vnto the Lord therefore I ſing,
and doe lift vp my voyce:
And for his goodneſſe ſhew'd to mee,
I will alwaie reioyce.

FINIS.


Lord,how lōg wilt thou forget,forget,ô lord how lōg wilt thou
forget,how long wilt thou forget,for- get,to ſend me ſome relife?For euer
wilt thou hide thy face,hide thy face,and ſo increaſe my griefe?my griefe?How long
ſhall I with vexed heart,vexed heart,how long ſhall I with vex-ed hart,ſeek coūcel in
my ſprite?How long ſhall my malicious foes,triumph & me de- ſpite, & me deſpite?
How long ſhall my malicious foes,tri- umph & me deſpite,deſpite? triumph &
me deſpite,and me de- ſpite, triumph and me deſpite?

¶ *Pſalme.* 15.

1 Lord who in thy ſacred tent,
and holy hill ſhall dwell:
Euen he that both in heart & minde,
doth ſtudie to do well.

2 In life vpright, in dealing iuſt,
and he that from his heart
The truth doth ſpeake with ſinglenes,
all falſhood ſet apart.

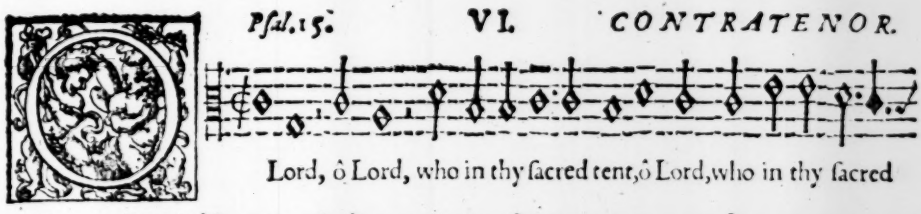
3 With tongue beſides that hurts no man,
by falſe and ill report:
Nor friend nor neighbour harme will doe,
where euer he reſort.

4 That hates the bad, and loues the good,
and faith that neuer breakes:
But keepes alwaies though to his loſſe,
the word that once he ſpeakes.

5 Nor filthie gaine by loue that ſeekes,
nor wealth ſo to poſſeſſe:
Nor that for bribes, the guiltles ſoule,
doth labour to oppreſſe.

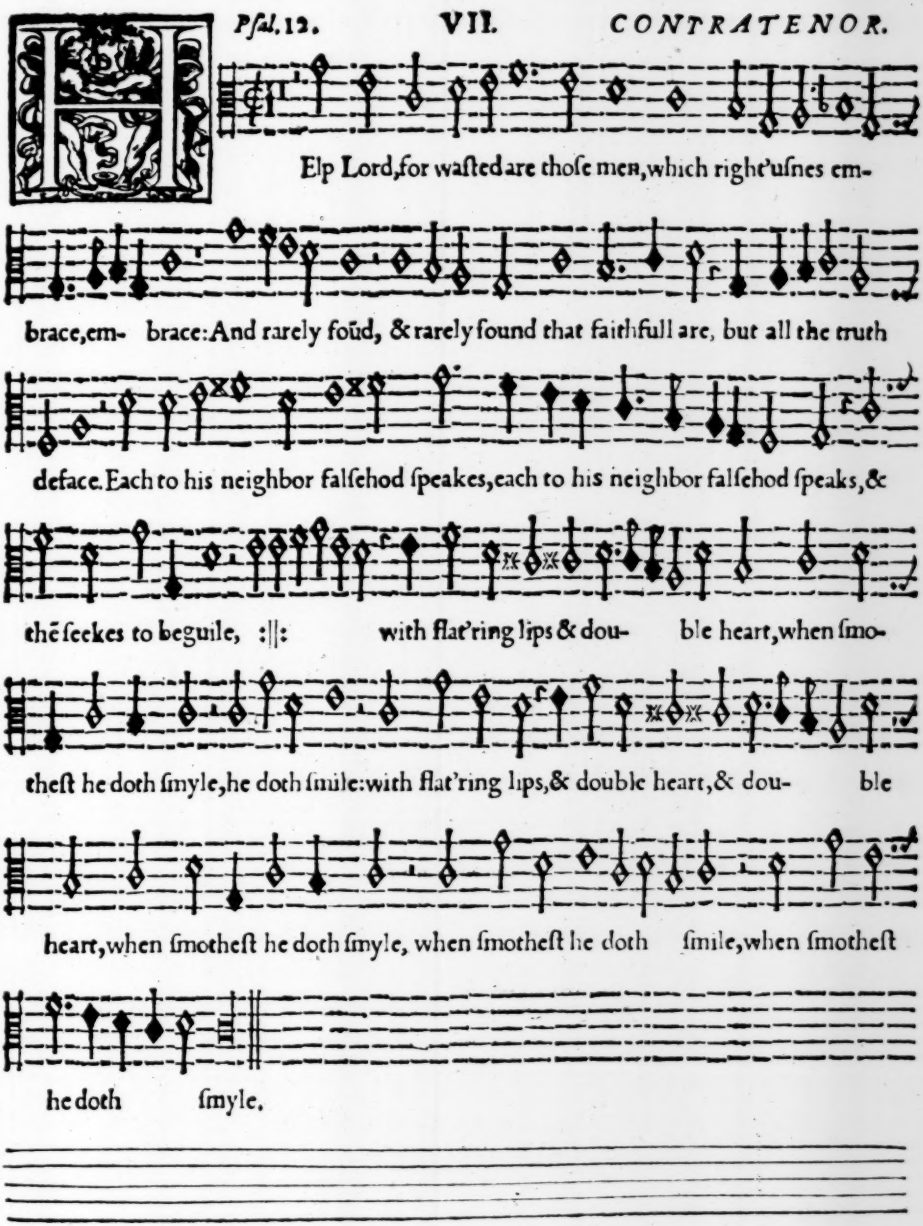
6 Like as a mount ſo ſhall he ſtand,
nothing ſhall him remoue:
That thus ſhall do, the Lord hath ſaid,
no man can it diſproue.

FINIS.


O Lord, ô Lord, who in thy ſacred tent, ô Lord, who in thy ſacred
tent, who in thy ſacred tent & holy hill ſhall dwell: Euen he that both in hart & minde
doth ſtudie to do wel. In life vpright, in dealing iuſt, in life vp- right, in dealing
iuſt, & he that from his hart, frō his hart, the truth doth ſpeak, with ſingleneſſe, the
truth doth ſpeak, with ſinglenes, all falſehod ſet apart, the truth doth ſpeak with ſingle-
neſſe, all falſehod ſet apart, all falſehod ſet a- part, all falſehod ſet apart.

1 HElp Lord for waſted are thoſe men,
which right'uſneſſe embrace:
And rarely found that faithfull are,
but all the truth deface.
2 Each to his neighbour falſhood ſpeakes,
and them ſeekes to beguile:
With flattering lips and double heart,
when ſmotheſt he doth ſmile.
3 All flattering lips, the Lord our God,
in iuſtice will confound:
And all proud tongues, that vaunt great things,
he will bring to the ground.
4 Our tongues ſay they, ſhall lift vs vp,
by them we ſhall preuaile:
Who ſhould vs let, or ſtoppe our courſe,
that thereof we ſhould fayle.
5 For the deſtruction of the iuſt,
and ſuch as be oppreſt:
And for the mournings of the poore,
that likewiſe be diſtreſt.
6 I will riſe vp now ſaith the Lord,
and eaſe their griefe and care:
Of thoſe which he full craftely,
hath draw'n into his ſnare.
7 Like ſiluer fine that tried is,
ſeuen times by heate of fire:
So are thy woords Lord pure and cleane,
to ſuch as them deſire.
8 Thou Lord wilt keep, and wilt defend,
all ſuch as in thee truſt,
And from that curſed race of men,
ſaue all ſuch as be iuſt.
9 When euill men exalted bee,
the wicked gad about:
Farre from all feare of paine, but thou
ô Lord wilt roote them out.

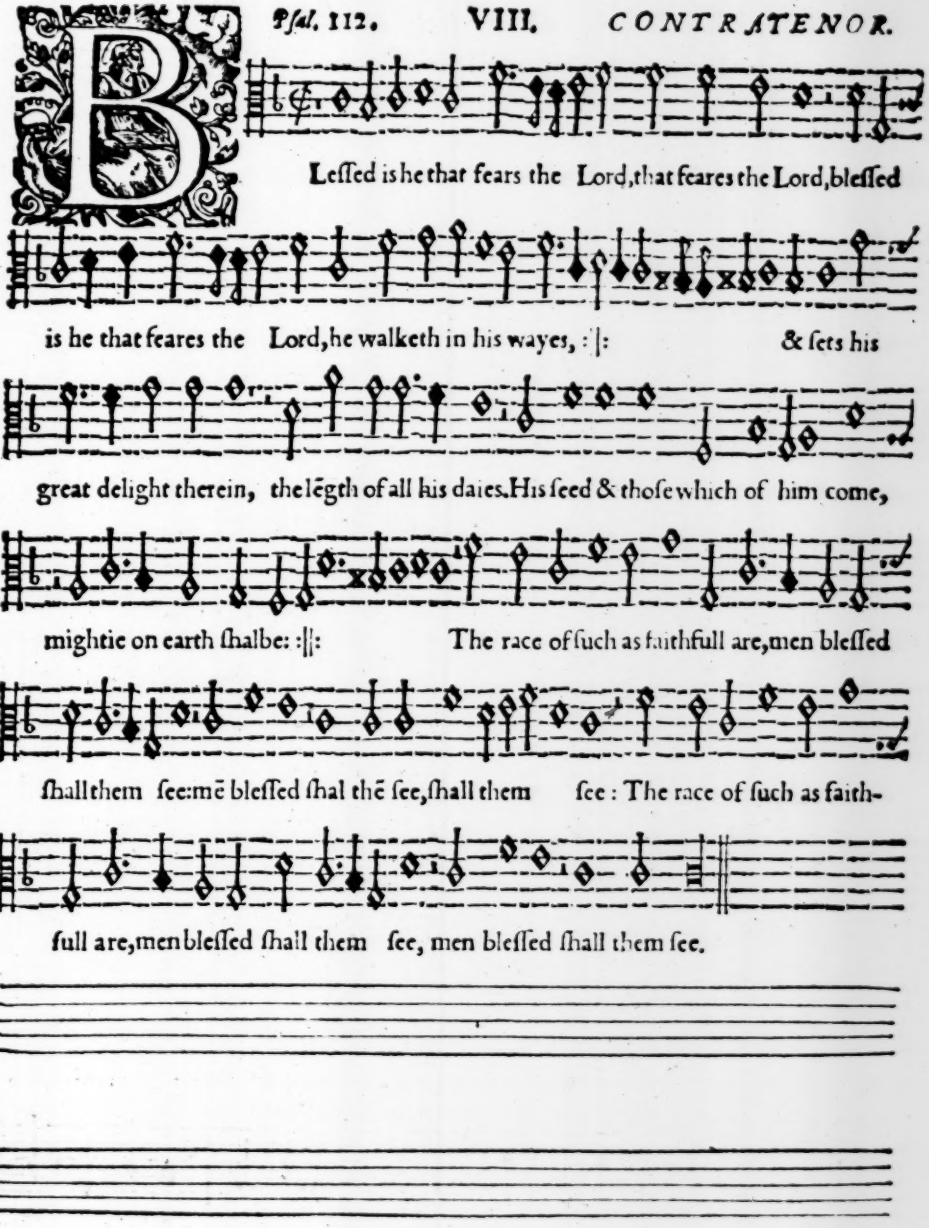
FINIS.


Elp Lord,for waſted are thoſe men,which right'uſnes em-
brace,em- brace:And rarely foūd, & rarely found that faithfull are, but all the truth
deface.Each to his neighbor falſehod ſpeakes,each to his neighbor falſehod ſpeaks,&
thē ſeekes to beguile, :||: with flat'ring lips & dou- ble heart,when ſmo-
theſt he doth ſmyle,he doth ſmile:with flat'ring lips,& double heart,& dou- ble
heart,when ſmotheſt he doth ſmyle, when ſmotheſt he doth ſmile,when ſmotheſt
he doth ſmyle.

¶ PSALME. 112.

1 BLeſſed is he that feares the Lord,
he walketh in his waies:
And ſets his great delight therein,
the length of all his dayes.
2 His ſeed and thoſe which of him come,
mightie on earth ſhall be:
The race of ſuch as faithfull are,
men bleſſed ſhall them ſee.
3 Plentiouſnes within his houſe,
and wan there ſhalbe neuer:
His righteouſnes and vpright dealing,
endure ſhall for euer.
4 In miſtie cloudes of troubles darke,
which doe the iuſt oppreſſe,
The Lord in mercie ſends them light,
and eaſeth their diſtreſſe.
5 The righteous man is mercifull,
and lendeth where is need,
He guids with iudgement all his things,
be it in word or deed.
6 Though ſtormes doe fall and tempeſts riſe,
the righteous ſhall ſtand faſt:
A good remembrance of the iuſt,
for euer that ſhall laſt.
7 None euill tidings ſhall him feare,
his heart is fully ſet,
He truſteth and beleeues the Lord,
that will him not forget.
8 A ſtabliſht heart within his breſt,
no feare where ſo he goes,
The Lord in iuſtice will reuenge,
the malice of his foes.
9 A hand that doth reliue the poore,
for which he may be ſure,
A good report will follow him,
that alwaies ſhall endure.
10 This ſhall the wicked ſee and fret,
and waſt away with ire,
Periſh ſhall and conſume to naught,
all that he doth deſire.

FINIS.


Leſſed is he that fears the Lord, that feares the Lord, bleſſed
is he that feares the Lord, he walketh in his wayes, :|: & ſets his
great delight therein, the lēgth of all his daies. His ſeed & thoſe which of him come,
mightie on earth ſhalbe: :||: The race of ſuch as faithfull are, men bleſſed
ſhall them ſee: mē bleſſed ſhal thē ſee, ſhall them ſee: The race of ſuch as faith-
full are, men bleſſed ſhall them ſee, men bleſſed ſhall them ſee.

Ord in thy wrath reproue me not, though I deſerue, though I

deſerue thine yre, thine yre: Ne yet correct me in thy rage, ô Lord I thee deſire. For

I am weak, :||: therefore (ô Lord) of mercy me forbeare, me forbeare: & heale me

lord, :||: for why? thou know'ſt, my bones do quake for fear, :||: my bons &c.

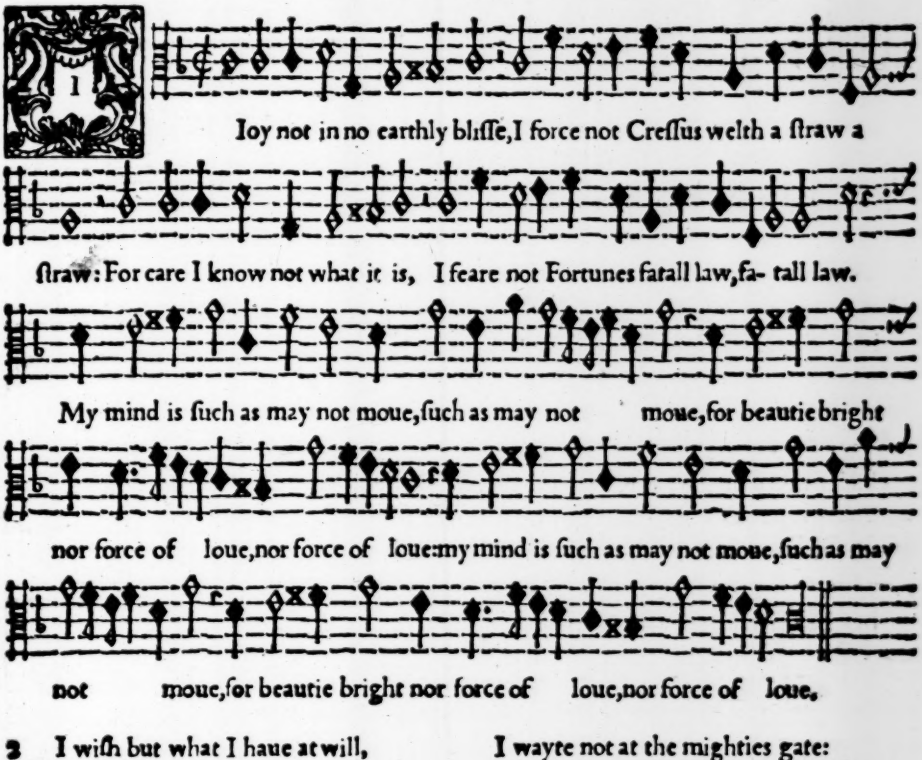
Ven frō the depth, vnto thee Lord, euen frō the depth vnto thee

Lord, vnto thee Lord, with heart and voice I cry, I crye, with hart and

voice I cry: Giue eare ô God vn-to my playnt, vnto my plaint, &

help my miſerie, & help my mi- ſerie, :||: & help, & help my miſery.

¶ *Heere endeth the Pſalmes, and beginneth the Sonets and Paſtorales.*

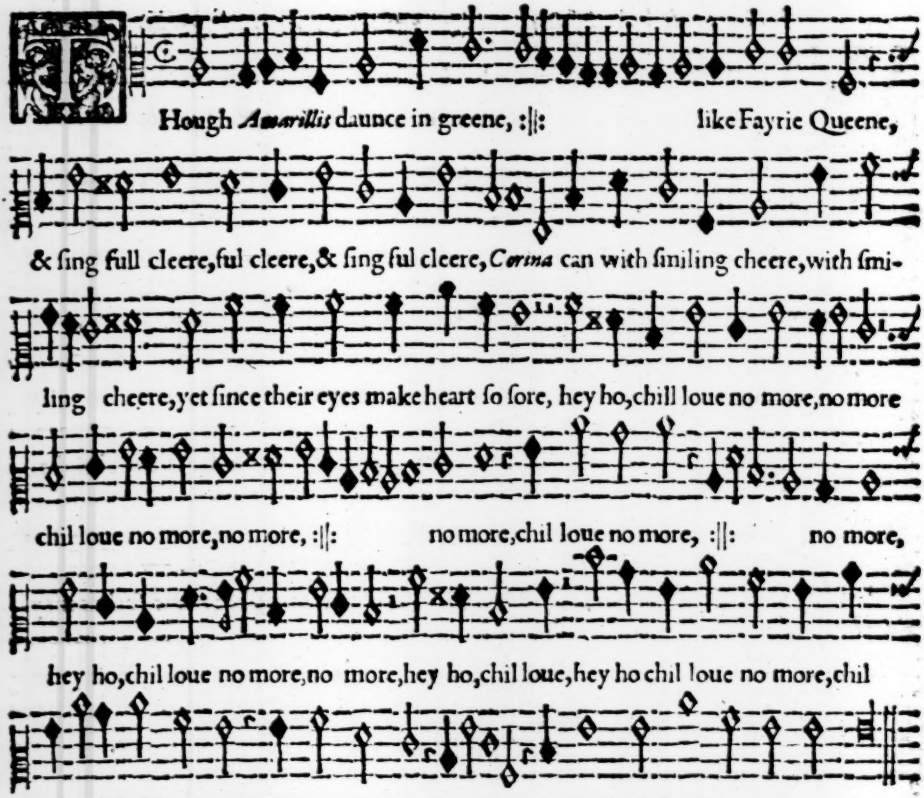


2 I wiſh but what I haue at will,
I wander not to ſeeke for more:
I like the plaine I clime no hill,
in greateſt ſtormes I ſitte on ſhore:
and laugh at them that toyle in vaine,
to get what muſt be loſt againe.

3 I kiſſe not where I wiſh to kill,
I faine not loue where moſt I hate:
I breake no ſleepe to winne my will,
I wayte not at the mighties gate:
I ſcorne no poore, nor feare no ritch,
I feele no want nor haue to much.

4 The Court and cart I like nor loath,
extreames are counted worſt of all:
the golden meane betweene them both,
doth ſureſt ſit and feare no fall:
this is my choyſe, for why I finde,
no wealth is like the quiet minde.

FINIS.



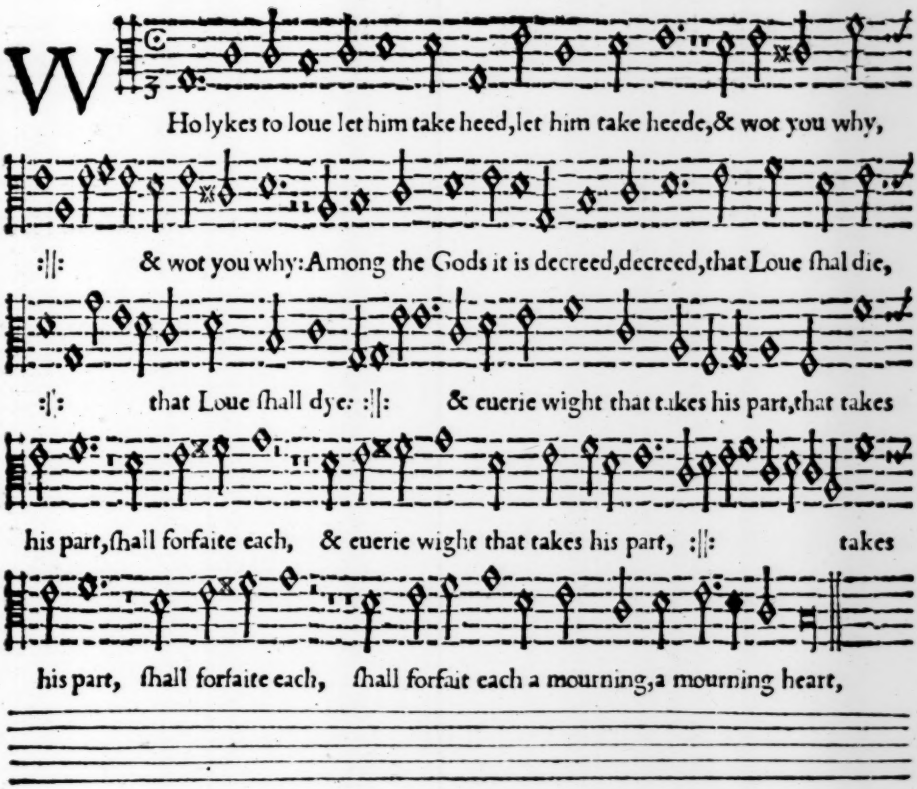
2 My ſheepe are loſt for want of foode.
and I ſo wood:
that all the day,
I ſit and watch a heardmaid gaye:
who laughes to ſee me ſigh ſo ſore,
hey ho, chil loue no more.

3 Her louing lookes, her beautie bright,
is ſuch delight:
that all in vaine,
I loue to like, and loſe my gaine:
for her that thankes me not therefore,
hey ho chil loue no more.

4 Ah wanton eyes my friendlie foes,
and cauſe of woes:
your ſweete deſire,
breeds flames of Ile & freeſe in fire:
ye ſkorne to ſee me weepe ſo ſore,
hey ho chil loue no more.

5 Loue ye who liſt I force him not,
ſith God it wot,
the more I wayle,
the leſſe my ſighs and teares preuaile:
what ſhall I doe but ſay therefore,
hey ho chil loue no more.

FINIS.



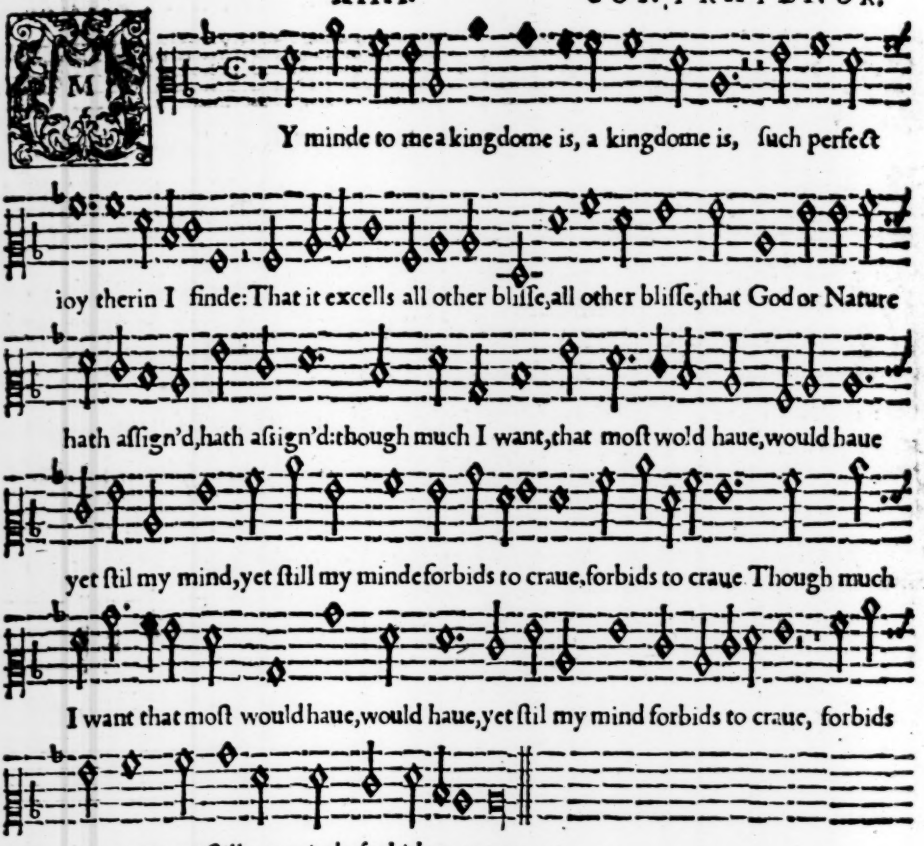
2 The cauſe is this as I haue heard,
a ſort of dames,
whoſe beautie he did not regard,
nor ſecret flames.
complaind before the gods aboue,
that golde corrupts the God of loue.

3 The gods did ſtomme to heare this newes
and there they ſwore,
that ſith he did ſuch dames abuſe,
he ſhould no more
be god of Loue, but that he ſhould
both die, and forfait all his gold.

4 His bowe & ſhaftes they tooke away,
before their eies,
and gaue theſe dames a longer day,
for to deuiſe,
who ſhould them keepe, & they be bound,
that loue for gold ſhould not be found.

5 Theſe Ladies ſtriuing long, at laſt,
they did agree,
to giue them to a mayden chaſt,
whome I did ſee:
who with the ſame did perce my breſt,
her beauties rare and ſo I reſt.

 FINIS.



2 No princ'lie port nor welthie ſtore,
no force to winne a victorie:
no wylie wit to ſalue a ſore,
no thape to winne a louing eye:
to none of theſe I yeeld as thrall,
for why my mind deſpiſe them all.

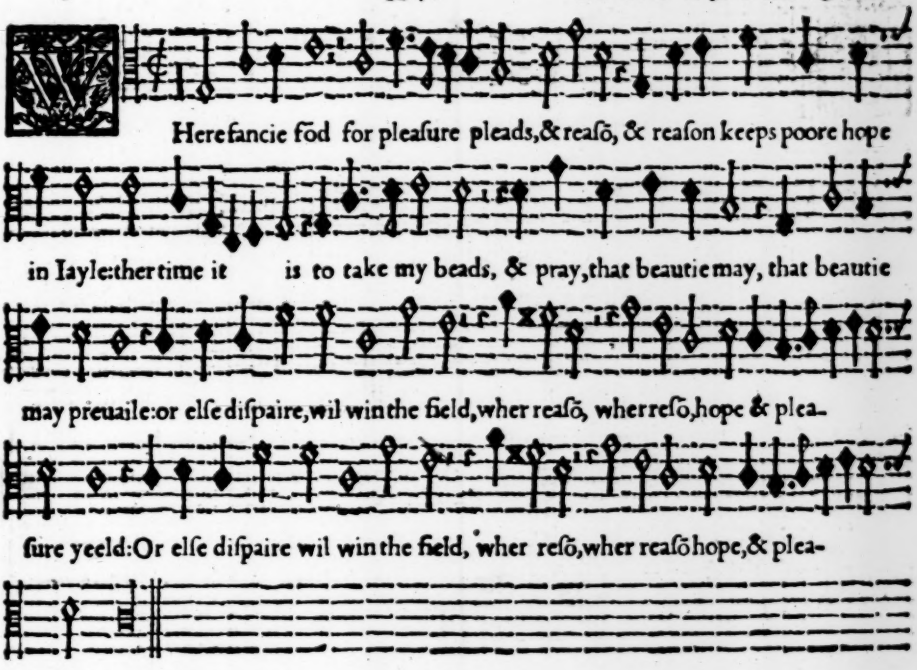
3 I ſee that plentie ſurfets oft,
and haſtie clymbers ſooneſt fall:
I ſee that ſuch as are aloft,
mi.hap doth threaten moſt of all:
theſe get with toyle and keepe with feare,
ſuch cares my mind can neuer beare.

4 I preſſe to beare no haughtie ſway,
I wiſh no more then may ſuffice:
I doe no more then well I may,
looke what I want my mind ſupplies.
loe thus I triumph like a king,
my minde content with any thing.

5 I laugh not at anothers loſſe,
nor grudge not at anothers gaine:
no worldly waues my mind can toſſe,
I brooke that is an others bane:
I feare no foe nor fawne on friend,
I loth not life nor dread mine end.

6 My wealth is health & perfect eaſe,
and conſcience cleere my chiefe defence.
I neuer ſeeke by brybes to pleaſe,
nor by deſart to giue offence:
thus do I liue, thus will I die,
would all did ſo as well as I.

FINIS.



2 My eyes preſume to iudge this caſe,
whoſe iudgement reaſon doth diſdain:
but beautie with her wanton face,
ſtands to defend, the caſe is plaine:
and at the barre of ſweet delight,
ſhe pleads that fancie muſt be right.

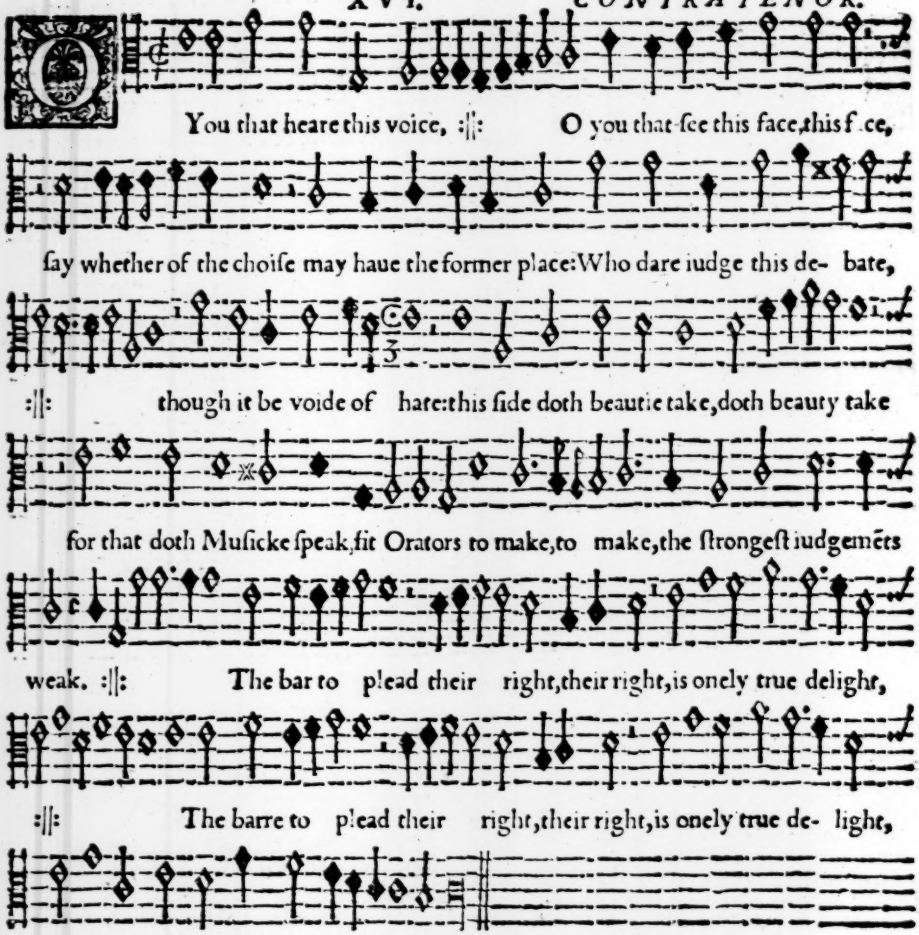
3 But ſhame will not haue reaſon yeeld,
though griefe do ſweare it ſhall be ſo:
as though it were a perfect ſhield,
to bluſh, and feare to tell my woe:
where ſilence foree will at the laſt,
to wiſh for wit when hope is paſt.

4 So farre hath fond deſire out runne,
the bond which reaſon ſet out firſt:
that where delight the fray begunne,
I would now ſay, if that I durſt:
that in her ſtead ten thouſand woes,
haue ſprong in field where pleaſure grows

5 O that I might declare the reſt,
of all the toies which fancy turnes:
like towrs of wind within my breſt,
where fire is hid that neuer burnes.
then ſhould I try one of the twaine,
either to loue, or to diſdaine.

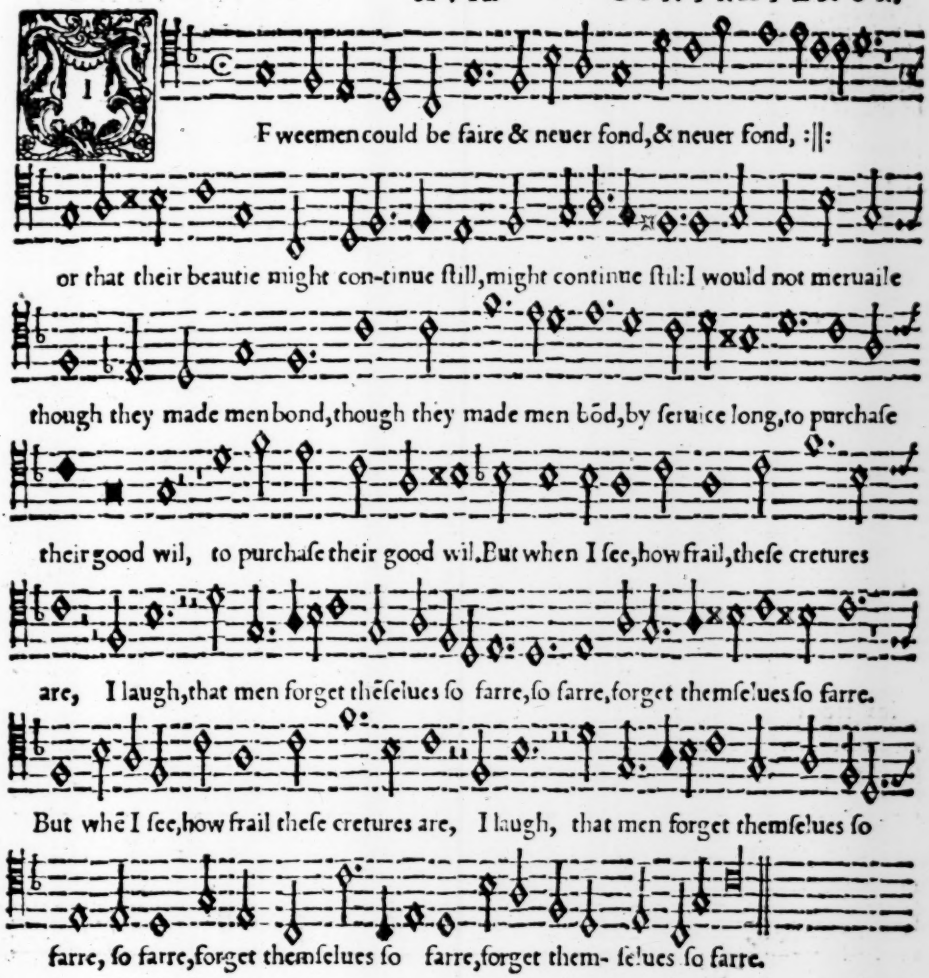
6 But fine conceit dares not declare,
the ſtrange conflict of hope and feare:
leaſt reaſon ſhould be left ſo bare,
that loue durſt whiſper in mine eare,
and tell me how my fancie ſhall,
bring reaſon to be beawties thrall.

7 I muſt therefore with ſilence buyld,
the Laborinth of my delight:
till loue haue tri'd in open field,
which of the twaine ſhall win the fight:
I feare mee reaſon muſt giue place,
If fancie fond winne beauties grace.



3 Thus doth the voyce and face,
theſe gentle lawiers wage:
like louing brothers caſt.
for fath rs heritage:
that ech, while ech contends,
it ſelfe to other lends.
4 For beautie beautifies,
with heauenly hewe and grace,
the heauenly harmonies,
and in that faultles face,
the perfect beauties be,
a perfect harmonie.
5 Muſicke more loftie ſwells,
in phraſes finely plac'd:
Beautie as farre excels,
in action aptly grac'd:
a friend ech partie drawes,
to countenance his cauſe.
6 Loue more affected ſeemes,
to Beauties louelie light,
and wonder more eſteemes,
of Muſicke wond'rous might,
but both to both ſo bent,
as both in both are ſpent.
7 Muſicke doth witneſſe call,
the eare his truth doth trie:
Beautie brings to the hall,
eye witneſſe of the eye
eche in his obiect ſuch,
as none exceptions touch,
8 The cōmon ſenſe which might,
be arbiter of this:
to be forſoth vpright,
to both ſides parciall is:
he layes on this chiefe prayſe,
chiefe praiſe on that he layes.
9 Then reaſon, princeſſe hie,
which ſits in throne of mind:
and Muſicke can in ſkye,
with hidden beauties find,
ſay whether thou wilt crowne,
with limit leſſe renowne.

FINIS.


I
F weemen could be faire & neuer fond, & neuer fond, :||:
or that their beautie might con-tinue still, might continue stil: I would not meruaile
though they made men bond, though they made men bōd, by seruice long, to purchase
their good wil, to purchase their good wil. But when I see, how frail, these cretures
are, I laugh, that men forget thēselues so farre, so farre, forget themselues so farre.
But whē I see, how frail these cretures are, I laugh, that men forget themselues so
farre, so farre, forget themselues so farre, forget them- selues so farre.

2 To marke what choise they make, & how they
How leauing best, the worst they chose out still [change,
And how like haggards wilde, about they range,
Skorning after reason to follow will.
who would not shake such bussards from the fist,
And let them flie [faire fooles] which way they list.

3 Yet for our sport, we fawne & flatter both,
To passe the time, when nothing else can please,
And traine them on, to yeeld by subtill oath,
The sweet content, that giues such humer ease.
And then we say when we their follies trie,
To play with fooles, Oh what a foole was I.

FINIS.

Mbitious loue hath forſt me to aſpire, the beauties rare which doe

adorne thy face: Thy modeſt life yet bridles my de- ſire, whoſe ſeuere law, whoſe ſe-

uere law doth promiſe me no grace. But what? may loue liue vnder any law. No, no: his

power exceedeth mans cõceit: Of which the Gods thẽſelues do ſtãd in awe, for on

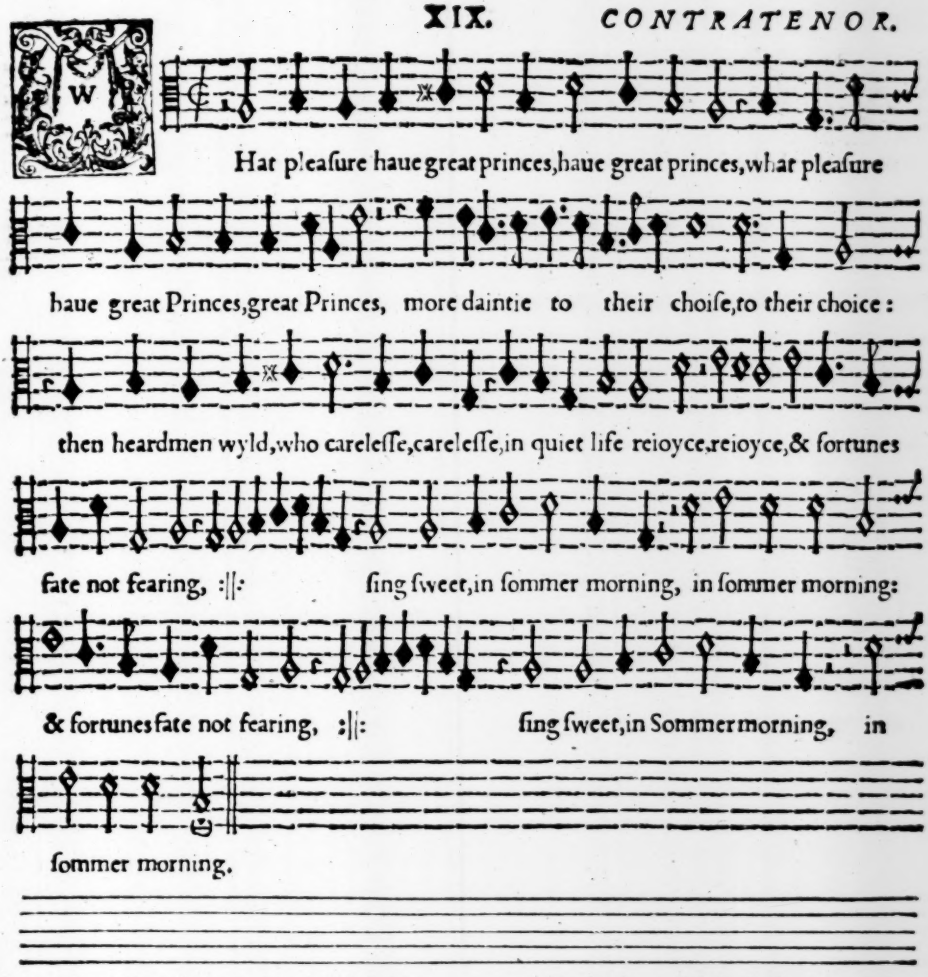
his frown, for on his frown, a thouſãd tormẽts waite. Proceed then in this deſperate

enterpriſe, with good aduiſe, & follow loue thy guyd, & :||: that leads thee to thy

wiſhed Paradiſe, Paradiſe. Thy climing thoughts, this comfort take with all, that if it

be thy foule diſgrace to ſlide, thy foule diſgrace to ſlide, thy braue attẽpt ſhall yet ex-

cuſe thy fall, thy fall, ſhall yet excuſe thy fall.



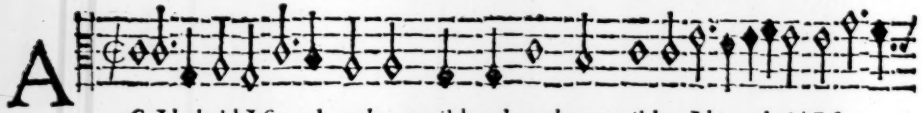
2 Their dealings plaine and rightfull,
are voyd of all diſceit:
they neuer know how ſpightfull
it is to kneele and waite
on fauorite preſumptious,
whoſe pride is vaine and ſumptious.

3 All day their flocks each tendeth,
at night they take their reſt,
more quiet than who ſendeth
his ſhip into the Eaſt,
where gold and pearle are plentie,
but getting very daintie.

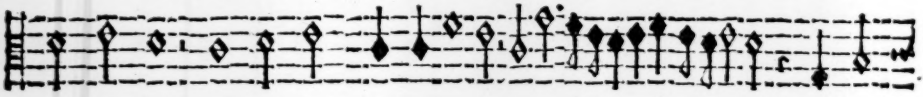
4 For Lawiers and their pleading
the'ſteeme it not a ſtraw,
they think that honeſt meaning
is of it ſelfe a law,
vvhere conſcience iudgeth plainely,
they ſpend no mony vainely.

5 O happie who thus liueth,
not caring much for gold,
with clothing which ſuffiſeth,
to keepe him from the cold,
though poore and plaine his diet,
yet merry it is and quiet.

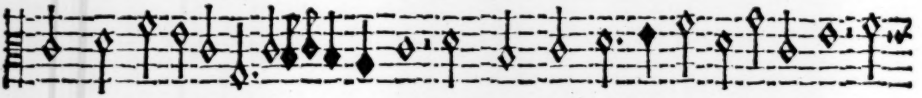
FINIS.



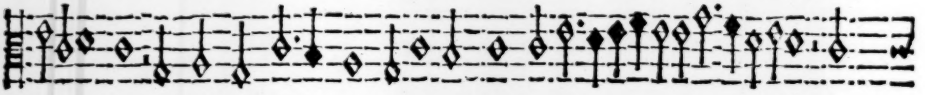
AS I beheld I ſaw a heardman wilde, a heardman wild, as I be- held I ſaw a



heardman wild, with his ſheep-hooke a picture, a picture fine de- face, which he

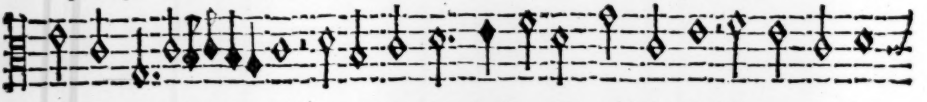


ſome time his fancie to be- guild, had caru'd on barke of tree in ſecret place, in

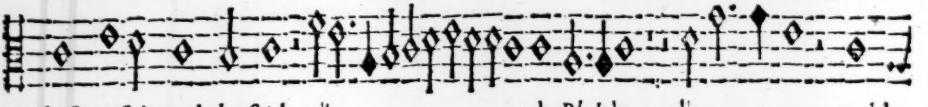


ſecret place, & with deſpite of moſt afflicted mind, :|: through

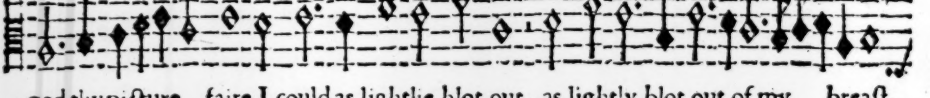
deepe diſpaire of hart, of heart, for loue diſ- maid, he puld euen from the



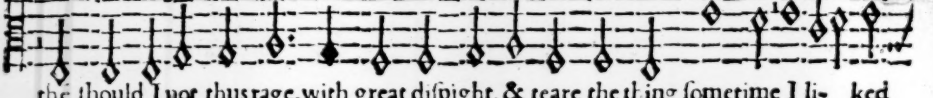
tree, the carued rinde, & weping ſore theſe woful words he ſaid, & weeping ſore



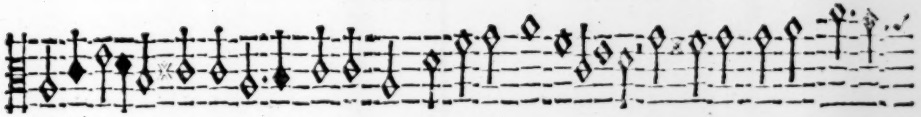
theſe woful words he ſaid, :|: ah *Philida*, :|: would



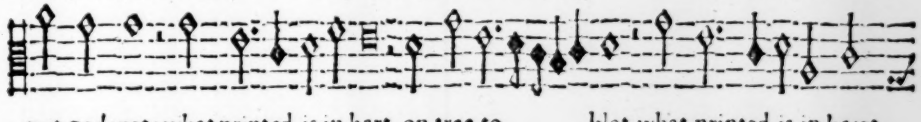
god thy picture faire, I could as lightlie blot out, as lightly blot out of my breaſt,



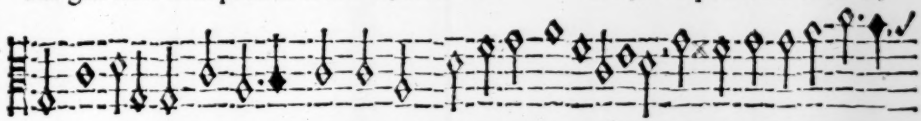
the ſhould I not thus rage, with great diſpight, & teare the thing ſometime I li- ked



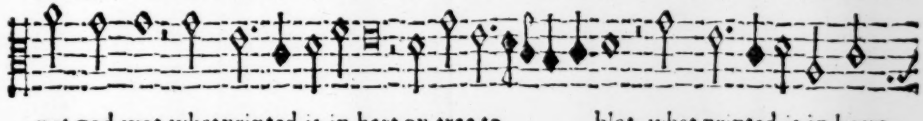
beſt, I liked beſt: But all in vain, in vain, but al in vain, :‖: it booteth not, it booteth



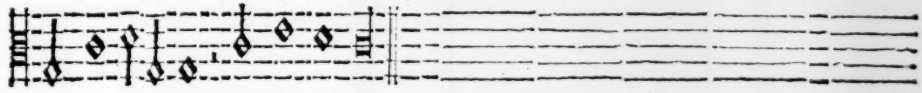
not god wot: what printed is in hart, on tree to blot, what printed is in heart,



on tree to blot, but all in vaine, in vaine, but al in vaine, :‖: it booteth not, it boteth

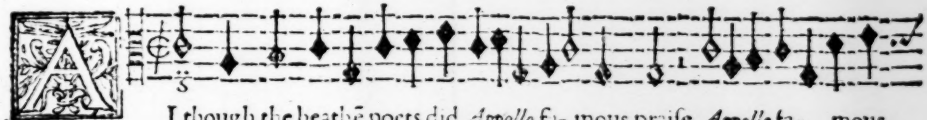


not god wot, what printed is in hart, on tree to blot, what printed is in heart

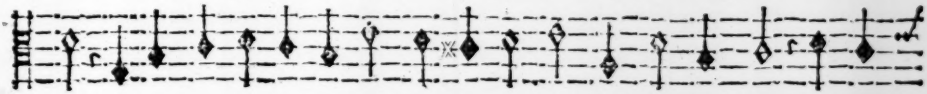


on tree to blot, on tree to blot.

XXI.

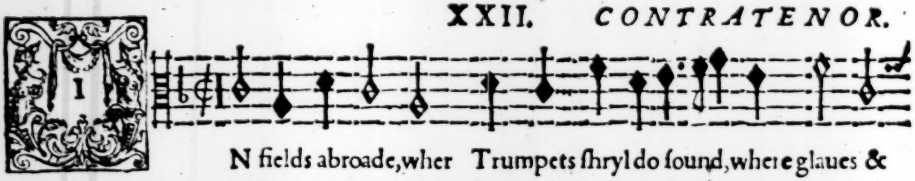


Although the heathē poets did *Appollo* fa- mous praiſe, *Appollo* fa- mous



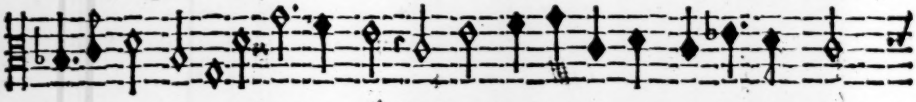
praiſe, as one who for his Muſicke ſweet, his Muſick ſweet Muſicke ſweete, no peare

had in his daies, no peere had in his daies. Although the heathen: &c.



IN fields abroade,wher Trumpets ſhryl do ſound,where glaues &

ſhilds,do giue and take the knocks,the knocks,where bodies dead,bodies dead,wher



bodies dead, do ouerſpred the groud:& friends to foes,are common butchers blocks,

butchers blocks: :|: A gallant ſhot, :||: wel managing his peece, :|:

in my conceit,conceit, deſerues a golden fleece,a golden fleece, de-

ſerues a golden fleece,deſerues a golden fleece,a golden fleece, a gallant ſhot, :|:

wel managing his peece, :||: in my conceit,conceit deſerues,a

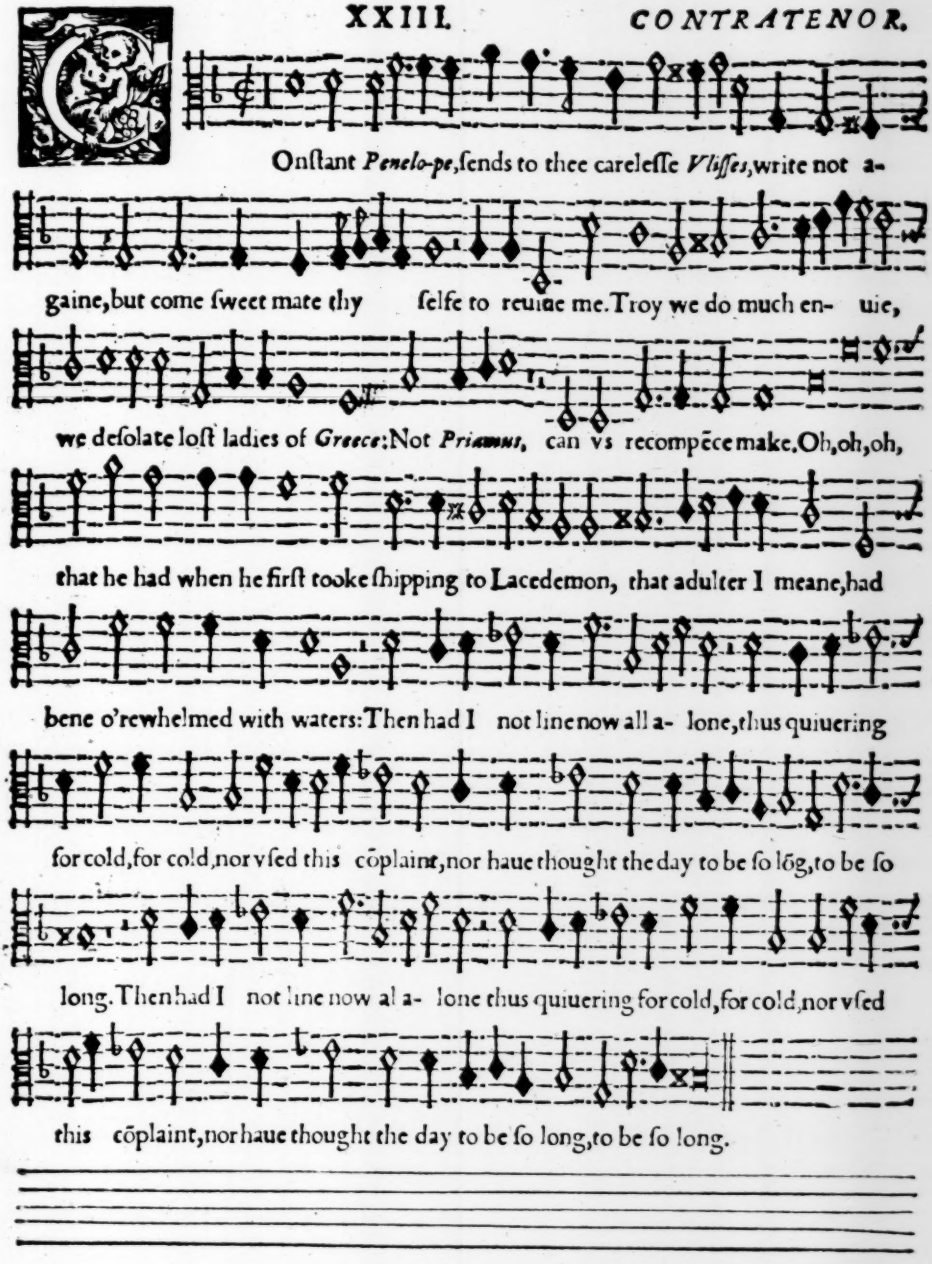
golden fleece,a golden fleece,deſerues a golden fleece,deſerues a golden fleece.

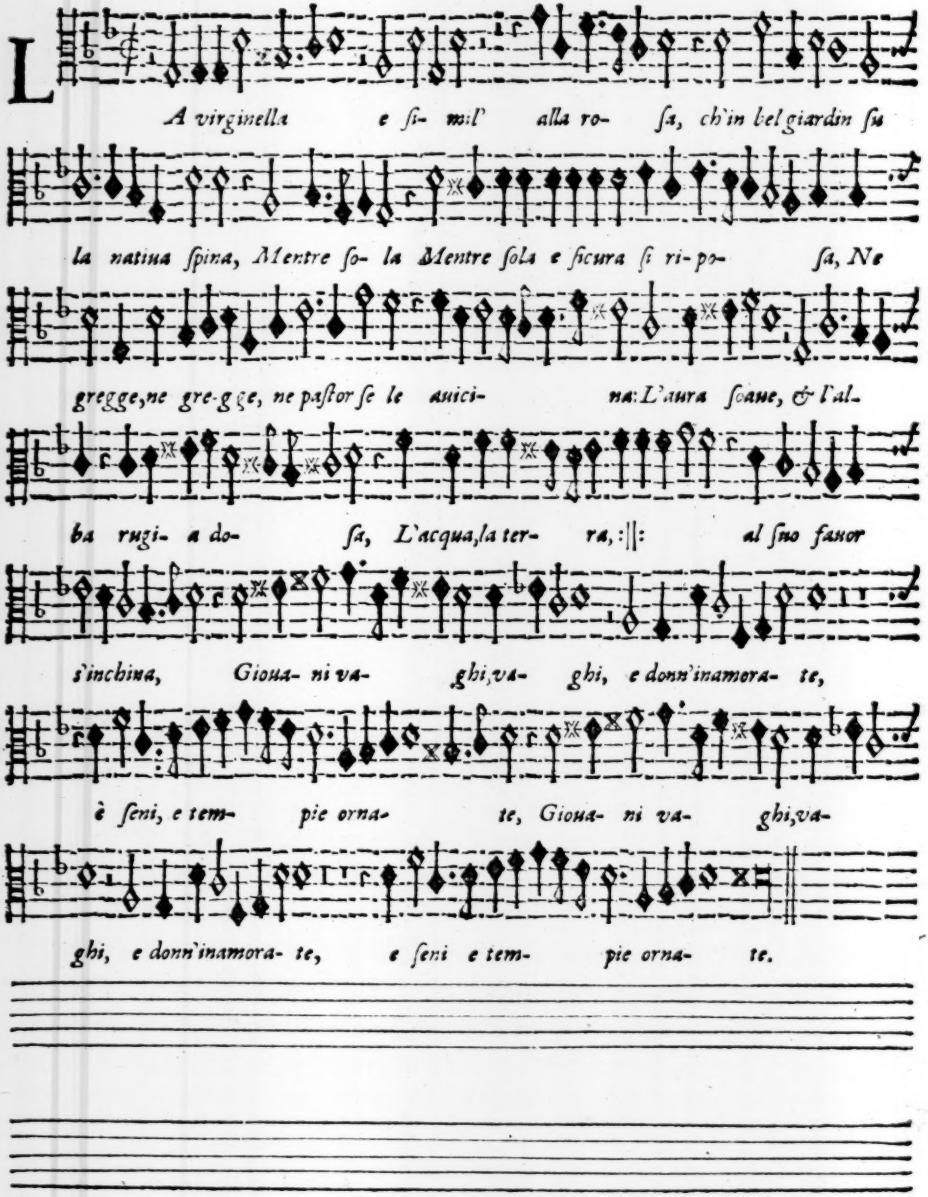
2 Amid the ſeas,a gallant ſhip ſet out,
where in nor men nor yet munitions lacks,
in greateſt windes that ſpareth not a clout,
but cuts the waues in ſpight of wethers wracks,
would force a ſwain that coms of cowards kinde,
to change him ſelfe and be of noble minde.

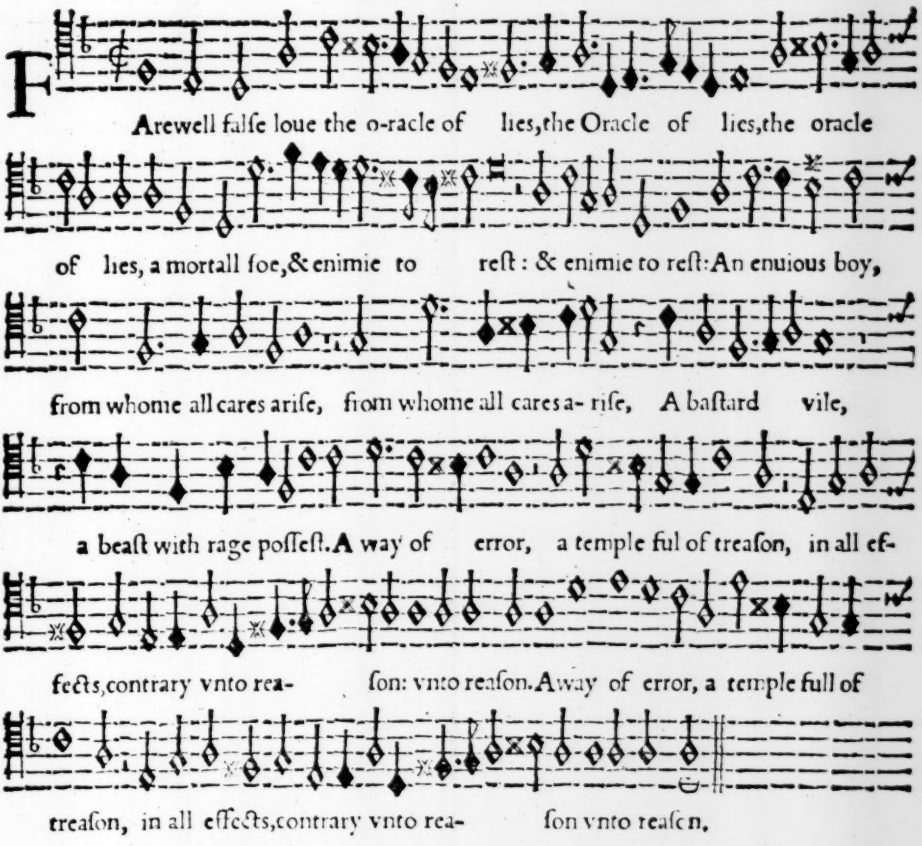
3 VVho makes his ſeat a ſtately ſtamping ſtead,
whoſe neighes & playes are princely to behold,
vvhoſe courage ſtout,vvhoſe eies are fiery red,
vvhoſe ioynts vvel knit,vvhoſe harnes all of gold
doth vvell deſerue to be no meaner thing,
then Percia knight whoſe horſe made him a king.

4 By that bedſide vvhere ſits a gallant Dame,
vvho caſteth of hir braue and rich attyre,
vvhoſe petecote ſets forth as faire a frame,
as mortall men or gods can vvell deſire,
vvho ſits and ſees hir pettecote vnlaſt,
I ſay no more the reſt are all diſgraſt.

FINIS.


Conſtant Penelo-pe, ſends to thee careleſſe Vliſſes, write not a-
gaine, but come ſweet mate thy ſelfe to reuiue me. Troy we do much en- uie,
we deſolate loſt ladies of Greece: Not Priamus, can vs recompẽce make. Oh, oh, oh,
that he had when he firſt tooke ſhipping to Lacedemon, that adulter I meane, had
bene o'rewhelmed with waters: Then had I not liue now all a- lone, thus quiuering
for cold, for cold, nor vſed this cõplaint, nor haue thought the day to be ſo lõg, to be ſo
long. Then had I not liue now al a- lone thus quiuering for cold, for cold, nor vſed
this cõplaint, nor haue thought the day to be ſo long, to be ſo long.


L
A virginella e si- mil' alla ro- sa, ch'in bel giardin sa
la natiua spina, Mentre so- la Mentre sola e sicura si ri- po- sa, Ne
gregge,ne gre-gge, ne pastor se le auici- na: L'aura soaue, & l'al-
ba rugi- a do- sa, L'acqua,la ter- ra, :||: al suo fauor
s'inchina, Gioua- ni va- ghi,va- ghi, e donn'inamora- te,
è seni, e tem- pie orna- te, Gioua- ni va- ghi,va-
ghi, e donn'inamora- te, e seni e tem- pie orna- te.



3 A poyſoned ſerpent couered all vvith flovvers,
Mother of ſighes and murtherer of repoſe,
A ſea of ſorovvs to whēce are drawē ſuch ſhovvers
As moiſture lend to euery griefe that grovves,
A ſchole of guile, a net of deepe deceit,
A guilded hooke, that holds a poyſoned bayte,
8 A fortreſſe foyld, vvhich reaſon dyd defend,
A Syren ſong, a feauer of the minde,
A maze vvherein affection finds no end,
A raging cloud that runnes before the vvinde,
A ſubſtance like the ſhadovv of the Sunne,
A goale of griefe for vvhich the vviſeſt tunne,
4 A quenchleſſe fire, a nurſſe of trembling feare,
A path that leads to perill and miſhap,
A true retreat of ſorrovv and diſpayre,
An idle boy that ſleepes in pleaſures lap,
A deepe miſtruſt of that vvhich certaine ſeemes,
A hope of that vvhich reaſon doubtfull deemes.

FINIS.

He match that's made for iuſt & true re- ſpects,& true re-

ſpects,for iuſt & true re- ſpects : with euennes both of yeers & paren- tage,pa-

rentage, of force muſt bring forth ma- ny good effects , of force muſt bring foorth

ma- ny good effects, good effects, of force muſt bring forth many good effects.

Pa- ri in- go dulcis trac- tus, pari ingo dulcis tractus,

dulcis trac- tus,pari in- go, dulcis trac- tus,dul- cis

trac- tus, dulcis tractus.

2 For vvhere chaſt loue and liking ſets the plant,
And concord vvaters vvith a firme good vvill,
Of no good thing there can be any vvant.
Pari ingo dulcis tractus.

3 Sound is the knot that chaſtitie hath tyde,
Sweet is the Muſicke vnitie doth make,
Sure is the ſtore that plentie doth prouide.
Pari ingo dulcis tractus.

4 VVher chaſtnes fayles, ther concord vvill decay,
VVher concord fleets, ther plentie vvill decreaſe,
VVher plenty vvants, ther loue vvill veare away
Pari ingo dulcis tractus.

5 I chaſtitie reſtraine all ſtrange deſires,
I concord keepe the courſe of ſound conſent,
I plentie ſpare, and ſpend as cauſe requires.
Pari ingo dulcis tractus.

6 Make much of vs all ye that married bee,
Speake vvell of vs all ye that minde to bee,
The tyme may come, to vvant and vvith all three
Pari ingo dulcis tractus.

FINIS.

¶ Heere endeth the Sonets and Paſtoralles,

and beginneth Songes of Sadnes and Pietie.

Roſtrate ô Lord I lie, Proſtrate O Lord I lie,

Proſtrate ô Lord I lie, behold mee Lord with pittie, with pittie, ſtop not thine

eares againſt my crie, againſt my crie, againſt my crie, my ſad and mourning

dittie, mourning dittie: Breath'd from an inward ſoule, from heart heartelie con- trite,

an offering ſweet, a ſa- crifice in thy high heauenlie ſight, :‖: in

thy high heauenlie ſight. :‖:

2 Obſerue not ſinnes O Lord,
for who may then abide it,
but let thy mercie cancell them,
thou haſt not man deni'd it,
man melting with remorſe and thoughts,
thought paſt repenting,
O lighten Lord O heare our ſongs,
our ſinnes full ſore lamenting.

3 The wonders of thy works,
aboue all reaſon reacheth,
and yet thy mercie aboue all
this, vs thy Spirit teacheth,
then let no ſinner fall,
in depth of foule diſpaire,
ſince neuer ſoule ſo foule there was,
but mercie made it faire.

FINIS.

L as a ſea, the world no other is, :||:

our ſelues are ſhippes ſtill toſſed, ſtill toſſed to & fro, & loe, each man, his loue to

that or this, his loue to that or this, is like a ſtorme, that driues, that driues the ſhip to

go, that thus our life in doubt of ſhipwrack ſtāds, of ſhipwrack ſtāds: our wills the

rockes, our want of ſkyll the ſands, the ſands, that thus our life in doubt of ſhipwrack

ſtands, of ſhipwrack ſtands: our wills the rockes, our wāt of skill the ſands.

8 Our paſſions be the Pirates ſtill that ſpoyle,
and ouerboard caſt's out our reaſons fraight:
the Marriners that day and night doe toyle,
be our conceits that doe on pleaſure vvaight:
pleaſure Maſter doth tirannize the ſhip,
and giueth vertue ſecretly the nip.

3 The Compaſſe is a minde to compas all,
both pleaſure, profit, place and fame for naught:
the vvinds that blovv, men ouer vveening call,
the Merchandiſe is vvit full deerely bought:
triall the'Anker, caſt vpon experience,
for labor, lyfe, and all a doe the recompence.

FINIS.

Vſan- na faire ſometime aſſaulted was, :||: ſome-

time aſſaulted was, by two olde men, deſiring their delight: whoſe falſe intent, they

thought to bring to paſſe, :||: if not by tender loue, tender loue, by

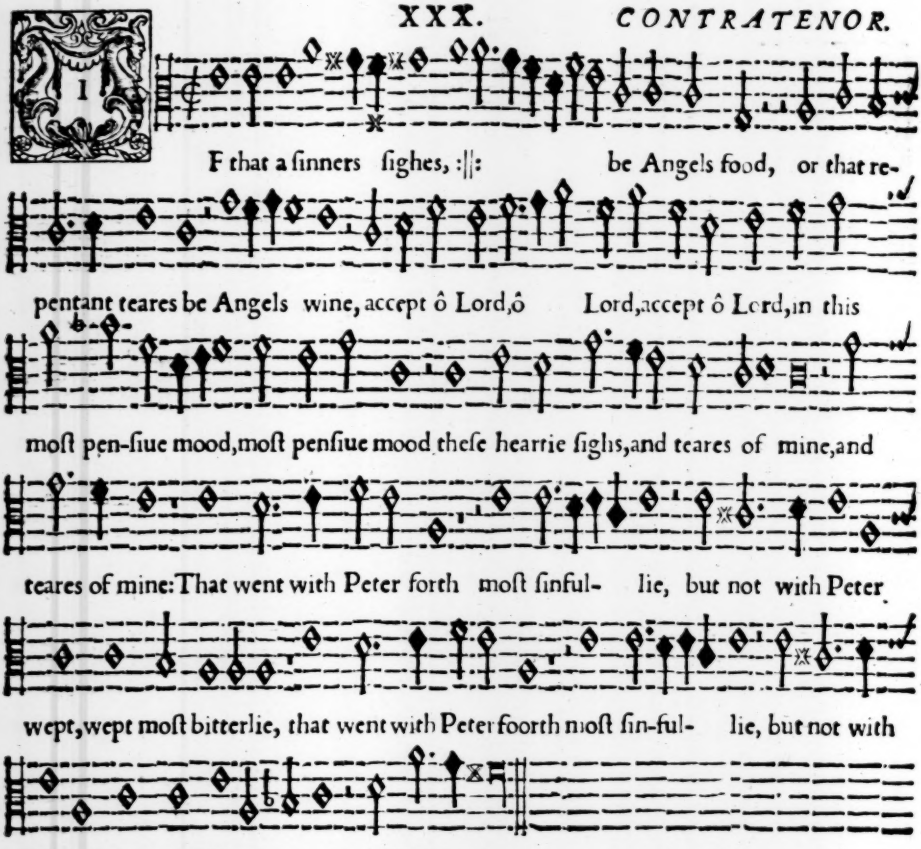
force and might: to whome ſhe ſaid, if I your ſute deny, you will me falſely accuſe,

accuſe & make me die, and make me die: to whom ſhe ſaid, if I your ſute deny,

you will mee falſelie accuſe, accuſe, and make mee die, and make mee die.

2 And if I graunt to that which you requeſt,
my chaſtitie ſhall then deſloured bee,
which is ſo deere to mee that I deteſt
my lyfe, if it bereſted bee from mee:
And rather would I dye of mine accord,
ten thouſand times, then once offend the Lord.

FINIS.



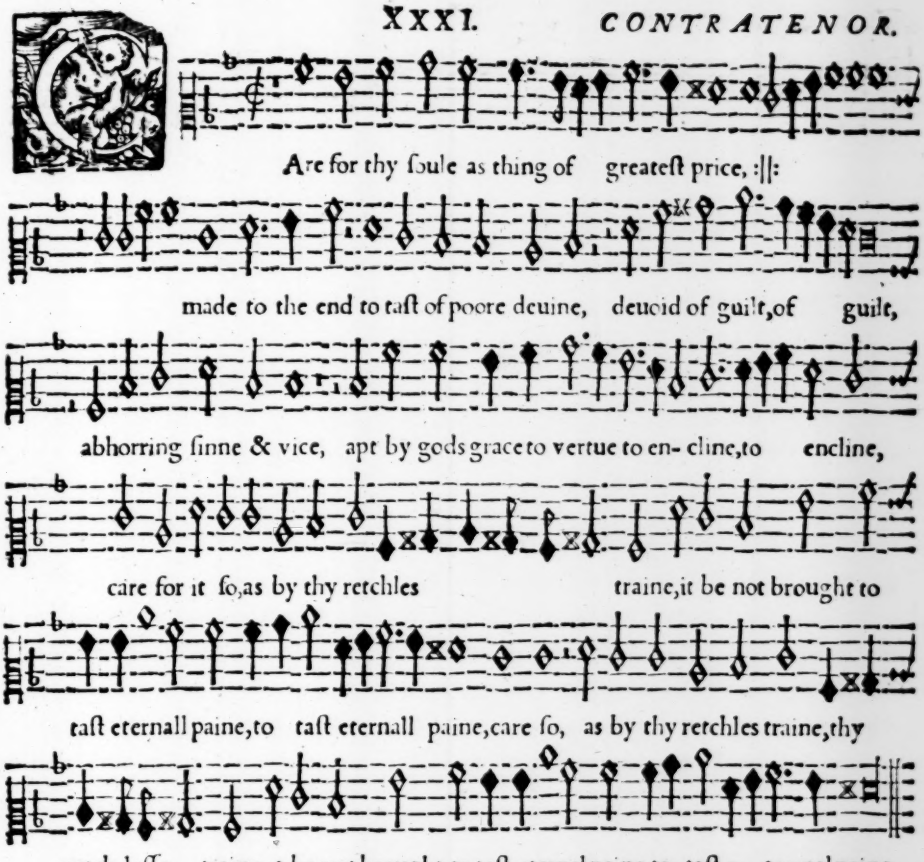
2 If I had Dauids crovvne to mee betide,
or all his purple robes that he did vveare,
I vvould lay then ſuch honor all aſide,
and onely ſeeke a ſackcloth vveede to beare:
his Pallace vvould I leaue that I might ſhovv,
and mourne in cell for ſuch offence,my woe.

3 Ther ſhould theſe hãds beate on my pẽſiue breſt,
and ſad to death,for ſorrovv rend my haire,
my voice to call on thee,ſhould neuer reſt,
vvhoſe grace I ſeeke,whoſe iudgement I do feare:
vpon the ground all groueling on my face,
I vvould beſeech thy ſauour and good grace.

4 But ſince I haue not meane to make the ſhow
of my repentant minde,and yet I ſee
my ſinne to greater heape then Peters grow,
vvhereby the danger more it is to mee,
I put my truſt in his moſt precious bloud,
vvhoſe life vvas ſhed to purchaſe all our good.

5 Thy mercie greater is then any ſinne,
thy greatneſſe none can euer comprehend:
vvherfore O Lord,let mee thy mercie winne,
vvhoſe glorious name no time can euer end:
vvherefore I ſay all praiſe belongs to thee,
vvhom I beſeech be mercifull to mee.

FINIS.



2 Care for thy corp ,but chiefly for ſoules ſake,
cut of exceſſe, ſuſteyning food is beſt,
to vanquiſh pride, but comelie clothing take,
ſeeke after ſkill, deepe ignorance deteſt:
Care ſo I ſay, the fleſh to feede and cloth,
that thou harme not thy ſoule and bodie both.

3 Care for the world to do thy bodie right,
racke not thy vvit to winne thy wicked waies,
ſeeke not t'oppreſſe the weak by wrongful might,
to pay thy dew do baniſh all delayes:
Care to diſpend according to thy ſtore,
and in like ſort be mindefull of the poore.

4 Care for thy ſoule, as for thy chiefeſt ſtay,
care for thy bodie for thy ſoules auaile,
care for the world for bodies helpe alway,
care yet but ſo as vertue may preuaile,
care in ſuch ſort that thou be ſure of this,
care keepe thee not frō heauen & heauenly bliſſe.

FINIS.

Vlla, lullaby, lulla- by, lulla-by, Lulla lulla lullaby, my ſweet

lit-tle, baby, ba- by, my ſweete lit- tle baby, by- by: what meaneſt thou to cry,

Lulla, lulla-by, la lulla lulla- by, la lulla lulla-by, la lulla, lulla, lulla- by, la lulla,

lul- la-by, la lulla-by, la lul-la, lullaby, my ſweet little ba- by, ſweet ba- by.

The ſecond part.

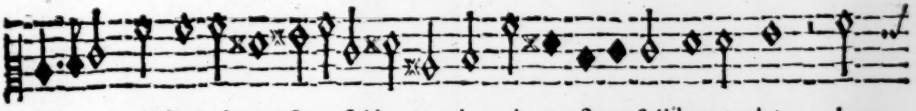
BE ſtil my bleſſed babe, my bleſſed babe, though cauſe

thou haſt to mourne: to mourne: whoſe bloud moſt innocent to ſhed the cruel king

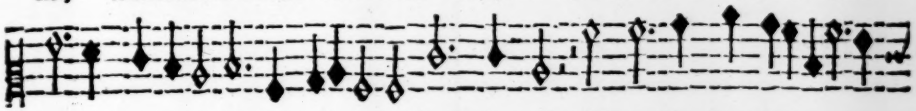
hath ſworne, :||: & lo, a- las, behold, be- hold, what ſlaughter he doth

make, ſhedding the bloud of infants all, ſweet ſaui- our for thy

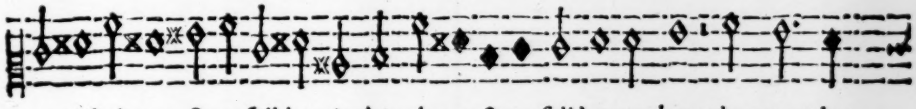
ſake, for thy ſake. A King is borne, they ſay: which king this king would



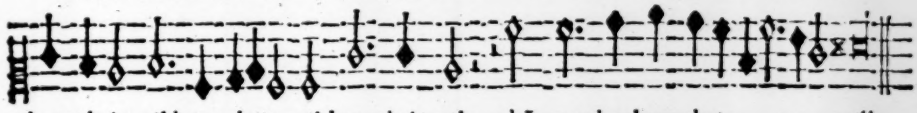
kil, would kil: oh woe, & woful heauie daie, oh woe, & wofull heauie daie, when



wretches haue their wil, haue their wil, haue their wil, whē wretches haue their



wil, oh woe, & wofull heauie daie, oh woe, & wofull heauie day, when wretches



haue their wil, haue their wil, haue their wil, whē wretches haue their will.

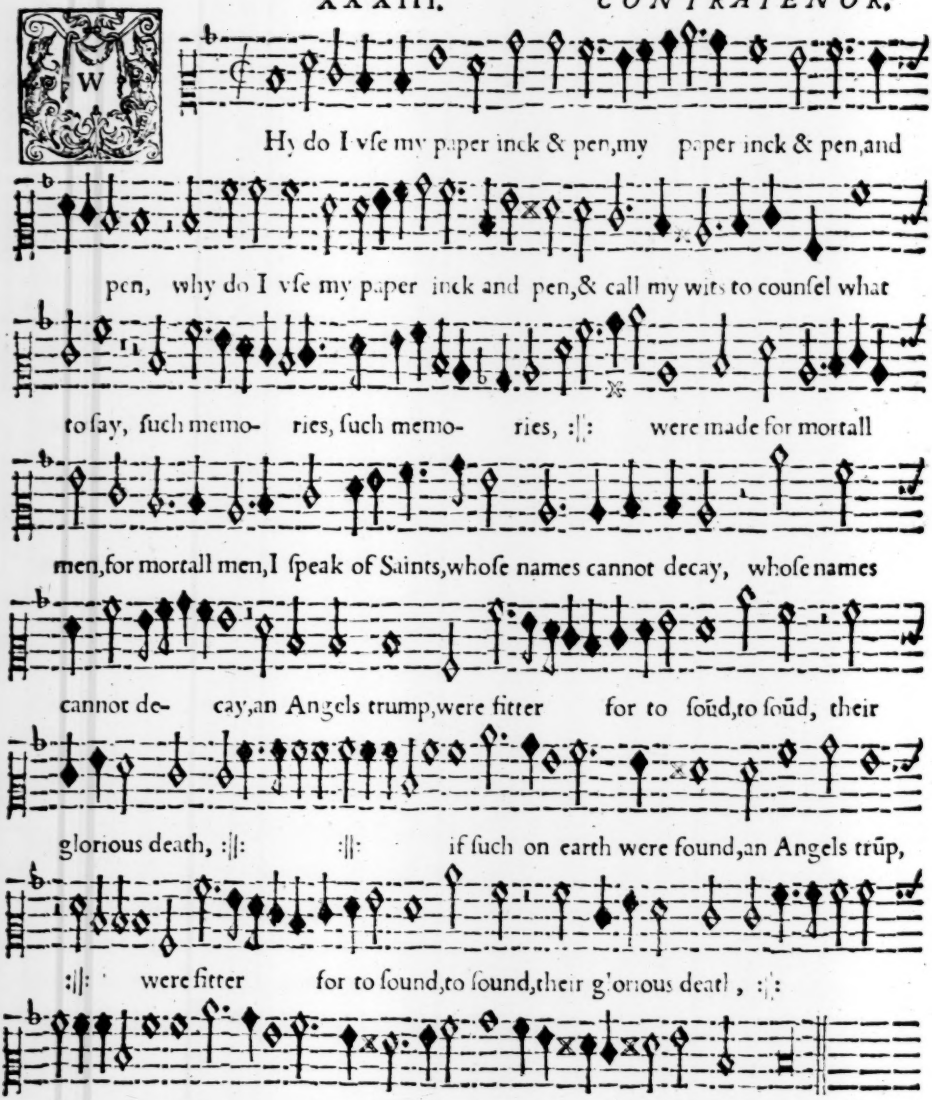
Lulla la lulla, lulla lullaby,
My ſweet little Baby, what meaneſt thou to cry:

2 Three kings this king of kings to ſee, are come from farre,
To each vnknowen, with offerings great, by guiding of a Starre:
And ſhepherds heard the ſong, which Angells bright did ſing,
Giuing all glory vnto God, for comming of this king:
Which muſt be made away, king Herod would him kill,
Oh woe and wofull heauie day, when wretches haue their will.
Lulla la lulla, lulla lullaby, my ſweet &c.

3 Lo, lo my little Babe, be ſtill, lament no more,
From fury ſhalt thou ſtep aſide, help haue wee ſtill in ſtore:
Wee heauenly warning haue, ſome other ſoyle to ſeeke,
From death muſt flie the Lord of lyfe, as Lamb both myld and meeke:
Thus muſt my Babe obey the king that would him kill,
Oh wo, and wofull heauy day, when wretches haue their will.
Lulla la lulla, lulla lullaby my ſweet &c.

4 But thou ſhalt liue and raigne, as *Sibilles* haue foreſaide,
As all the Prophets Propheſie, whoſe mother yet a maide,
And perfect virgin pure, with hir breſts ſhall vpbreed,
Both God and man that all hath made, the Sunne of heauenly ſeed:
Whom caytiues none can tray, whom tirants none can kill,
Oh ioy, and ioyfull happy day, when wretches want their will.

FINIS.



1 That ſtoare of ſuch were once on earth purſu'd,
the hiſtories of auncient times record,
whoſe conſtancie great tirants rage ſubdu'd,
through patiēt death profeſſing Chriſt their Lord,
as his Apoſtles perfect witneſſe bare.
with many more that bleſſed Martirs were.

2 VVhoſe patiēce rare & moſt couragious minde,
with fame renoum'd perpetuall ſhall endure,
by whoſe examples we may rightlie find,
of holie life and death a patterne pure:
that we therefore their vertues may embrace,
pray we to Chriſt to guide vs with his grace.

FINIS.

¶ *The funerall Songs of that honorable Gent. Syr Phillip Sidney, Knight.*

Come to mee grief for e- uer, :‖: Come to

mee teares, day and night, Come to mee plaint, ah helples, ah helples, iuſt griefe,

heart teares, plaint wor- thie, iuſt griefe, heart teares, plaint wor- thie, plaint

worthie, iuſt griefe, heart teares, plaint worthie.

2 Go fro mee dread to die now,
Go fro mee care to liue more,
Go fro mee ioyes all on earth,
Sidney, *O Sidney* is Dead.

3 He whome the Court adorned,
He whome the country courtis'd,
He who made happie his friends,
He that did good to all men.

4 *Sidney* the hope of land ſtrange,
Sidney the floure of England,
Sidney the ſpirit heroic,
Sidney is dead, O dead, dead,

5 Dead? no, no, but renomed,
With the anointed oned,
Honor on earth at his feete,
Bliſſe euerlaſting his ſeate.
Come to mee griefe, &c.

That, O that moſt rare breſt, moſt rare breſt, O that moſt

rare breſt, O that moſt rare breſt, chriſtalline ſin- cere, through which like

gold, thy princely hart did ſhine, thy princely &c. O ſprite heroic, he- roic,

O vali-ant worthie knight, worthie knight, O Sidney, prince of fame, &

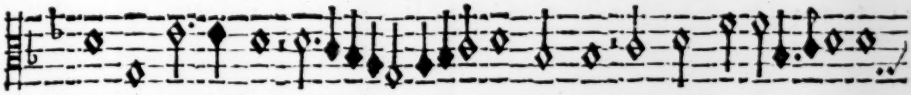
mens good will, & mens good wil, :|: O Sidney, O Sidney, prince of fame &

mens good will, & mens good will. :|: For thee, for thee, both kings

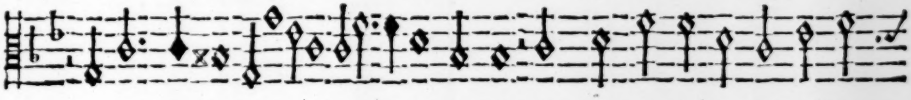
& princeſſes do mourne, for thee, both kings & princeſſes do mourne, & prin-

ceſſes, do mourn, thy noble Tombe, three Cities ſtrange deſired, three Cities

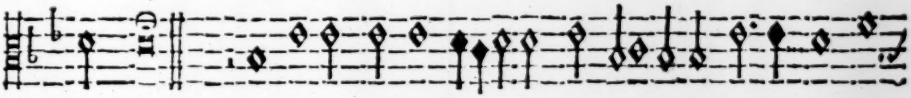
ſtrange deſired, foes to the cauſe, to the cauſe, thy prowes did defend, did de-



fend,bewaile the day,the day,be- waile the day,that croſt thy famous race,



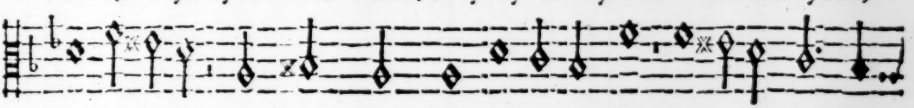
bewaile the day, :‖: :‖: the day,that croſt thy famous race,thy fa-



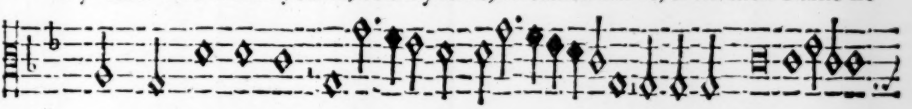
mous race. The dolfull debt due to thy hearſe I pay,the dolfull debt due

to thy hearſe I pay,teares from the ſoule that aye thy want ſhall moane,ſhall

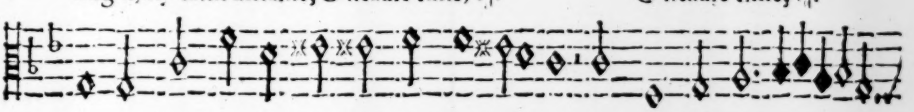
moan,that aye thy want ſhall moane, & by my will my life it ſelfe would yeeld,



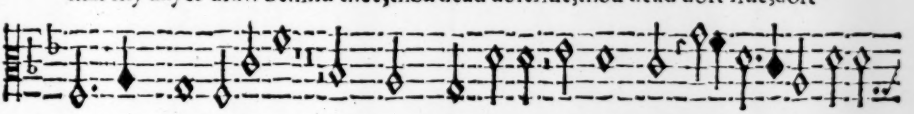
my life it ſelfe would yeelde,would yeelde,if heathen blame, if heathen blame ne



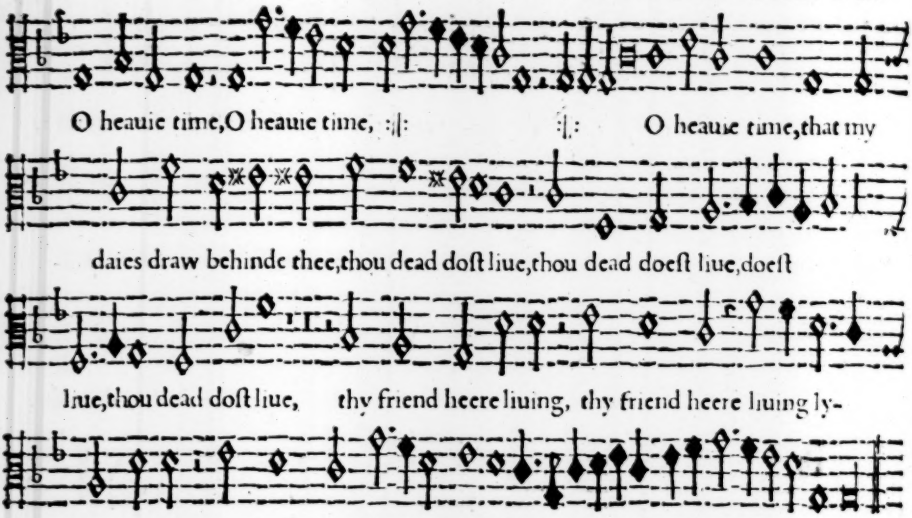
might,my faith diſtaine, O heauie time, :‖: O heauie time, :‖:



that my dayes draw behind thee,thou dead doſt liue,thou dead doſt liue,doſt



liue,thou dead doſt liue, thy friend here liuing,thy friend here liuing,liuing dieth,



¶ *The Table for the Pſalmes,and the reſt of the ſongs,*

O God giue eare and do apply. I
Myne eyes with feruencie of ſpirit. II
My ſoule oppreſt with care & griefe. III
How ſhall a young man prone to ill. IIII
O Lord how long wilt thou forget. V
O Lord who in thy ſacred tent. VI
Help Lord for waſted are thoſe men. VII
Bleſſed is he that feares the Lord. VIII
Lord in thy wrath. IX
Euen from the depth. X

¶ *The Sonets and Paſtoralles.*

I ioy not in no earthly bliſſe. XI
Though *Amarillis* daunce in greene. XII
Who likes to loue let him take heede. XIII
My minde to me a kingdome is. XIIII
Where fancie fond for pleaſure pleads. XV
O you that heare this voyce. XVI
If woemen could be faire. XVII
Ambitious loue. XVIII
What pleaſure haue great Princes. XIX
As I beheld I ſaw a heardman wilde. XX
Although the heathen poets. XXI
In fields abroade. XXII
Conſtant *Penelope*. XXIII
La virginella. XXIIII
Farewell falce loue. XXV
The match that's made. XXVI

¶ *Songs of ſadneſſe and pietie.*

Proſtrate ô Lord. XXVII
All as a Sea,the world no other is. XXVIII
Suſanna faire. XXIX
If that a ſinners ſighes. XXX
Care for thy ſoule. XXXI
Lulla,Lullaby. XXXII
Why doe I vſe. XXXIII

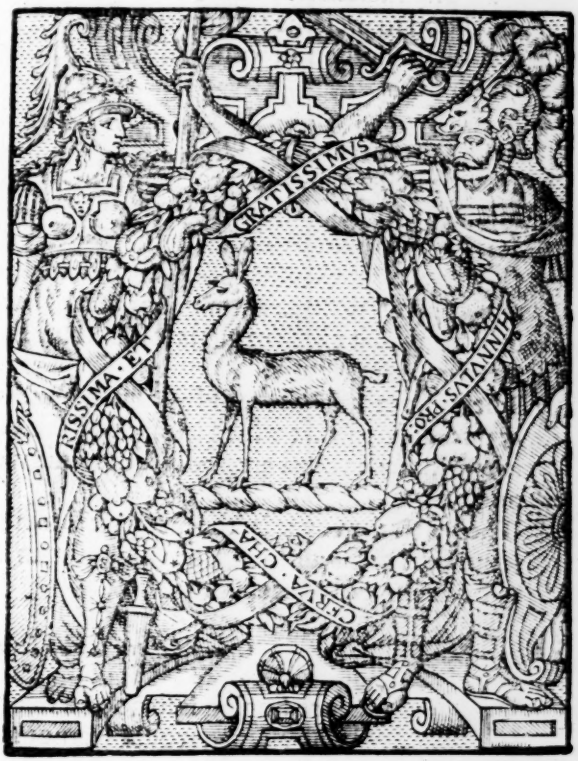
¶ *The funerall ſongs of that honorable Gent. Sir Phillip Sidney Knight.*

Come to me griefe for euer. XXXIIII
O that moſt rare breſt. XXXV

FINIS.

BASSVS.

Pſalmes, Sonets, & ſongs of ſadnes and pietie, made into Muſicke of fiue parts: whereof, ſome of them going abroad among diuers, in vntrue coppies, are heere truely corrected, and th other being Songs very rare & newly compoſed, are heere publiſhed, for the recreation of all ſuch as delight in Muſick: By *William Byrd*, one of the Gent. of the Queenes Maieſties honorable Chappell.



Printed by Thomas Eaſt, the aſsigne of W. Byrd, and are to be ſold at the dwelling houſe of the ſaid T. Eaſt, by Paules wharfe. 1588.
Cum priuilegio Regiæ Maieſtatis.

¶Reaſons briefely ſet downe by th'auctor, to perſwade euery one to learne to ſing.

FIrſt, it is a knowledge eaſely taught, and quickly learned, wher ther is a good Maſter, & an apt Scoler.

2 The exerciſe of ſinging is delightful to Nature, and good to preſerue the health of man.

3 It doth ſtrengthen all parts of the breſt, & doth open the pipes.

4 It is a ſinguler good remedie for a ſtutting & ſtamaring in the ſpeech.

5 It is the beſt meanes to procure a perfect pronunciation, and to make a good Orator.

6 It is the onely way to know where Nature hath beſtowed the benefit of a good voyce: which gift is ſo rare, as ther is not one among a thouſand that hath it: & in many that excelent gift is loſt, becauſe they want art to expreſſe Nature.

7 Ther is not any Muſicke of Inſtruments whatſoeuer, comparable to that which is made of the voyces of men, wher the voices are good, & the ſame wel ſorted and ordered.

8 The better the voyce is, the meeter it is to honour & ſerue God there-with: and the voice of man is chiefly to be imployed to that end.

Omnis ſpiritus laudet Dominum.

Since ſinging is ſo good a thing,
I wiſh all men would learne to ſing.

¶TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE Sir Chriſtopher Hatton knight, Lord Chancellor of England, William Byrd wiſheth long life, and the ſame to be moſt healthie and happie.

THE often deſires of many my good friends, Right honorable, and the conſideration of many vntrue incorrected coppies of diuers my ſonges ſpred abroade, haue beene the two cauſes, chiefly mouing my conſent at length to put in Print the fruits of my ſmall ſkill and labors in Muſicke. Then the dutie, honor, and ſeruice due from me vnto your Lordſhip, together with the remembrance of your iudgement and loue of that Art, did moue and imbolden me to preſent this firſt printed worke of mine in Engliſh, to paſſe vnder your L. fauour & protectiõ: vnworthie I cõfeſſe, the veiw or Patronage of ſo worthie a Perſonage. Yet remembring that ſmall things ſometime do great ſeruice, and that repoſe is beſt taſted by bodies forewearied: I hoped that (by this occaſion) theſe poore ſongs of mine might happely yeeld ſome ſweetneſſe, repoſe, and recreation vnto your Lordſhips minde, after your dayly paynes & cares taken in the high affaires of the Common wealth. Moſt humbly beſeeching your Lordſhip, that if my boldneſſe heerein be faultie, my dutifull good will, and good meaning may excuſe it: which if I may ſo fortunately perceiue, it ſhall incourage mee to ſuffer ſome other things of more depth and ſkill to follow theſe, which being not yet finiſhed, are of diuers expected and deſired. Inceſſantlie beſeeching our Lord to make your yeeres happie, and ende bleſſed, I wiſh there were any thing in me worthie of your Lordſhip to be commaunded.

Moſt humbly your L. euer to commaund

William Byrd.

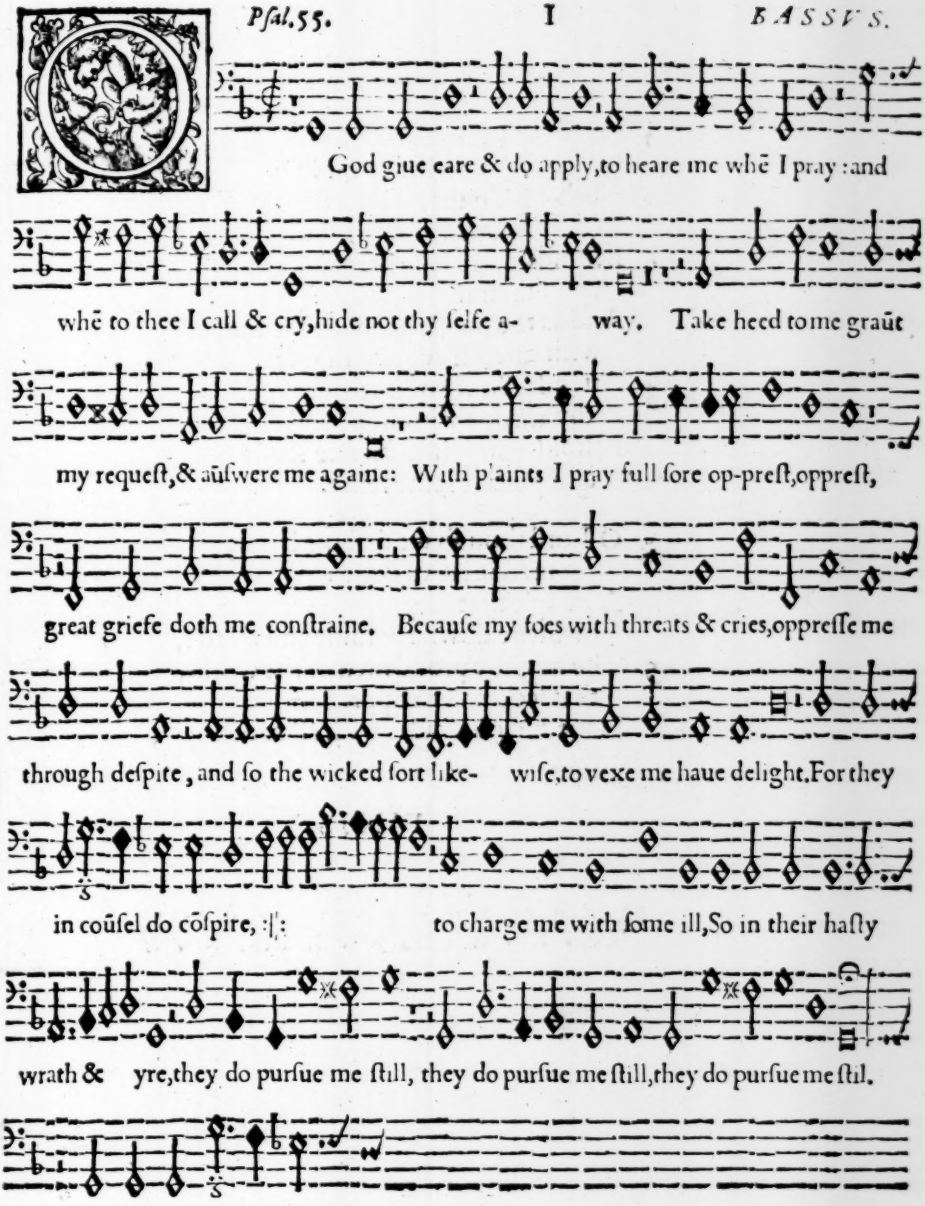
¶ *The Epiſtle to the Reader.*

BEnigne Reader, heere is offered vnto thy courteous acceptation, Muſicke of ſundry ſorts, and to content diuers humors. If thou be diſpoſed to pray, heere are Pſalms. If to be merry, heere are Sonets. If to lament for thy ſinnes, heere are ſongs of ſadneſſe & pietie. If thou delight in Muſicke of great compaſſe, heere are diuers ſongs, which being originally made for inſtruments to expreſſe the harmony, & one voyce to pronoũce the dittie, are now framed in all parts for voyces to ſing the ſame. If thou deſire ſongs of ſmall compaſſe and fit for the reach of moſt voyces, heere are moſt in number of that ſort. Whatſoeuer pains I haue taken heerein, I ſhal think to be wel imploied, if the ſame be well accepted, Muſicke therby the better loued, and the more exerciſed. In the expreſſing of theſe ſongs, either by voyces or inſtruments, if there happen to be any iarre or diſſonance, blame not the Printer, who (I doe aſſure thee) through his great paines & diligence, doth heere deliuer to thee a perfect & true coppie. If in the compoſition of theſe ſongs, there be any fault by me committed, I deſire the skilful, either with courteſie to let the ſame be concealed, or in friendly ſort to be thereof admoniſhed: & at the next impreſſion he ſhall finde the error reformed: remembring alwaies, that it is more eaſie to finde a fault then to amend it. If thou finde any thing heere worthy of lykeing and commendation, giue prayſe vnto God, from whom (as from a moſt pure and plentifull fountaine) all good gifts of Science doe flow: whoſe name be glorified for euer.

The moſt aſſured friend to all
thoſe loue or learne Muſicke:
William Byrd.

¶ The names and number of thoſe ſongs which are of the higheſt compaſſe.

MY ſoule oppreſt with care and griefe.	III	Lord in thy wrath.	IX
How ſhall a yong man prone to ill.	IIII	La virginella.	XXIIII
O Lord how long wilt thou forget.	V	If that a ſinners ſighes.	XXX
O Lord who in thy ſacred tent.	VI	Care for thy ſoule.	XXXI
Help Lord for waſted are all thoſe.	VII	Lullaby.	XXXII
Bleſſed is he that feares the Lord.	VIII	Why doe I vſe.	XXXIII


God giue eare & do apply,to heare me whē I pray: and
whē to thee I call & cry,hide not thy ſelfe a- way. Take heed to me graūt
my requeſt,& aūſwere me againe: With p'aints I pray full ſore op-preſt,oppreſt,
great griefe doth me conſtraine. Becauſe my foes with threats & cries,oppreſſe me
through deſpite, and ſo the wicked ſort like- wiſe,to vexe me haue delight.For they
in coūſel do cōſpire, :|: to charge me with ſome ill,So in their haſty
wrath & yre,they do purſue me ſtill, they do purſue me ſtill,they do purſue me ſtil.
For they in counſel do: &c.

1 Ine eyes with feruencie of ſprite,
I do lift vp on hie:
To thee ô lord that dwell'ſt in light,
which no man may come nie.

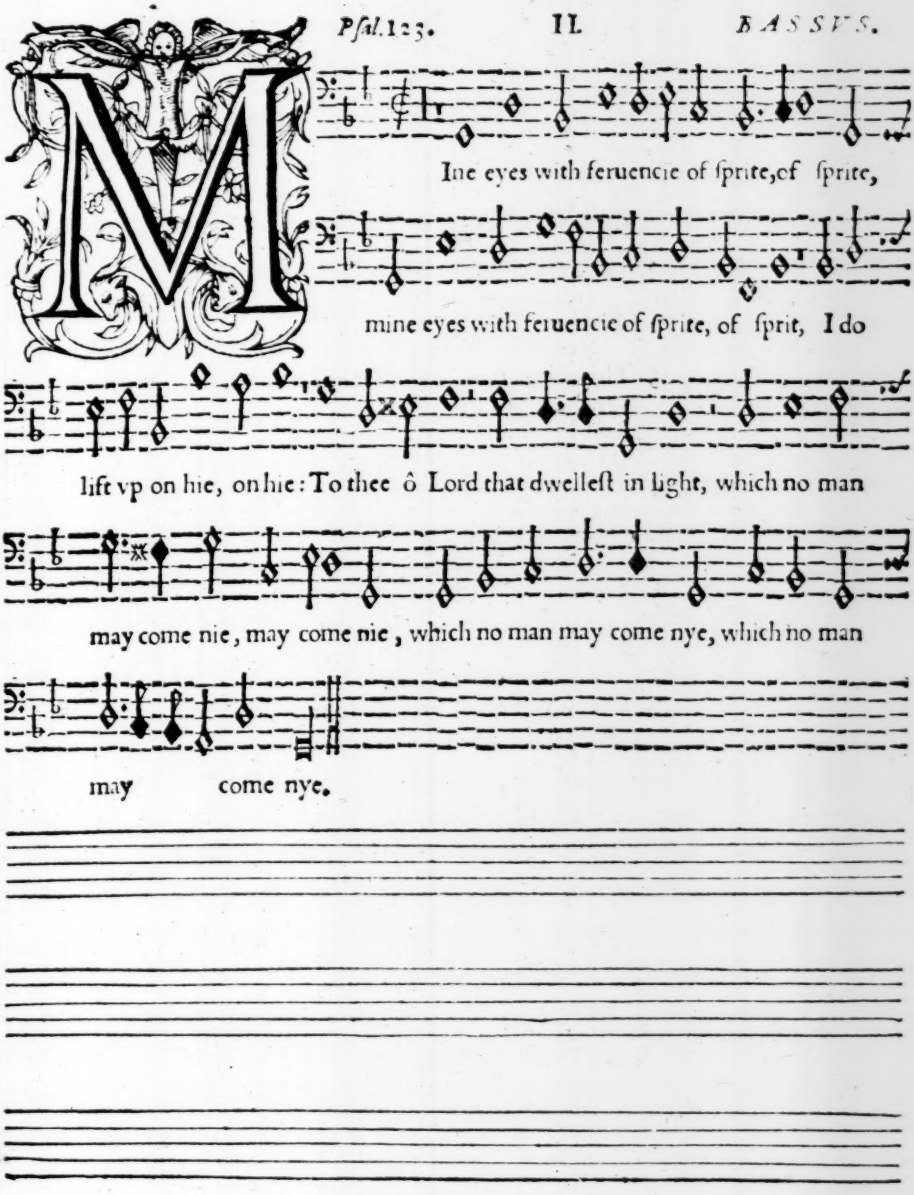
2 Behold euen as the ſeruants eies,
vpon their maſter waite:
And as the maide her miſtriſt hand,
with carefull eye and ſtrayte

3 Attends: So we ô Lord our God,
thy throne with hope and griefe
Behold, vntill thou mercie ſend,
and giue vs ſome relife.

4 O Lord though we deſerue it not,
yet mercie let vs finde:
A people that deſpiſed are,
throwne downe in ſoule and minde,

5 The mightie proud men of the world,
that ſeekes vs to oppreſſe:
Haue fild our ſoules with all contempts,
and left vs in diſtreſſe.

FINIS.


Ine eyes with feruencie of ſprite, of ſprite,
mine eyes with feruencie of ſprite, of ſprit, I do
lift vp on hie, on hie: To thee ô Lord that dwelleſt in light, which no man
may come nie, may come nie, which no man may come nye, which no man
may come nye.

1 Y ſoule oppreſt with care and griefe,
doth cleaue vnto the duſt:
O quicken me after thy woord,
for therein doe I truſt.

2 My waies vnto thee haue I ſhew'd,
thou aunſwereſt me againe:
Teach me thy law and ſo I ſhall,
be eaſed of my paine.

3 The way of thy commaund'ments Lord,
make me to vnderſtand:
And I will muſe vppon the power,
and wonders of thy hand.

4 My heart doth melt and pyne away,
for very payne and griefe:
O,raiſe me vp,after thy word,
and ſend mee ſome reliefe.

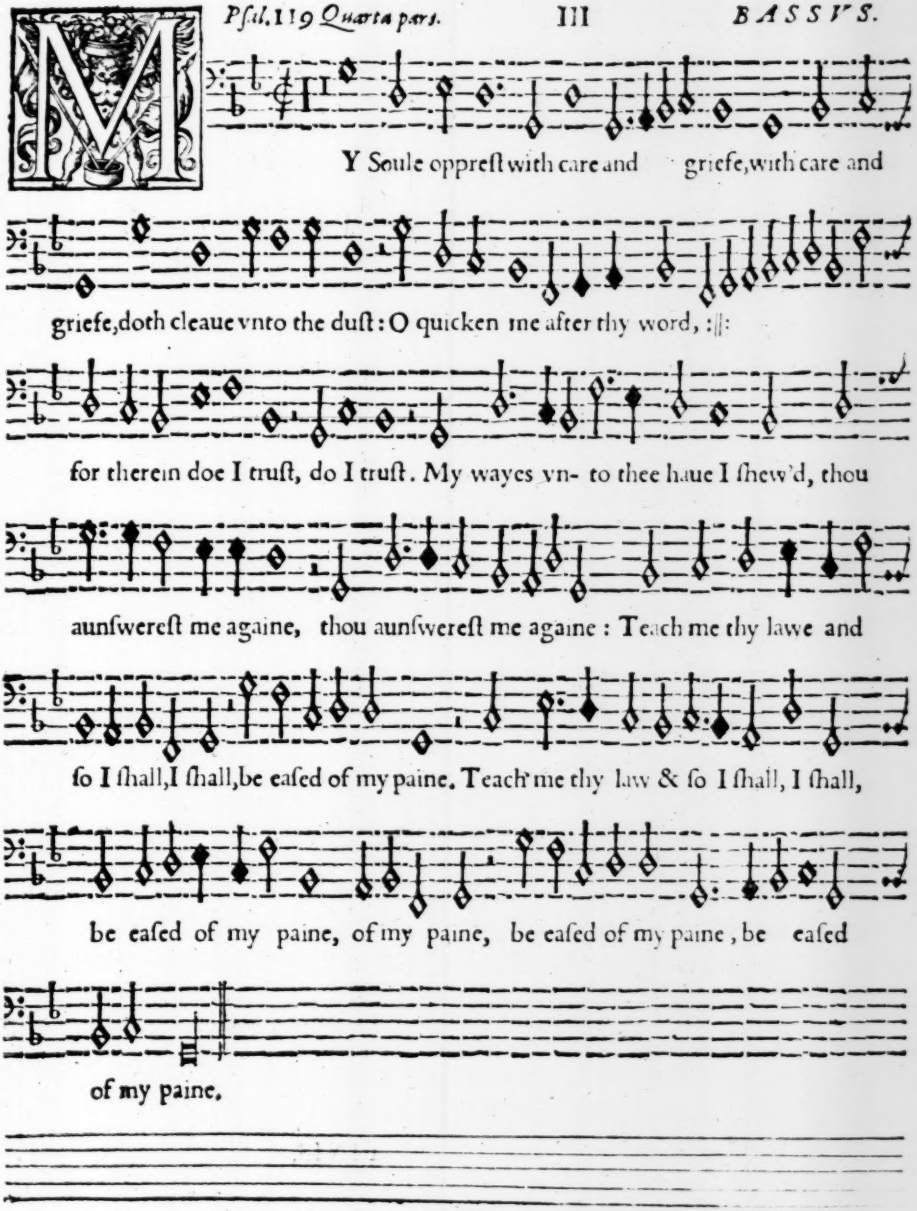
5 All falſhood,and falſe waies O Lord,
doe thou from me remoue:
And graunt me grace,to know thy law,
and onely that to loue.

6 The way of truth I chooſe to tread,
to keepe my life in awe:
And ſet before me as a marke,
thy ſacred woord and law.

7 I cleaue,O Lord,vnto all things,
witneſſed by thy ſpeech:
Whereof that I repent me not,
I humbly thee beſeech.

8 When that my heart thou ſhalt enlarge,
to ſeeke and runne the waies:
Of thy precepts,I will not fayle,
the length of all my dayes.

FINIS.


MY Soule oppreſt with care and griefe, with care and
griefe, doth cleaue vnto the duſt: O quicken me after thy word, :‖:
for therein doe I truſt, do I truſt. My wayes vn- to thee haue I ſhew'd, thou
aunſwereſt me againe, thou aunſwereſt me againe: Teach me thy lawe and
ſo I ſhall, I ſhall, be eaſed of my paine. Teach me thy law & ſo I ſhall, I ſhall,
be eaſed of my paine, of my paine, be eaſed of my paine, be eaſed
of my paine.

1 HOw ſhall a young man prone to ill,
clenſe his vnbridled heart?
If that thy law, ô Lord he doe,
all frailtie ſet apart.
Embrace with ſetled minde, and learne
thy word with care to keepe:
And ſearch to finde with humble ſprite,
thy iudgements that are deepe.

2 With my whole heart, I haue thee ſought,
and ſearched out thy way:
O ſuffer not that from thy word
I ſwarue or goe aſtraie.

3 Thy word ô Lord, within my heart,
leaſt I ſhould thee offend:
I haue laide vp as treaſure great,
for that ſhall mee defend.

4 The Lord is bleſt, he ſhall me teach,
the iudgements of his mouth,
Thereby to rule and dreſſe the waies,
of mine vntamed youth.

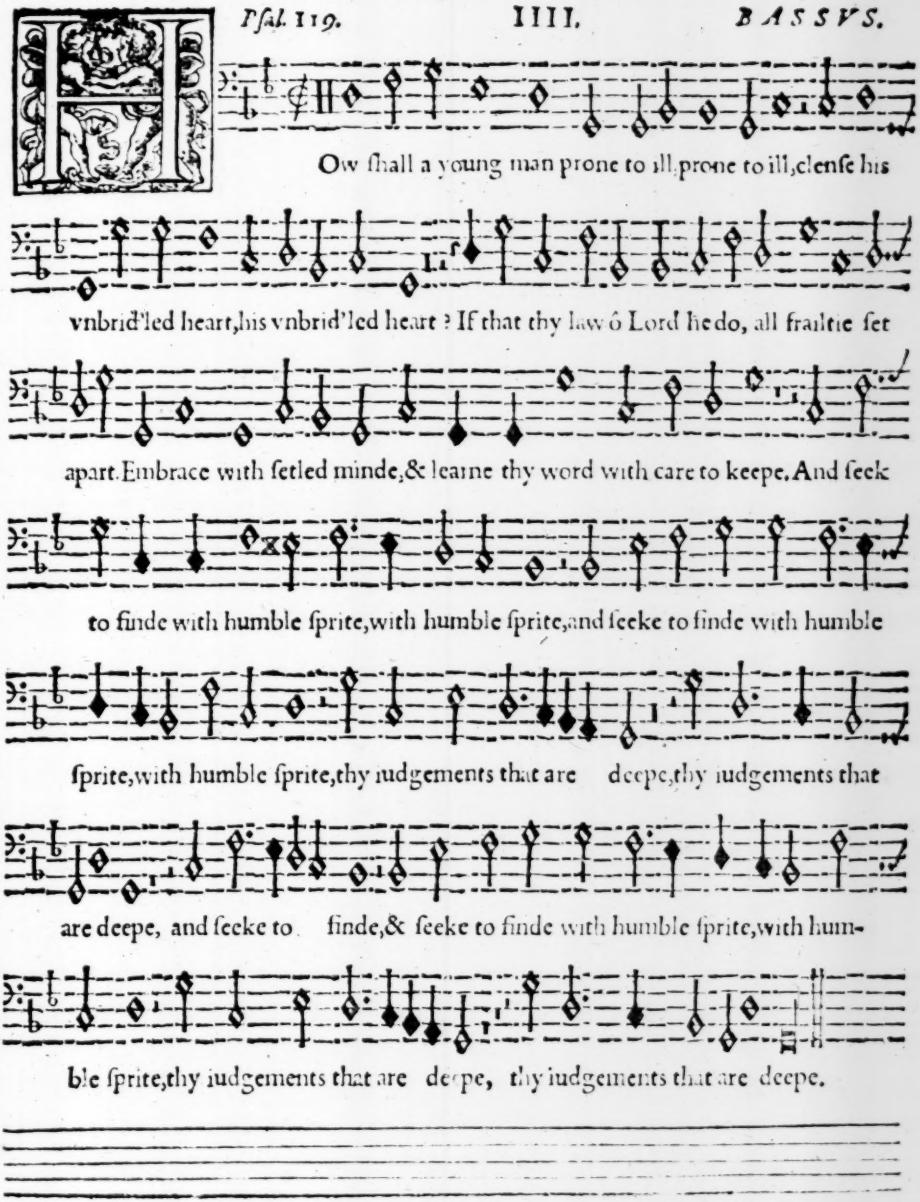
5 Thy lawes therefore, in open place,
my lippes ſhall euer ſound:
And neuer fayle to ſhew foorth that,
to which thou haſt me bound.

6 For in the way of thy precepts,
I ſet my whole delight:
No wealth, no treaſure of the world,
ſo precious in my ſight.

7 What thou commaund'ſt I will thinke on,
with diligent reſpect:
And to thy lawes haue due regard,
for they ſhall me protect.

8 In thy precepts, ô Lord, my ſoule
her whole delight hath ſet:
Thy words therefore more pure then gold,
I neuer will forget.

FINIS.


How ſhall a young man prone to ill,prone to ill,cleanſe his
vnbrid'led heart,his vnbrid'led heart ? If that thy law ô Lord he do, all frailtie ſet
apart.Embrace with ſetled minde,& learne thy word with care to keepe.And ſeek
to finde with humble ſprite,with humble ſprite,and ſeeke to finde with humble
ſprite,with humble ſprite,thy iudgements that are deepe,thy iudgements that
are deepe, and ſeeke to finde,& ſeeke to finde with humble ſprite,with hum-
ble ſprite,thy iudgements that are deepe, thy iudgements that are deepe.

1 Lord, how long wilt thou forget,
to ſend mee ſome relife?
For euer wilt thou hide thy face,
and ſo increaſe my griefe?

2 How long ſhall I with vexed heart,
ſeeke counſell in my ſpirit?
How long ſhall my malicious foes,
triumph and me deſpit?

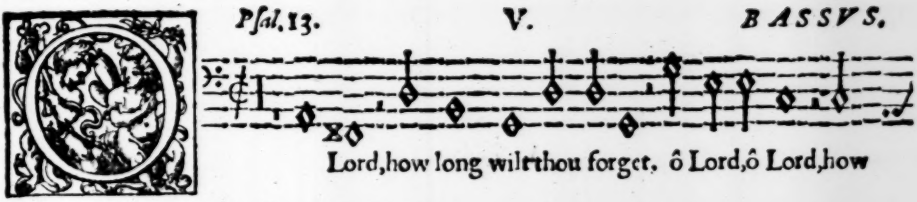
3 O Lord my God, heare my complaint,
vttered with wofull breath:
Lighten mine eyes, defend my life,
that I ſleepe not in death.

4 Leaſt that mine enemie ſay I haue,
againſt him loe preuayl'd:
At my downe fall they will reioyce,
that thus haue me aſſayl'd.

5 But in thy mercie Lord I truſt,
for that ſhall mee defend:
My heart doth ioye, to ſee the help,
which thou to mee wilt ſend.

6 Vnto the Lord therefore I ſing,
and doe lift vp my voyce:
And for his goodneſſe ſhew'd to mee,
I will alwaie reioyce.

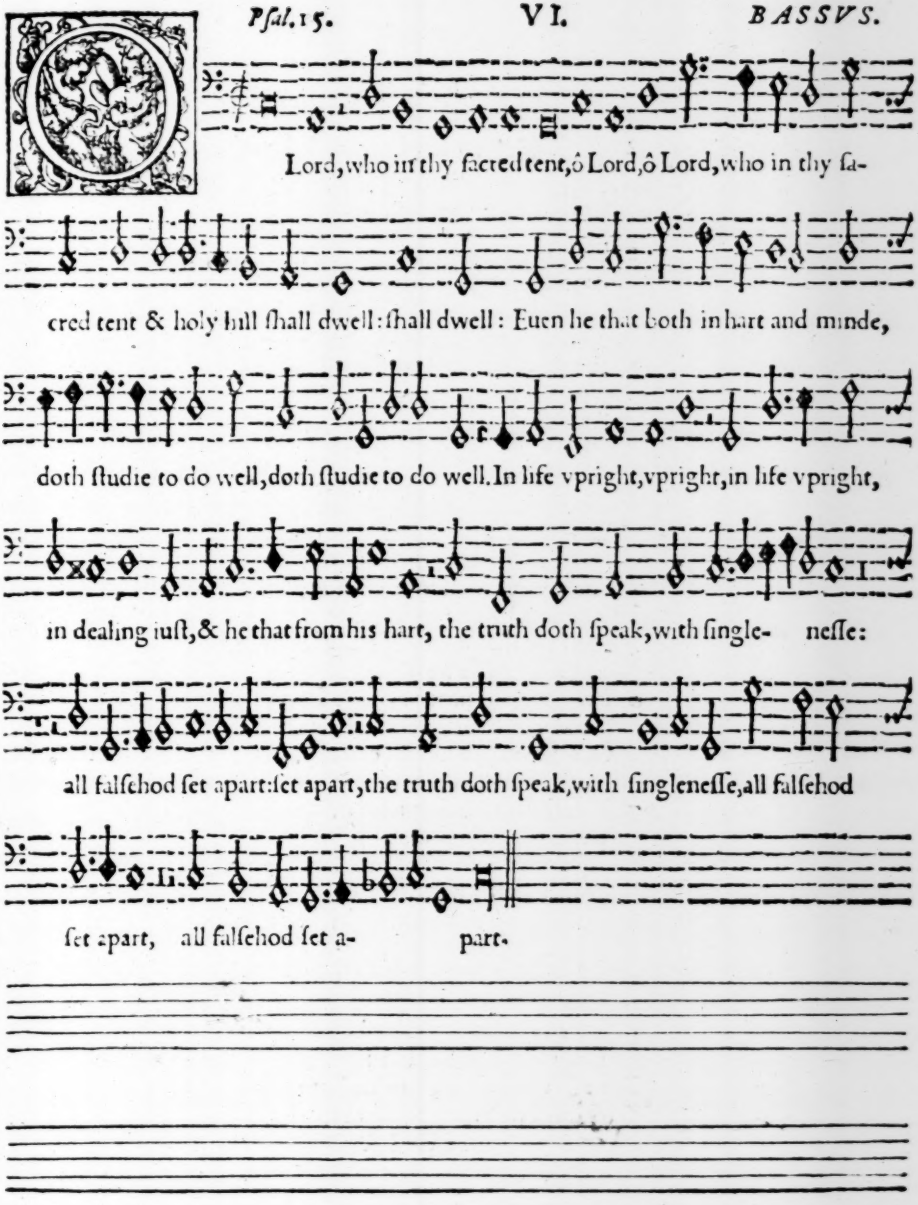
FINIS.


O Lord,how long wilt thou forget. ô Lord,ô Lord,how
long wilt thou forget, to ſend me ſome reliefe? For euer wilt thou hide thy face,
and ſo increaſe my griefe? How long ſhall I with vexed heart,with vexed heart,ſeeke
councell in my ſprite? How long ſhall my malici- ous foes triumph & me deſpite?
How long ſhall my malici-ous foes, triumph & me deſpite?
triumph and me deſpite? and me deſpite?

¶ *Pſalme.* 15.

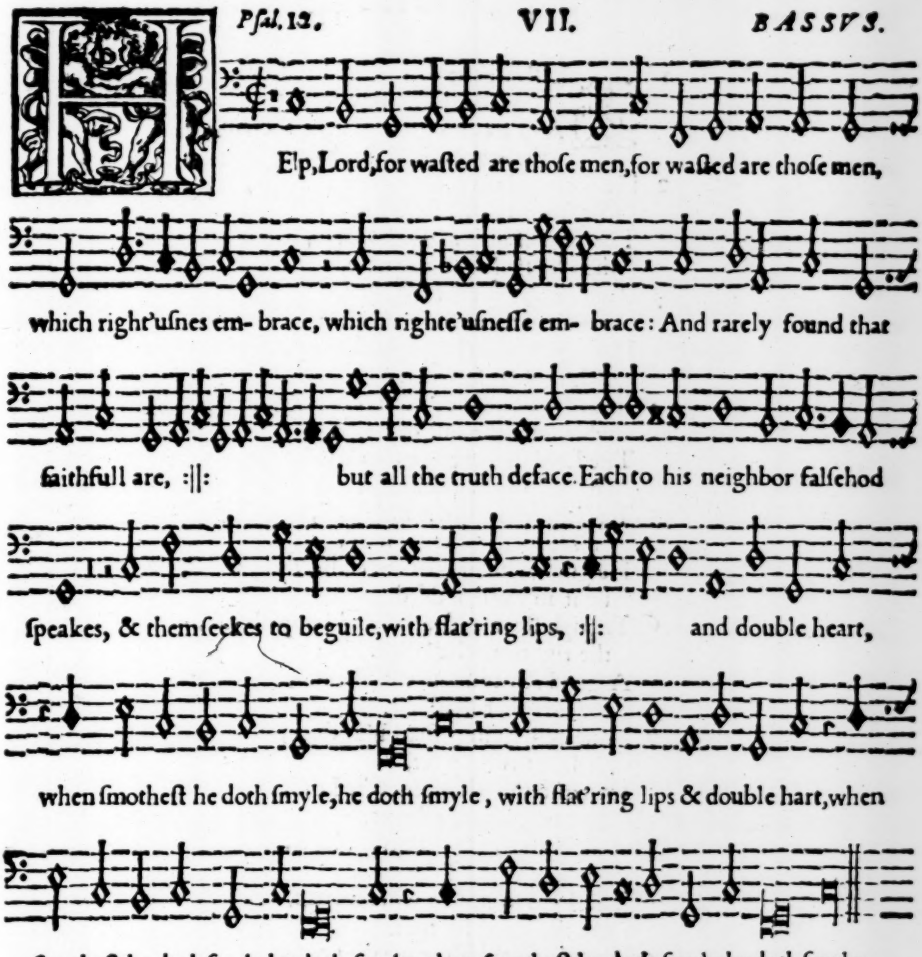
1 O Lord who in thy ſacred tent,
and holy hill ſhall dwell:
Euen he that both in heart & minde,
doth ſtudie to do well.
2 In life vpright, in dealing iuſt,
and he that from his heart
The truth doth ſpeake with ſinglenes,
all falſhood ſet apart.
3 With tongue beſides that hurts no man,
by falſe and ill report:
Nor friend nor neighbour harme will doe,
where euer he reſort.
4 That hates the bad, and loues the good,
and faith that neuer breakes:
But keepes alwaies though to his loſſe,
the word that once he ſpeakes.
5 Nor filthie gaine by loue that ſeekes,
nor wealth ſo to poſſeſſe:
Nor that for bribes, the guiltles ſoule,
doth labour to oppreſſe.
6 Like as a mount ſo ſhall he ſtand,
nothing ſhall him remoue:
That thus ſhall do, the Lord hath ſaid,
no man can it diſproue.

FINIS.


Lord, who in thy ſacred tent, ô Lord, ô Lord, who in thy ſa-
cred tent & holy hill ſhall dwell: ſhall dwell: Euen he that both in hart and minde,
doth ſtudie to do well, doth ſtudie to do well. In life vpright, vpright, in life vpright,
in dealing iuſt, & he that from his hart, the truth doth ſpeak, with ſingle- neſſe:
all falſehod ſet apart: ſet apart, the truth doth ſpeak, with ſingleneſſe, all falſehod
ſet apart, all falſehod ſet a- part.

1 HElp Lord for waſted are thoſe men,
which right'uſneſſe embrace:
And rarely found that faithfull are,
but all the truth deface.
2 Each to his neighbour falſhood ſpeakes,
and them ſeekes to beguile:
With flattering lips and double heart,
when ſmotheſt he doth ſmile.
3 All flattering lips, the Lord our God,
in iuſtice will confound:
And all proud tongues, that vaunt great things,
he will bring to the ground.
4 Our tongues ſay they, ſhall lift vs vp,
by them we ſhall preuaile:
Who ſhould vs let, or ſtoppe our courſe,
that thereof we ſhould fayle.
5 For the deſtruction of the iuſt,
and ſuch as be oppreſt:
And for the mournings of the poore,
that likewiſe be diſtreſt.
6 I will riſe vp now ſaith the Lord,
and eaſe their griefe and care:
Of thoſe which he full craftely,
hath draw'n into his ſnare.
7 Like ſiluer fine that tried is,
ſeuen times by heate of fire:
So are thy woords Lord pure and cleane,
to ſuch as them deſire.
8 Thou Lord wilt keep, and wilt defend,
all ſuch as in thee truſt,
And from that curſed race of men,
ſaue all ſuch as be iuſt.
9 When euill men exalted bee,
the wicked gad about:
Farre from all feare of paine, but thou
ô Lord wilt roote them out.

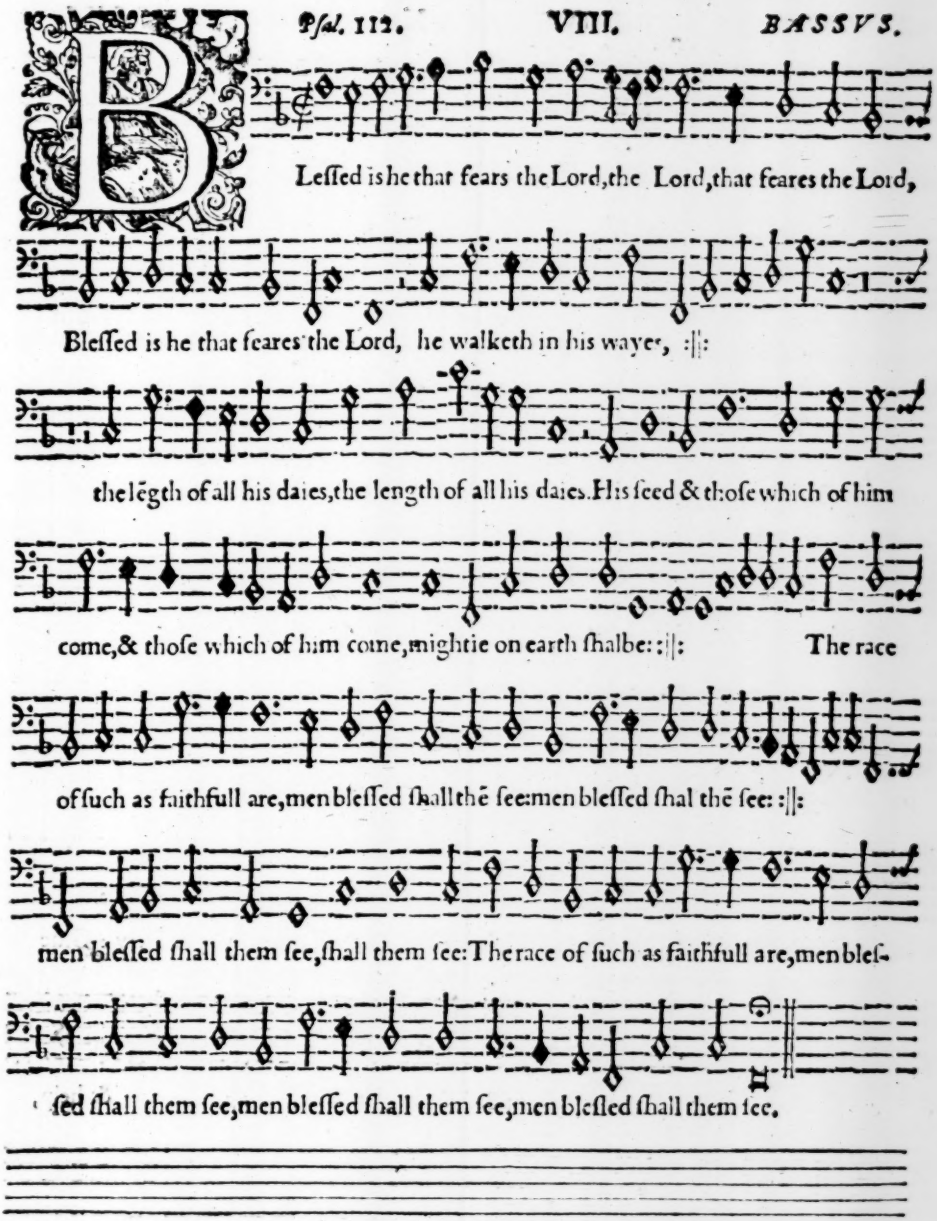
FINIS.


Elp,Lord,for waſted are thoſe men,for waſted are thoſe men,
which right'uſnes em- brace, which righte'uſneſſe em- brace: And rarely found that
faithfull are, :||: but all the truth deface. Each to his neighbor falſehod
ſpeakes, & them ſeekes to beguile,with flat'ring lips, :||: and double heart,
when ſmotheſt he doth ſmyle,he doth ſmyle , with flat'ring lips & double hart,when
ſmotheſt he doth ſmyle,he doth ſmyle,when ſmotheſt he doth ſmyle,he doth ſmyle.

¶ PSALME. 112.

1 BLeſſed is he that feares the Lord,
he walketh in his waies:
And ſets his great delight therein,
the length of all his dayes.
2 His ſeed and thoſe which of him come,
mightie on earth ſhall be:
The race of ſuch as faithfull are,
men bleſſed ſhall them ſee.
3 Plentiouſnes within his houſe,
and want there ſhalbe neuer:
His righteous and vpright dealing,
endure ſhall for euer.
4 In miſtie cloudes of troubles darke,
which doe the iuſt oppreſſe,
The Lord in mercie ſends them light,
and eaſeth their diſtreſſe.
5 The righteous man is mercifull,
and lendeth where is need,
He guids with iudgement all his things,
be it in word or deed.
6 Though ſtormes doe fall and tempeſts riſe,
the righteous ſhall ſtand faſt:
A good remembrance of the iuſt,
for euer that ſhall laſt.
7 None euill tidings ſhall him feare,
his heart is fully ſet,
He truſteth and beleeues the Lord,
that will him not forget.
8 A ſtabliſht heart within his breſt,
no feare where ſo he goes,
The Lord in iuſtice will reuenge,
the malice of his foes.
9 A hand that doth reliue the poore,
for which he may be ſure,
A good report will follow him,
that alwaies ſhall endure.
10 This ſhall the wicked ſee and fret,
and waſt away with ire,
Periſh ſhall and conſume to naught,
all that he doth deſire.

FINIS.


Leſſed is he that fears the Lord, the Lord, that feares the Lord,
Bleſſed is he that feares the Lord, he walketh in his wayes, :||:
the lēgth of all his daies, the length of all his daies. His ſeed & thoſe which of him
come, & thoſe which of him come, mightie on earth ſhalbe: :||: The race
of ſuch as faithfull are, men bleſſed ſhall thē ſee: men bleſſed ſhal thē ſee: :||:
men bleſſed ſhall them ſee, ſhall them ſee: The race of ſuch as faithfull are, men bleſ-
ſed ſhall them ſee, men bleſſed ſhall them ſee, men bleſſed ſhall them ſee.

Ord in thy wrath reproue me not, though I deſerue thine yre, de-

ſerue thine yre: Ne yet correct me in thy rage ô Lord I thee de- ſire,

For I am weak, therefore (ô Lord) of mercy me for- beare: And heale me Lord,

for why? thou know'ſt, my bones do quake for feare, :||: do quake for feare.

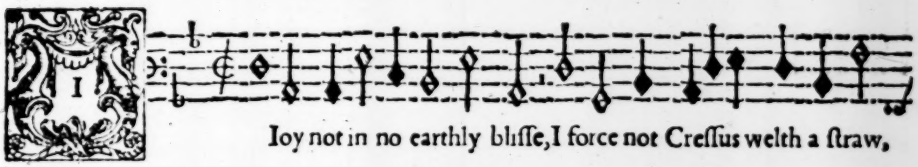
Ven frō the depth, vnto thee Lord, Euen from the depth

vnto thee Lord, vnto thee Lord, with heart and voice I cry, and voyce I cry: Giue

eare ô God vnto my plaint, my plaint, & help my miſerie, :||: & help,

and help my miſerie.

¶ *Heere endeth the Pſalmes, and beginneth the Sonets and Paſtorales.*

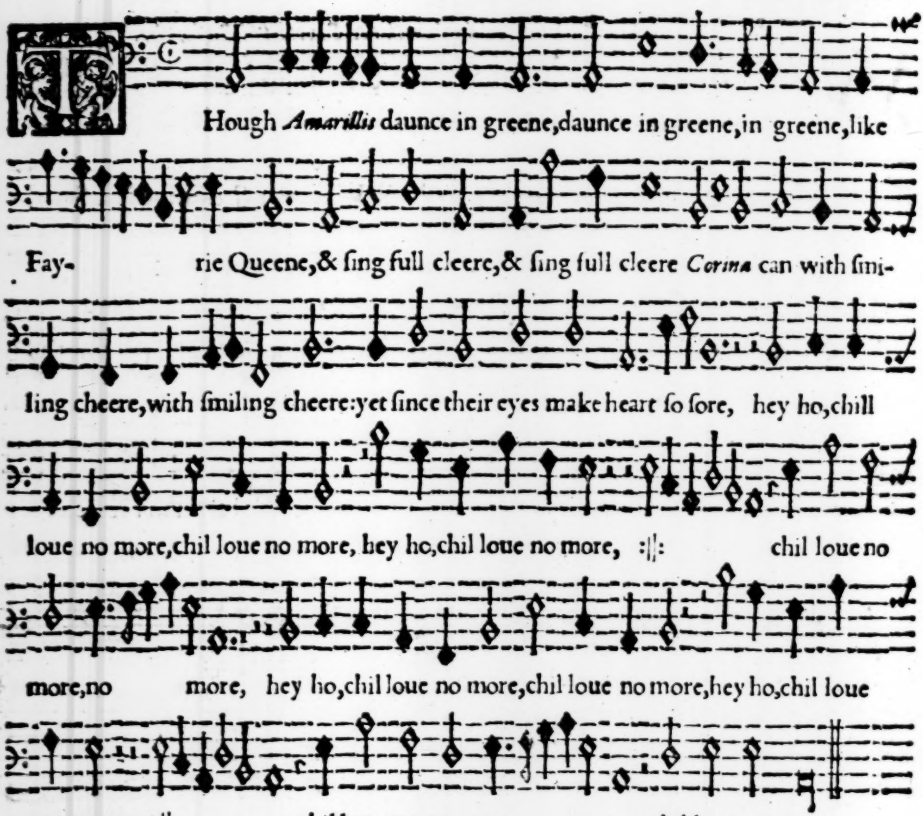


2 I wiſh but what I haue at will,
I wander not to ſeeke for more:
I like the plaine I clime no hill,
in greateſt ſtormes I ſitte on ſhore:
and laugh at them that toyle in vaine,
to get what muſt be loſt againe.

3 I kiſſe not where I wiſh to kill,
I faine not loue where moſt I hate:
I breake no ſleepe to winne my will,
I wayte not at the mighties gate:
I ſcorne no poore, nor feare no ritch,
I feele no want nor haue to much.

4 The Court and cart I like nor loath,
extreames are counted worſt of all:
the golden meane betweene them both,
doth ſureſt ſit and feare no fall:
this is my choyſe, for why I finde,
no wealth is like the quiet minde.

FINIS.



2 My ſheepe are loſt for want of foode.
and I ſo wood:
that all the day,
I ſit and watch a heardmaid gaye:
who laughes to ſee me ſigh ſo ſore,
hey ho, chil loue no more.

3 Her louing lookes, her beautie bright,
is ſuch delight:
that all in vaine,
I loue to like, and loſe my gaine:
for her that thankes me not therefore,
hey ho chil loue no more.

4 Ah wanton eyes my friendlie foes,
and cauſe of woes:
your ſweete deſire,
breeds flames of Ire & freeſe in fire:
ye ſkorne to ſee me weepe ſo ſore,
hey ho chil loue no more.

5 Loue ye who liſt I force him not,
ſith God it wot,
the more I wayle,
the leſſe my ſighs and teares preuaile:
what ſhall I doe but ſay therefore,
hey ho chil loue no more.

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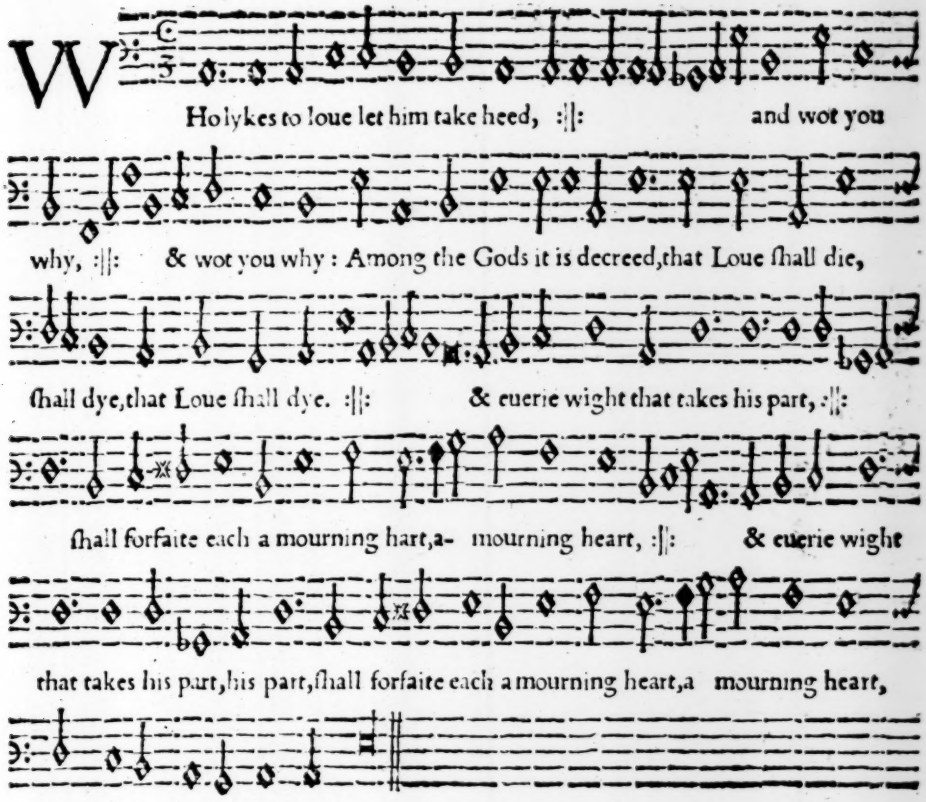
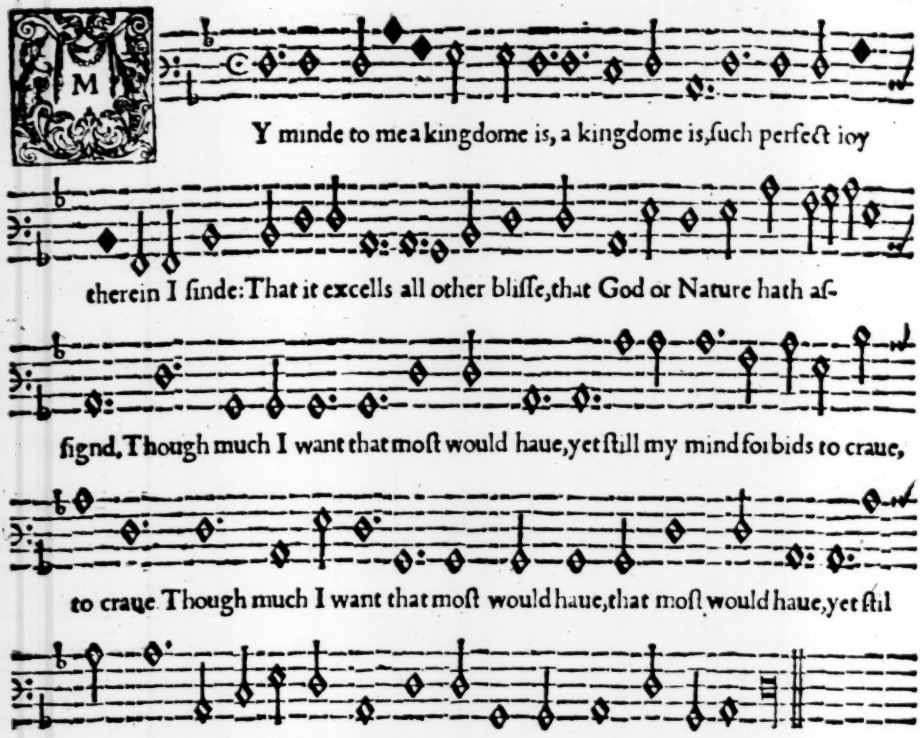


2 The cauſe is this as I haue heard,
a ſort of dames,
whoſe beautie he did not regard,
nor ſecret flames.
complaind before the gods aboue,
that golde corrupts the God of loue.

3 The gods did ſtorme to heare this newes
and there they ſwore,
that ſith he did ſuch dames abuſe,
he ſhould no more
be god of Loue, but that he ſhould
both die, and forfait all his gold.

4 His bowe & ſhaftes they tooke away,
before their eies,
and gaue theſe dames a longer day,
for to deuiſe,
who ſhould them keepe, & they be bound,
that loue for gold ſhould not be found.

5 Theſe Ladies ſtriuing long, at laſt,
they did agree,
to giue them to a mayden chaſt,
whome I did ſee:
who with the ſame did perce my breſt,
her beauties rare and ſo I reſt.



2 No princ'lie port nor welthie ſtore,
no force to winne a victorie:
no wylie wit to ſalue a ſore,
no ſhape to winne a louing eye:
to none of theſe I yeeld as thrall,
for why my mind deſpiſe them all,

3 I ſee that plentie ſurfets oft,
and haſtie clymbers ſooneſt fall:
I ſee that ſuch as are aloft,
mishap doth threaten moſt of all:
theſe get with toyle and keepe with feare,
ſuch cares my mind can neuer beare.

4 I preſſe to beare no haughtie ſway,
I wiſh no more then may ſuffice:
I doe no more then well I may,
looke what I want my mind ſupplies:
loe thus I triumph like a king,
my minde content with any thing.

5 I laugh not at anothers loſſe,
nor grudge not at anothers gaine:
no worldly waues my mind can toſſe,
I brooke that is an others bane:
I feare no foe nor fawne on friend,
I loth not life nor dread mine end.

6 My wealth is health & perfect eaſe,
and conſcience cleere my chiefe defence:
I neuer ſeeke by brybes to pleaſe,
nor by deſart to giue offence:
thus do I liue, thus will I die,
would all did ſo as well as I.

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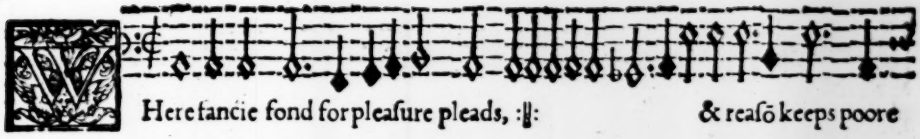
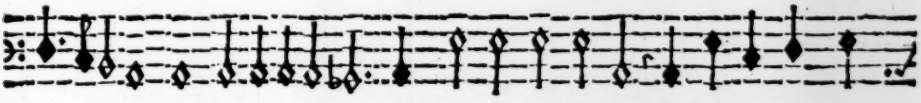
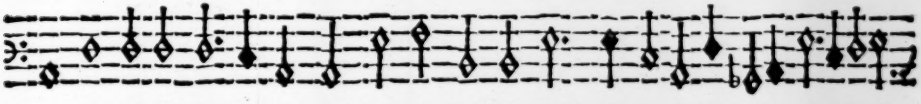


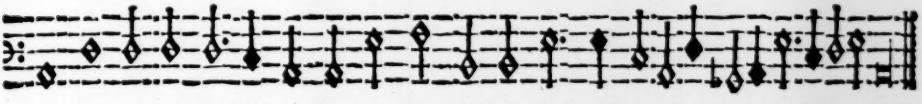
Here fancie fond for pleaſure pleads, :‖: & reaſō keeps poore



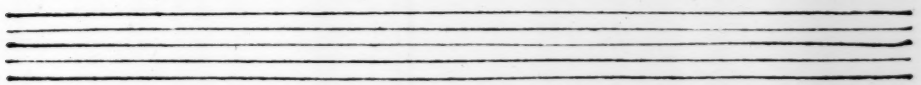
hope in Iale: ther time it is to take my beads,& pray,&pray,that beautie may pre-



uaile: or elſe diſpaire,diſpaire,wil win the field,the field,wher reaſō,hope & pleaſure



yeeld: or elſe diſpaire,diſpaire,wil win the field,the field,wher reſō,hope,& pleſure yeeld.



2 My eyes preſume to iudge this caſe,
whoſe iudgement reaſon doth diſdain:
but beautie with her wanton face,
ſtands to defend,the caſe is plaine:
and at the barre of ſweet delight,
ſhe pleads that fancie muſt be right.

3 But ſhame will not haue reaſon yeeld,
though griefe do ſweare it ſhall be ſo:
as though it were a perfect ſhield,
to bluſh,and feare to tell my woe:
where ſilence force will at the laſt,
to wiſh for wit when hope is paſt.

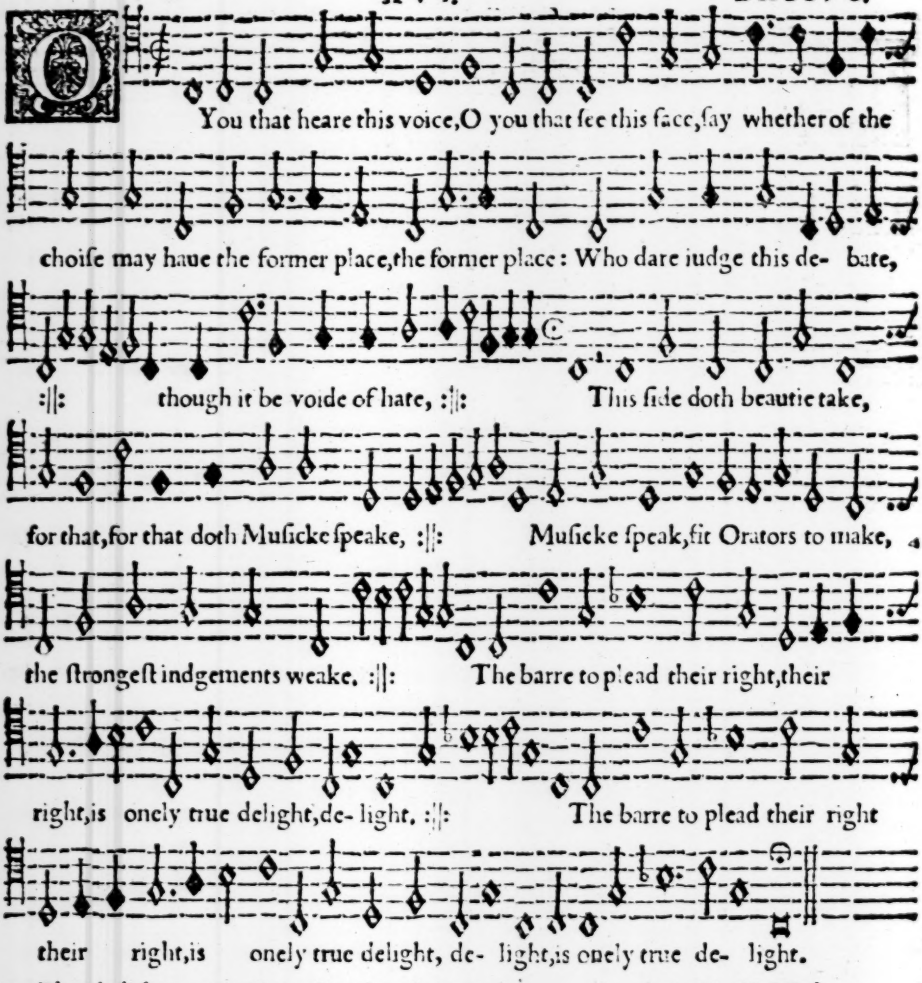
4 So farre hath fond deſire out runne,
the bond which reaſon ſet out firſt:
that where delight the fray begunne,
I would now ſay if that I durſt:
that in her ſtead ten thouſand woes,
haue ſprong in field where pleaſure grows

5 O that I might declare the reſt,
of all the toies which fancy turnes:
like towrs of wind within my breſt,
where fire is hid that neuer burnes.
then ſhould I try one of the twaine,
either to loue,or to diſdaine.

6 But fine conceit dares not declare
the ſtrange conflict of hope and feare:
leaſt reaſon ſhould be left ſo bare,
that loue durſt whiſper in mine eare,
and tell me how my fancie ſhall,
bring reaſon to be beauties thrall.

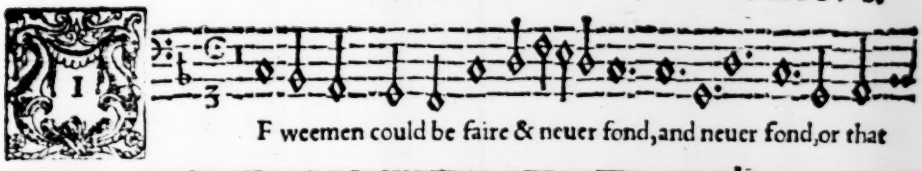
7 I muſt therefore with ſilence build,
the Laborinth of my delight:
till loue haue try'd in open field,
which of the twaine ſhall win the fight:
I feare mee reaſon muſt giue place,
If fancie fond winne beauties grace.

FINIS.



3 Thus doth the voyce and face,
theſe gentle lawiers wage:
like louing brothers caſt.
for fathers heritage:
that ech, while ech contends,
it ſe.ſe to other lends.
4 For beautie beautifies,
with heauenly hewe and grace,
the heauenly harmonies,
and in that faultles face,
the perfect beauties be,
a perfect harmonie.
5 Muſicke more lofrie ſwells,
in phraſes finely plac'd:
Beautie as farre excels,
in action aptly grac'd:
a friend ech partie drawes,
to countenance his cauſe.
6 Loue more affected ſeemes,
to Beauties louelie light,
and wonder more eſteemes,
of Muſicke wond'rous might,
but both to both ſo bent,
as both in both are ſpent.
7 Muſicke doth witneſſe call,
the eare his truth doth trie:
Beautie brings to the hall,
eye witneſſe of the eye
eche in his obiect ſuch,
as none exceptions touch,
8 The cõmon ſenſe which might,
be arbiter of this:
to be forſoth vpright,
to both ſides partiall is:
he layes on this chiefe prayſe,
chiefe praiſe on that he layes.
9 Then reaſon, princeſſe hie,
which ſits in throne of mind:
and Muſicke can in ſkye,
with hidden beauties find,
ſay whether thou wilt crowne,
with limit leſſe renowne.

FINIS.



2 To marke what choiſe they make, & how they
How leauing beſt, the worſt they choſe out ſtill. [change,
And how like haggards wilde, about they range,
Skorning after reaſon to follow will.
who would not ſhake ſuch buſſards from the fiſt,
And let them flie [faire fooles] which way they liſt.

3 Yet for our ſport, we fawne & flatter both,
To paſſe the time, when nothing elſe can pleaſe:
And traine them on, to yeeld by ſubtill oath,
The ſweet content, that giues ſuch humer eaſe.
And then we ſay when we their follies riſe,
To play with fooles, Oh what a foole was I.

FINIS.

Mbitious loue hath forſt me to aſpire, aſpire, the beauties rare which

do adorne thy face: Thy modeſt life yet bridles my de- ſire, whoſe ſeuere law doth

promiſe me no grace, no grace. But what? may loue liue vnder any law. No, no? his

power exceedeth mans conceit: Of which the Gods themſelues do ſtand in awe, for

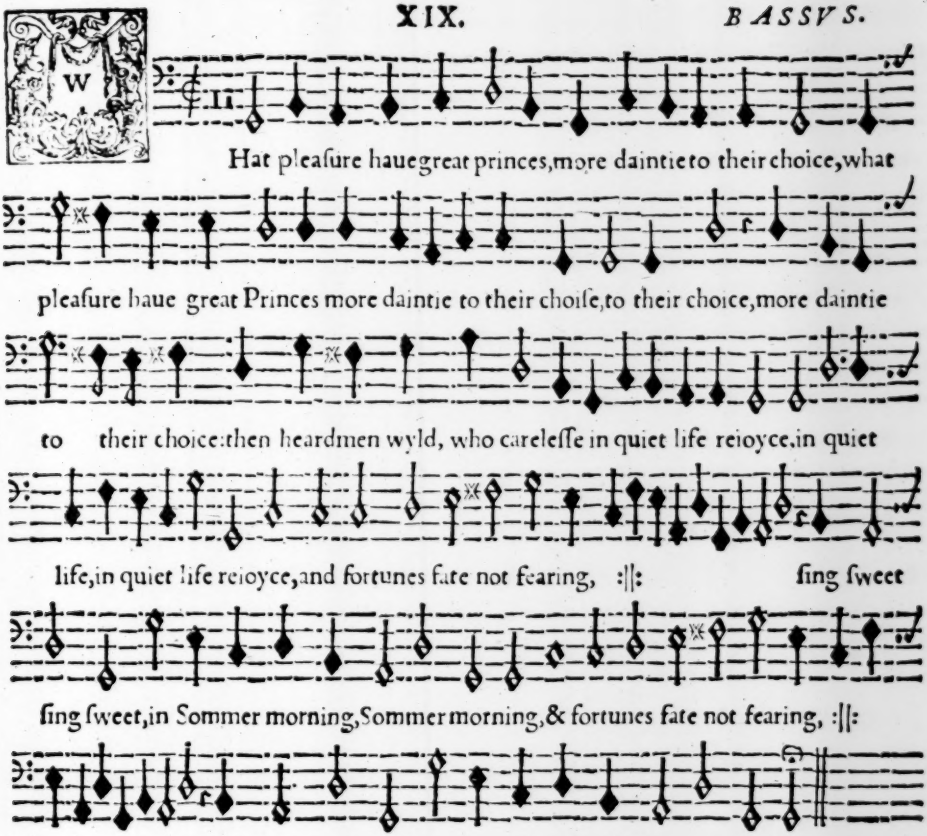
on his frowne, a thouſand torments waight, torments waight. Proceed then in this

deſperate enterpriſe, with good aduiſe, & follow loue thy guyd: that leads thee to thy

wiſhed Paradiſe, :||: Paradiſe Thy climing thoughts, this comfort

take with all, that if it be thy foule diſgrace to ſlide, thy braue attempt ſhall yet excuſe

thy fall, :||: thy braue attempt ſhall yet excuſe thy fall.



2 Their dealings plaine and rightfull,
are voyd of all diſceit:
they neuer know how ſpightfull
it is to kneele and waite
on fauorite preſumptious,
whoſe pride is vaine and ſumptious.

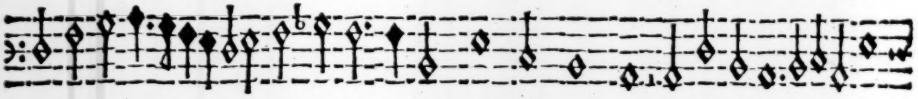
3 All day their flocks ech tendeth,
at night they take their reſt,
more quiet than who ſendeth
his ſhip into the Eaſt,
where gold and pearle are plentie,
but getting very daintie.

4 For Lawiers and their pleading
the'ſteeme it not a ſtraw,
they think that honeſt meaning
is of it ſelfe a law,
vvhere conſcience iudgeth plainely,
they ſpend no mony vainely.

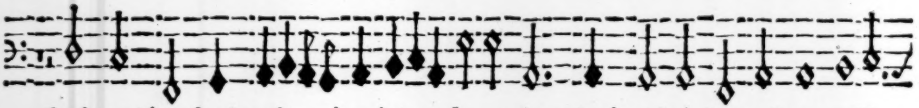
5 O happie who thus liueth,
not caring much for gold,
with clothing which ſufficeth,
to keepe him from the cold,
though poore and plaine his diet,
yet merry it is and quiet,

FINIS.

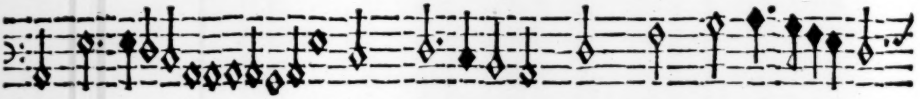
A S I beheld I ſaw a heardman wilde, :‖: with his ſheep-hooke



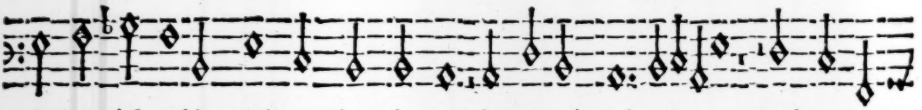
a picture fine deface, a picture fine deface, which he ſome time his fancie to be- guild,



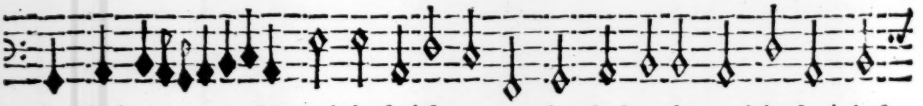
had crau'd on barke of beech in ſecret place: And with deſpite of more afflic-



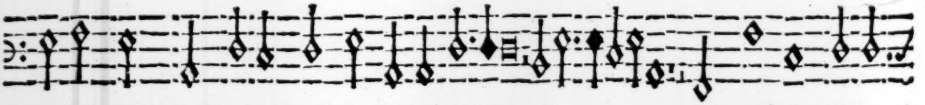
ted mind, :‖: through deepe diſpaire, through deepe diſpaire of heart,



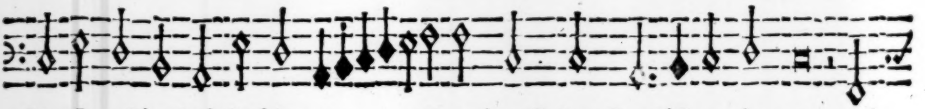
for loue diſmaid, he puld euen from the tree, the carued rinde: :‖: And weeping



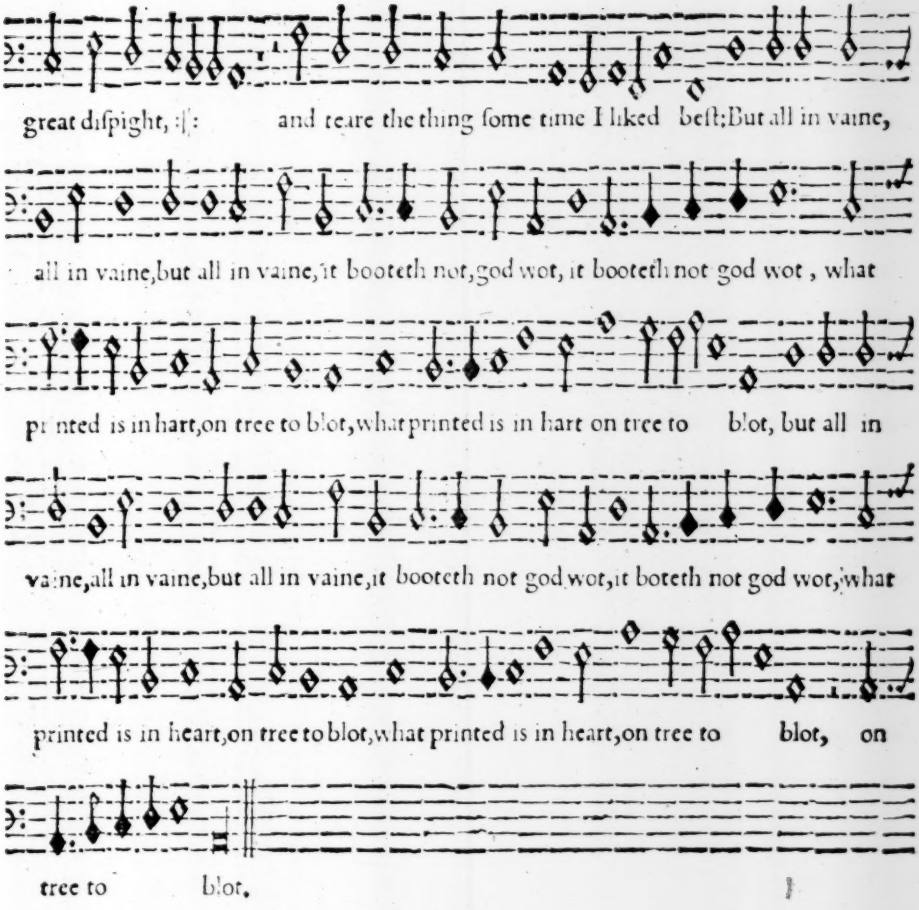
ſore theſe wo- ful words he ſaid, & weeping ſore theſe woful words he ſayd, theſe



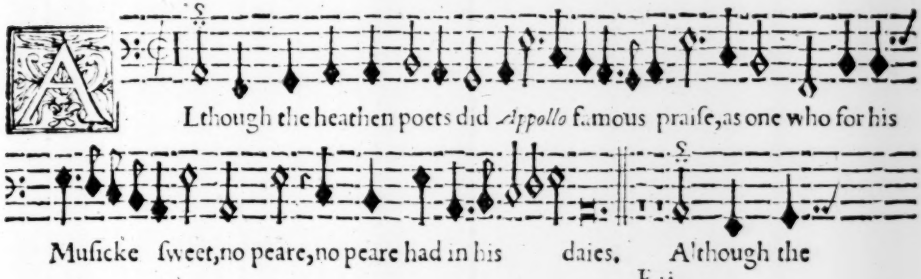
woful words, theſe woful words he ſaid: ah *Philida* :‖: would god thy picture

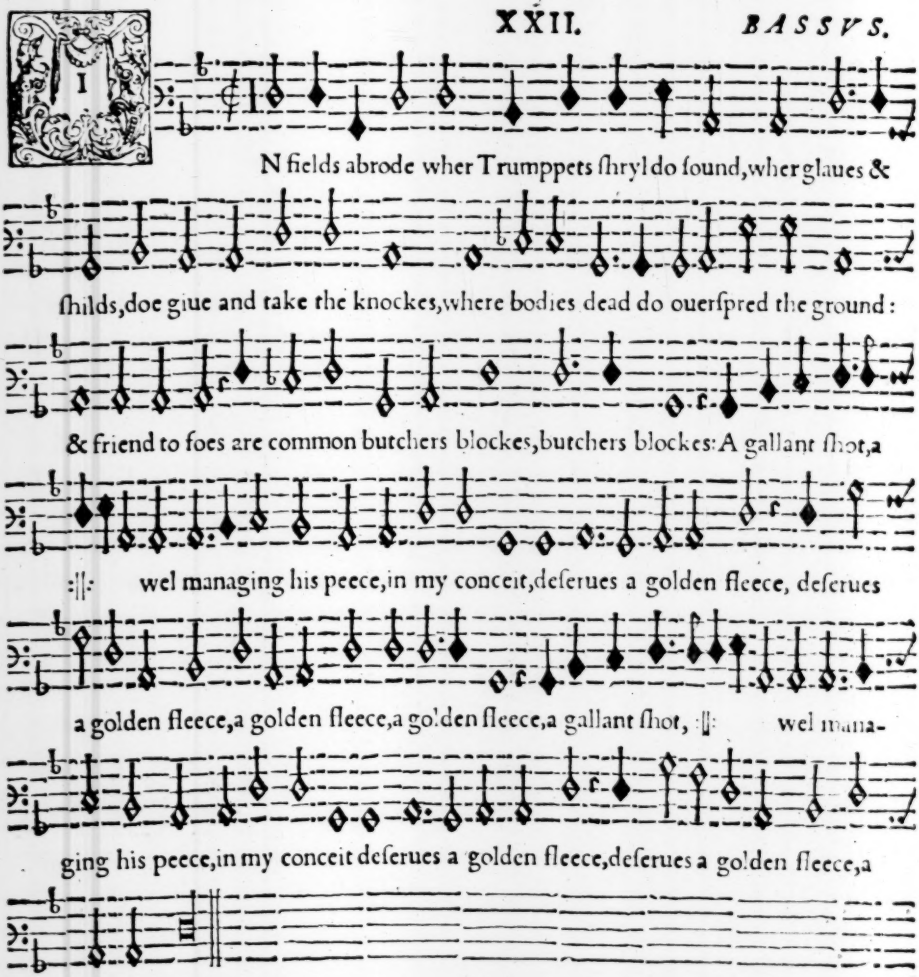


faire, I could as lightlie blot out of my breaſt, then ſhould I not thus rage, with


great diſpight, :|: and teare the thing ſome time I liked beſt; But all in vaine,
all in vaine, but all in vaine, it booteth not, god wot, it booteth not god wot, what
printed is in hart, on tree to blot, what printed is in hart on tree to blot, but all in
vaine, all in vaine, but all in vaine, it booteth not god wot, it boteth not god wot, what
printed is in heart, on tree to blot, what printed is in heart, on tree to blot, on
tree to blot.

XXII.


Although the heathen poets did Appollo famous praiſe, as one who for his
Muſicke ſweet, no peare, no peare had in his daies. Although the



2 Amid the ſeas, a gallant ſhip ſet out,
where in nor men nor yet munitions lacks,
in greateſt windes that ſpareth not a clout,
but cuts the waues in ſpight of wethers wracks,
would force a ſwain that coms of cowards kinde,
to change him ſelfe and be of noble minde.

3 VVho makes his ſeat a ſtately ſtamping ſtead,
whoſe neighes & playes are princely to behold,
vvhoſe courage ſtout, vvhoſe eies are fiery red,
vvhoſe ioynts vvel knit, vvhoſe harnes all of gold
doth vvell deſerue to be no meaner thing,
then Percii knight whoſe horſe made him a king.

4 By that bed ſide vvhere ſits a gallant Daine,
vvho caſteth of hir braue and rich attyre,
vvhoſe petecote ſets forth as faire a frame,
as mortall men or gods can vvell deſire,
vvho ſits and ſees hir pettecote vnlaſt,
I ſay no more the reſt are all diſgraſt.

FINIS.

Conſtant *Pene- lope*, ſends to thee careleſſe *V- liſſes*, write

not againe, but come ſweet mate thy ſelf to re- uiue me. Troy we doe much

enuie, we deſolate loſt ladies of *Greece*: Not *Priamus*, nor yet all Troy, can vs recom-

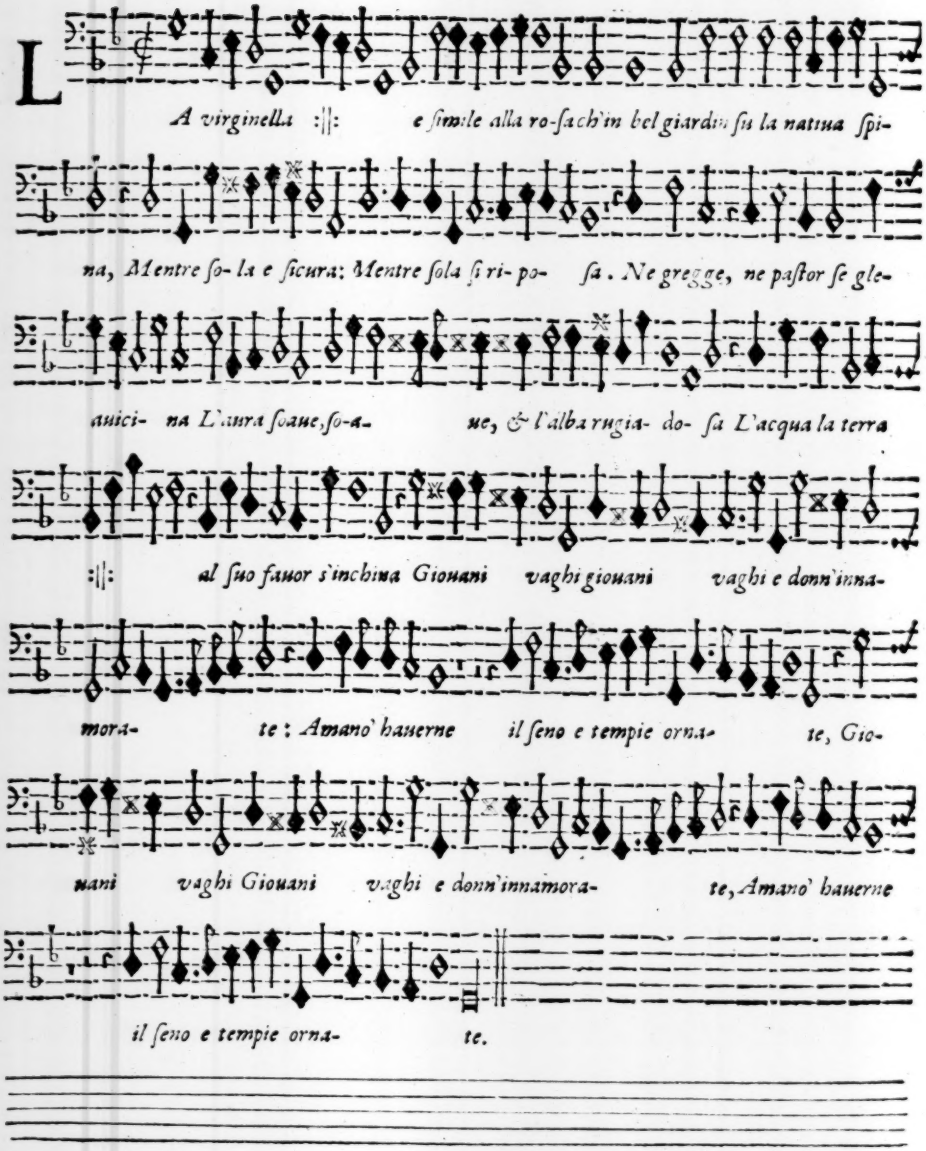
pence make. Oh, oh, oh, that he had when he firſt tooke ſhipping to Lacedemon, that

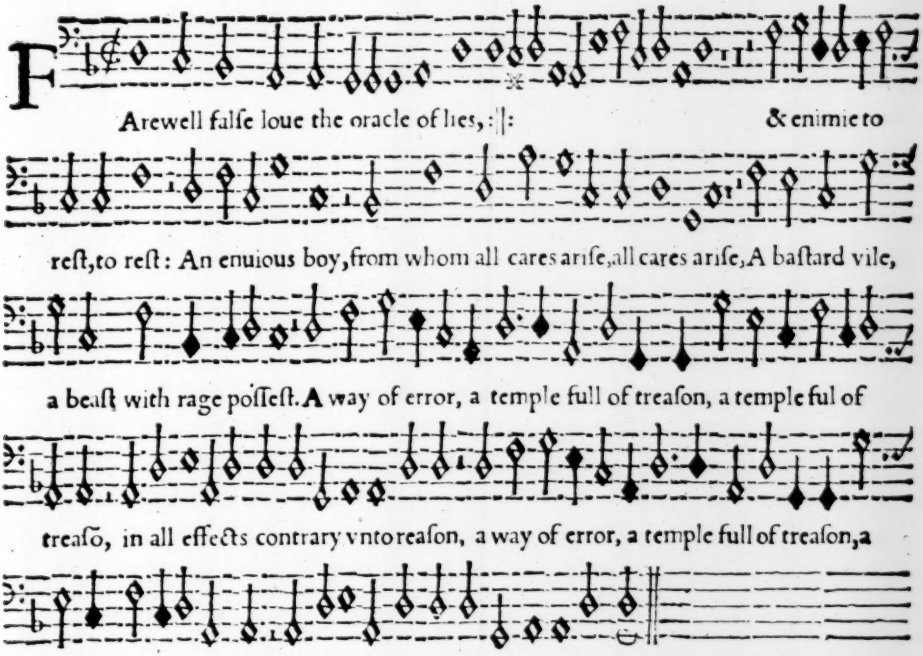
adulter I meane, had bene o'rewhelmed with waters: Then had I not line now

all alone, thus quiuering for cold, for cold, nor vſed this complaint, nor haue thought

the day to be ſo lōg, ſo long. Thē had I not line now al alone thus quiuering for cold,

for cold, nor vſed this complaint, nor haue thought the day to be ſo long, ſo long.


L
A virginella :||: e ſimile alla roſa ch'in bel giardin ſu la natiua ſpi-
na, Mentre ſo- la e ſicura: Mentre ſola ſi ri- po- ſa. Ne gregge, ne paſtor ſe gle-
auici- na L'aura ſoaue, ſo-a- ue, & l'alba rugia- do- ſa L'acqua la terra
:||: al ſuo fauor s'inchina Giouani vaghi giouani vaghi e donn'inna-
mora- te: Amano' hauerne il ſeno e tempie orna- te, Gio-
uani vaghi Giouani vaghi e donn'innamora- te, Amano' hauerne
il ſeno e tempie orna- te.



2 A poyſoned ſerpent couered all vvith flovvers,
Mother of ſighes and murtherer of repoſe,
A ſea of ſorovves whēce are drawē ſuch ſhowers
As moiſture lend to euery griefe that grovves,
A ſchole of guile, a net of deepe deceit,
A guilded hooke, that holds a poyſoned bayte,
3 A fortreſſe foyld, vvhich reaſon dyd defend,
A Syren ſong, a feauer of the minde,
A maze vvherein affection finds no end,
A raging cloud that runnes before the vvinde,
A ſubſtance like the ſhadovv of the Sunne,
A goale of griefe for vvhich the vviſeſt runne,
4 A quench'eſſe fire, a nurſſe of trembling feare,
A path that leads to perill and miſhap,
A true retreat of ſorrovv and diſpayre,
An idle boy that ſleepes in pleaſures lap,
A deepe miſtruſt of that vvhich certaine ſeemes,
A hope of that vvhich reaſon doubtfull deemes.

FINIS.

He match that's made for iuſt & true reſpects,for iuſt & true re-

ſpects,the match that's made for iuſt & true reſpects:with euennes both of yeeres,with

euennes both of yeers & parentage, of force muſt bring forth many good effects,ma-

nie good ef- fects,of force muſt bring foorth many good effects,ef- fects,many

good effects: *Pari iu- go dulcis tractus,* *pari iugo dulcis trac-*

tus,pari iugo dulcis tractus,pari iu- go dulcis trac- tus,tractus.

2

For vvhere chaſt loue and liking ſets the plant,
And concord vvaters vvith a firme good vvill,
Of no good thing there can be any vvant.
Pari iugo dulcis tractus.

3 Sound is the knot that chaſtitie hath tyde,
Svveet is the Muſicke vnitie doth make,
Sure is the ſtore that plentie doth prouide.
Pari iugo dulcis tractus.

4 VVher chaſtnes fayles, ther concord vvill decay,
VVher concord fleets, ther plentie vvill decreaſe,
VVher plenty vvants,ther loue vvill veare avvay
Pari iugo dulcis tractus.

5 I chaſtitie reſtraine all ſtrange deſires,
I concord keepe the courſe of ſound conſent,
I plentie ſpare,and ſpend as cauſe requires.
Pari iugo dulcis tractus.

6 Make much of vs all ye that married bee,
Speake vvell of vs all ye that minde to bee,
The tyme may come,to vvant and vviſh all three.
Pari iugo dulcis tractus,

FINIS.

¶ Heere endeth the Sonets and Paſtoralles,

and beginneth Songes of Sadnes and Pietie.

Roſtrate ô Lord I lie, Proſtrate ô Lord I lie,

behold mee Lord, behold mee Lord with pittie, ſtop not thine eares againſt my

crie, my ſad & mourning dittie: Breath'd from an in- ward ſoule :||:

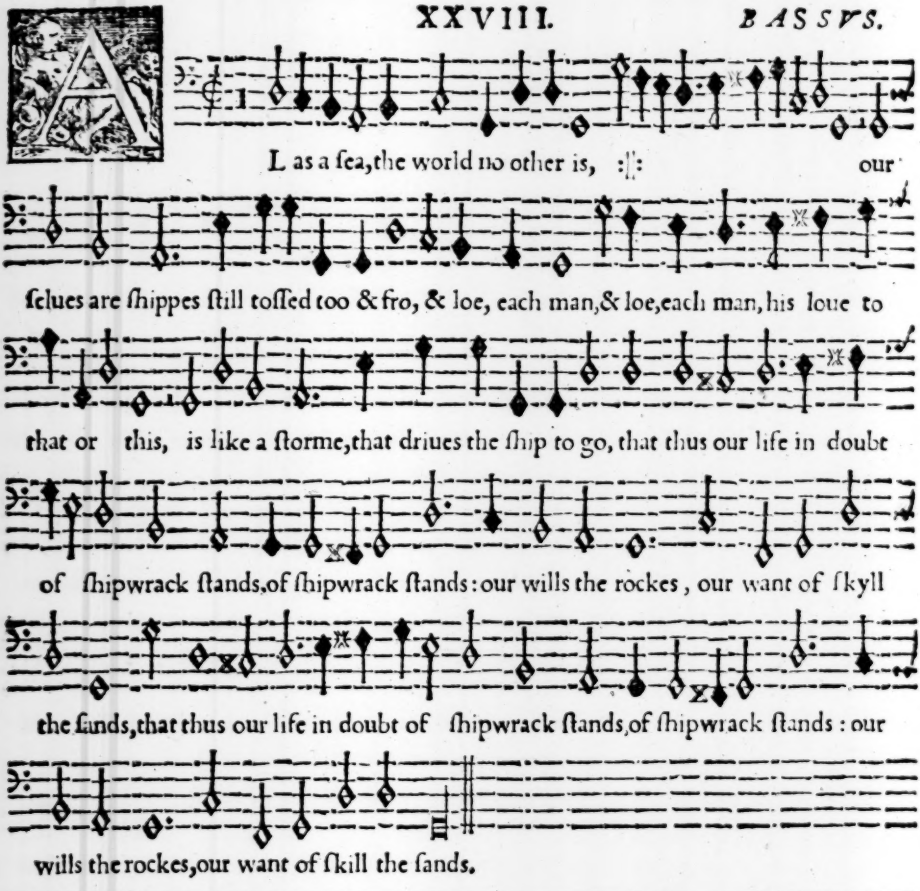
from heart heartelie con- trite, an offering ſweete, a ſacrifice in thy high heauen-

lie ſight, in thy high heauenlie ſight, heauenlie ſight, in thy high heauenlie ſight.

2 Obſerue not ſinnes O Lord,
for vvho may then abide it,
but let thy mercie cancell them,
thou haſt not man deni'd it,
man melting vvith remorſe and thoughts,
thought paſt repenting,
O lighten Lord O heare our ſongs,
our ſinnes full ſore lamenting.

3 The vvonders of thy vvorks,
aboue all reaſon reacheth,
and yet thy mercie aboue all
this, vs thy Spirit teacheth,
then let no ſinner fall,
in depth of foule diſpaire,
ſince neuer ſoule ſo foule there vvas,
but mercie made it faire.

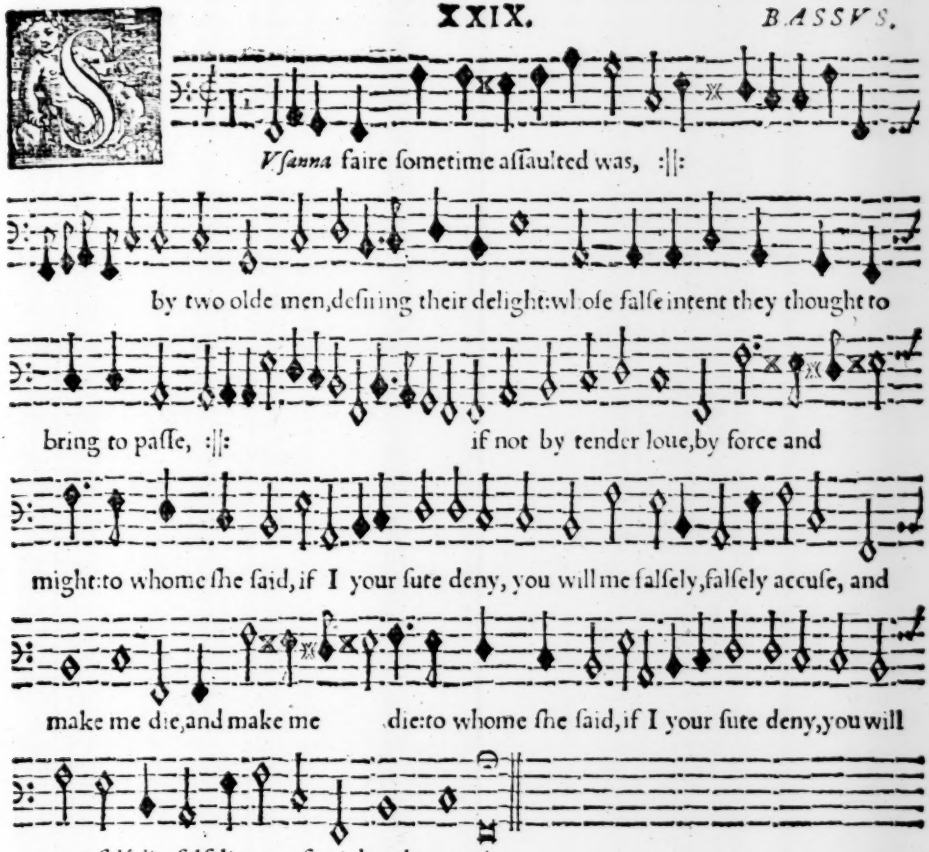
FINIS.



2 Our paſſions be the Pirates ſtill that ſpoyle,
and ouerboard caſt's out our reaſons fraight:
the Marriners that day and night doe toyle,
be our conceits that doe on pleaſure vvaight:
pleaſure Maſter doth tirannize the ſhip,
and giueth vertue ſecretly the nip.

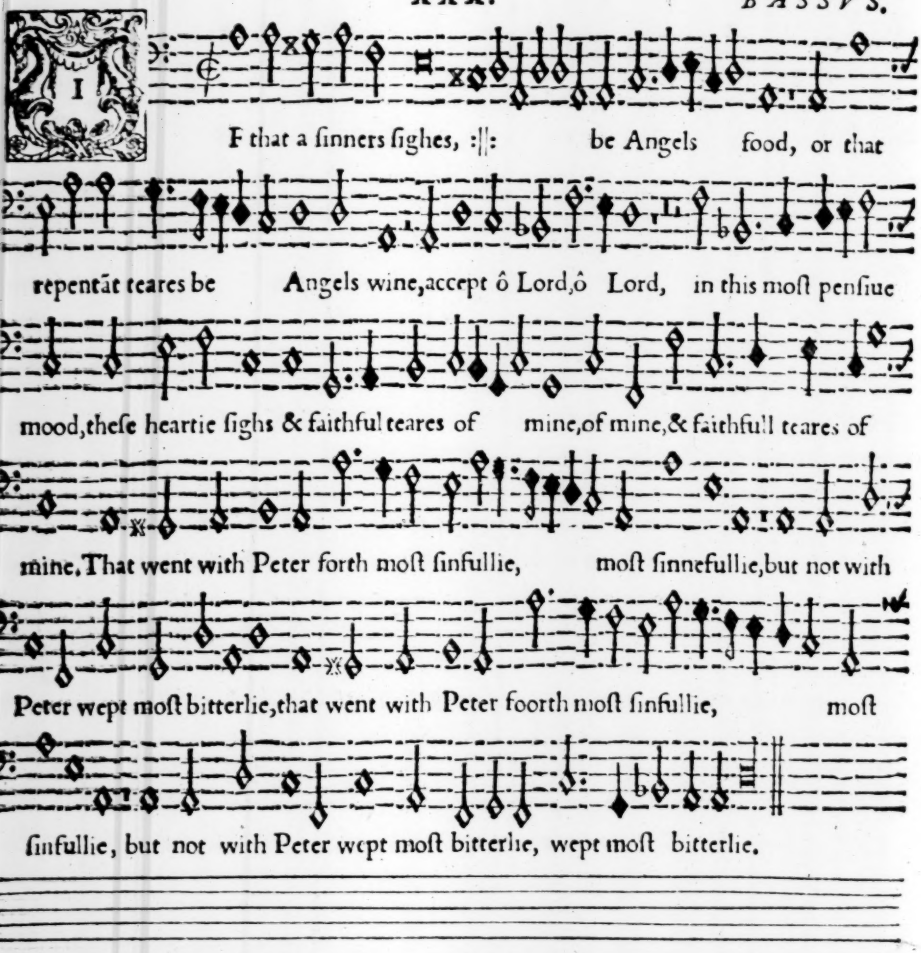
3 The Compaſſe is a minde to compas all,
both pleaſure, profit, place and fame for naught:
the vvinds that blovv, men ouer vveening call,
the Merchandiſe is vvit full deerely bought:
triall the Anker, caſt vpon experience,
for labor, lyfe, and all a doe the recompence.

FINIS.



And if I graunt to that vvhich you requeſt,
my chaſtitie ſhall then defloured bee,
vvhich is ſo deere to mee that I deteſt
my lyfe, if it bereſted bee from mee:
And rather vvould I dye of mine accord,
ten thouſand times,then once offend the Lord.

FINIS.



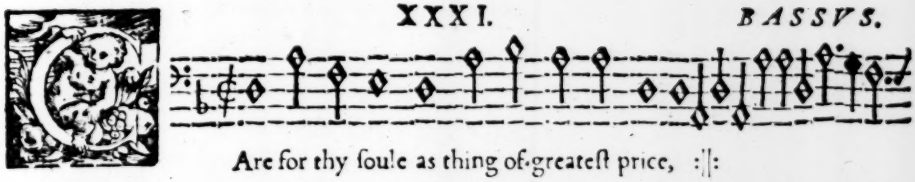
2 If I had Dauids crovvne to mee betide,
or all his purple robes that he did vveare,
I vvould lay then ſuch honor all aſide,
and onely ſeeke a ſackcloth vveede to beare:
his Pallace vvould I leaue that I might ſhovv,
and mourne in cell for ſuch offence, my woe.

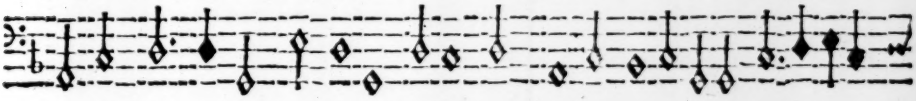
3 Ther ſhould theſe hãds beate on my pẽſiue breſt,
and ſad to death, for ſorrovv rend my haire,
my voice to call on thee, ſhould neuer reſt,
vvhoſe grace I ſeeke, whoſe iudgement I do feare:
vpon the ground all groueling on my face,
I vvould beſeech thy fauour and good grace.

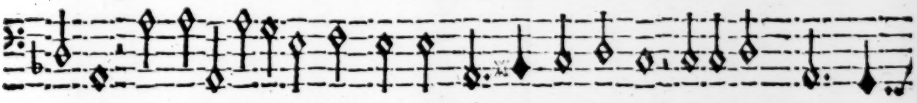
4 But ſince I haue not meane to make the ſhow
of my repentant minde, and yet I ſee
my ſinne to greater heape then Peters grow,
vvhereby the danger more it is to mee,
I put my truſt in his moſt precious bloud,
vvhoſe life vvas ſhed to purchaſe all our good.

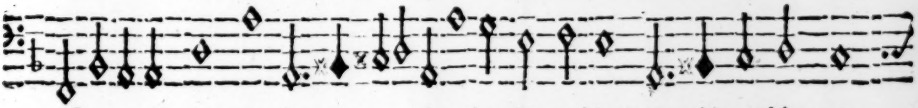
5 Thy mercie greater is then any ſinne,
thy greatneſſe none can euer comprehend:
vvherfore O Lord, let mee thy mercie winne,
vvhoſe glorious name no time can euer end:
vvherefore I ſay all praiſe belongs to thee,
vvhom I beſeech be mercifull to mee.

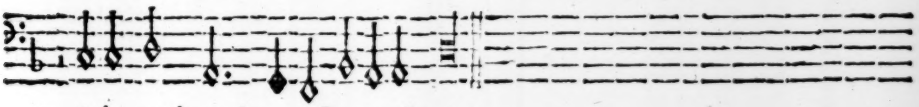
FINIS.











2 Care for thy corps, but chiefly for ſoules ſake,
cut of exceſſe, ſuſteyning food is beſt,
to vanquiſh pride, but comelie clothing take,
ſeeke after ſkill, deepe ignorance deteſt:
Care ſo I ſay, the fleſh to feede and cloth,
that thou harme not thy ſoule and bodie both.

3 Care for the world to do thy bodie right,
racke not thy wit to winne thy wicked waies,
ſeeke not t'oppreſſe the weak by wrongful might,
to pay thy dew do baniſh all delayes:
Care to diſpend according to thy ſtore,
and in like ſort be mindefull of the poore.

4 Care for thy ſoule, as for thy chiefeſt ſtay,
care for thy bodie for thy ſoules auaile,
care for the world for bodies helpe alway,
care yet but ſo as vertue may preuaile,
care in ſuch ſort that thou be ſure of this,
care keepe thee not frō heauen & heauenly bliſſe.

FINIS.

Vlla, lulla- by, lulla-by, la lulla-by, Lul-la-by, la lulla lullaby my

ſweete little baby, my ſweete little ba- by: what meaneſt thou to cry, to cry,

Lulla, lulla-by, la lulla, lulla, lulla-by, la lulla-by, la lul- la-by, la lul- la, lulla, la

lulla, lulla, la lulla-by, lulla-by, my ſweete little baby.

The ſecond part.

BE ſtill my bleſſed babe, bleſſed babe, be ſtill my bleſſed babe,

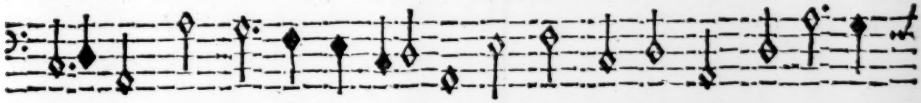
though cauſe thou haſt to mourne: whoſe bloud moſt innocent to ſhed, to ſhed,

the cruell king hath ſworne, hath ſworne: and lo, alas, be- hold what ſlaughter

he doth make, what ſlaughter he doth make, ſhedding the bloud of infants all, ſweet

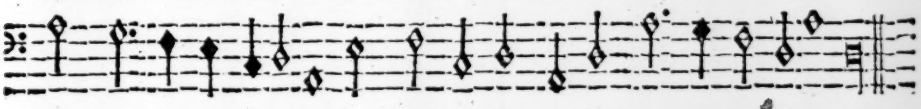
ſauiour for thy ſake, for thy ſake. A King is borne, they ſay: which king, this King

would kill,would kill : oh woe,oh woe, oh woe, woe, oh woe & wofull heauie daie,



heauie daie,when wretches haue their will,haue their will, their will, when wretches

haue their will:oh woe,oh woe,oh woe,woe,oh woe,& wofull heauie daie,heauie day,



when wretches haue their wil,haue their wil,their wil,whē wretches haue their will.

Lulla la lulla, lulla lullaby,
My ſweet little Baby, what meaneſt thou to cry:

2 Three kings this king of kings to ſee,are come from farre,
To each vnknowen,with offerings great,by guiding of a Starre:
And ſhepherds heard the ſong,which Angells bright did ſing,
Giuing all glory vnto God,for comming of this king:
Which muſt be made away,king Herod would him kill,
Oh woe and wofull heauie day,when wretches haue their will.
Lulla la lulla, lulla lullaby, my ſweet &c.

3 Lo,lo,my little Babe,be ſtill,lament no more,
From fury ſhalt thou ſtep aſide,help haue wee ſtill in ſtore:
Wee heauenly warning haue,ſome other ſoyle to ſeeke,
From death muſt flie the Lord of lyfe,as Lamb both myld and meeke:
Thus muſt my Babe obey the king that would him kill,
Oh wo,and wofull heauy day,when wretches haue their will.
Lulla la lulla, lulla lullaby, my ſweet &c.

4 But thou ſhalt liue and raigne,as *Sibilles* haue foreſaide,
As all the Prophets Propheſie,whoſe mother yet a maide,
And perfect virgin pure,with hir breſts ſhall vpbreed,
Both God and man that all hath made,the Sunne of heauenly ſeed:
Whom caytiues none can tray,whom tirants none can kill,
Oh ioy,and ioyfull happy day,when wretches want their will.

FINIS.

Hy do I vſe my paper inke & pen, why do I vſe my paper

inke and pen, & call my wits to counſel what to ſay, what to

ſay, ſuch memories were made for mortall men, were made for mortall men, I

ſpeake of Saints, whoſe names cannot decay, an Angels trump, an Angels trump

were fitter for to ſound their glorious death, :||: if ſuch on earth

were found, an Angels trump, :||: were fitter for to ſound, their

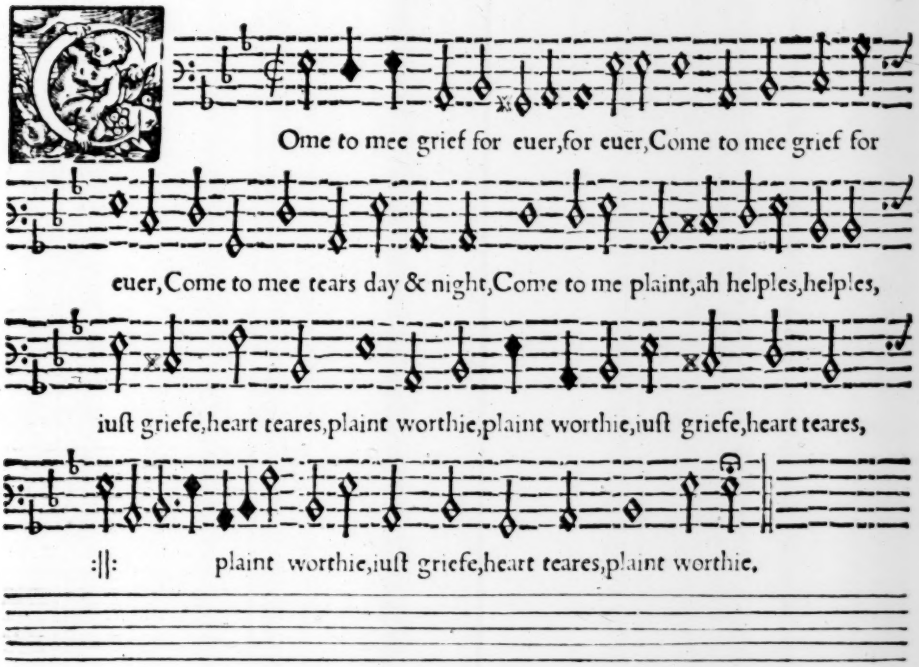
glorious death, :|: if ſuch on earth wer foūd, if ſuch on earth wer found.

1 That floare of ſuch were once on earth purſu'd,
the hiſtories of auncient times record,
whoſe conſtancie great tirants rage ſubdu'd,
through patiēt death profeſſing Chriſt their Lord,
as his Apoſtles perfect witneſſe bare.
with many more that bleſſed Martirs were.

2 VVhoſe patiēce rare & moſt couragious minde,
with fame renoum'd perpetuall ſhall endure,
by whoſe examples we may rightlie find,
of holie life and death a patterne pure:
that we therefore their vertues may embrace,
pray we to Chriſt to guide vs with his grace.

FINIS.

¶ The funerall Songs of that honorable Gent. Syr Phillip Sidney, Knight.



2 Go fro mee dread to die now,
Go fro mee care to liue more,
Go fro mee ioyes all on earth,
Sidney, O Sidney is Dead.

3 He whome the Court adorned,
He whome the country courtis'd,
He who made happie his friends,
He that did good to all men.

4 *Sidney* the hope of land ſtrange,
Sidney the floure of England,
Sidney the ſpirite heroic,
Sidney is dead, O dead, dead,

5 Dead? no, no, but renomed,
With the anointed oned,
Honor on earth at his feete,
Bliſſe euerlaſting his ſeate.
Come to mee griefe: &c.

That, O that moſt rare breſt, moſt rare breſt, O that moſt

rare breſt, moſt rare breſt, chriſtalline ſincere, through which like gold thy princely

hart did ſhine, through which like gold thy princely hart did ſhine: O ſprite he-

roic, O vali-ant worthie knight, worthie knight, O Sidney, O Sidney, prince of

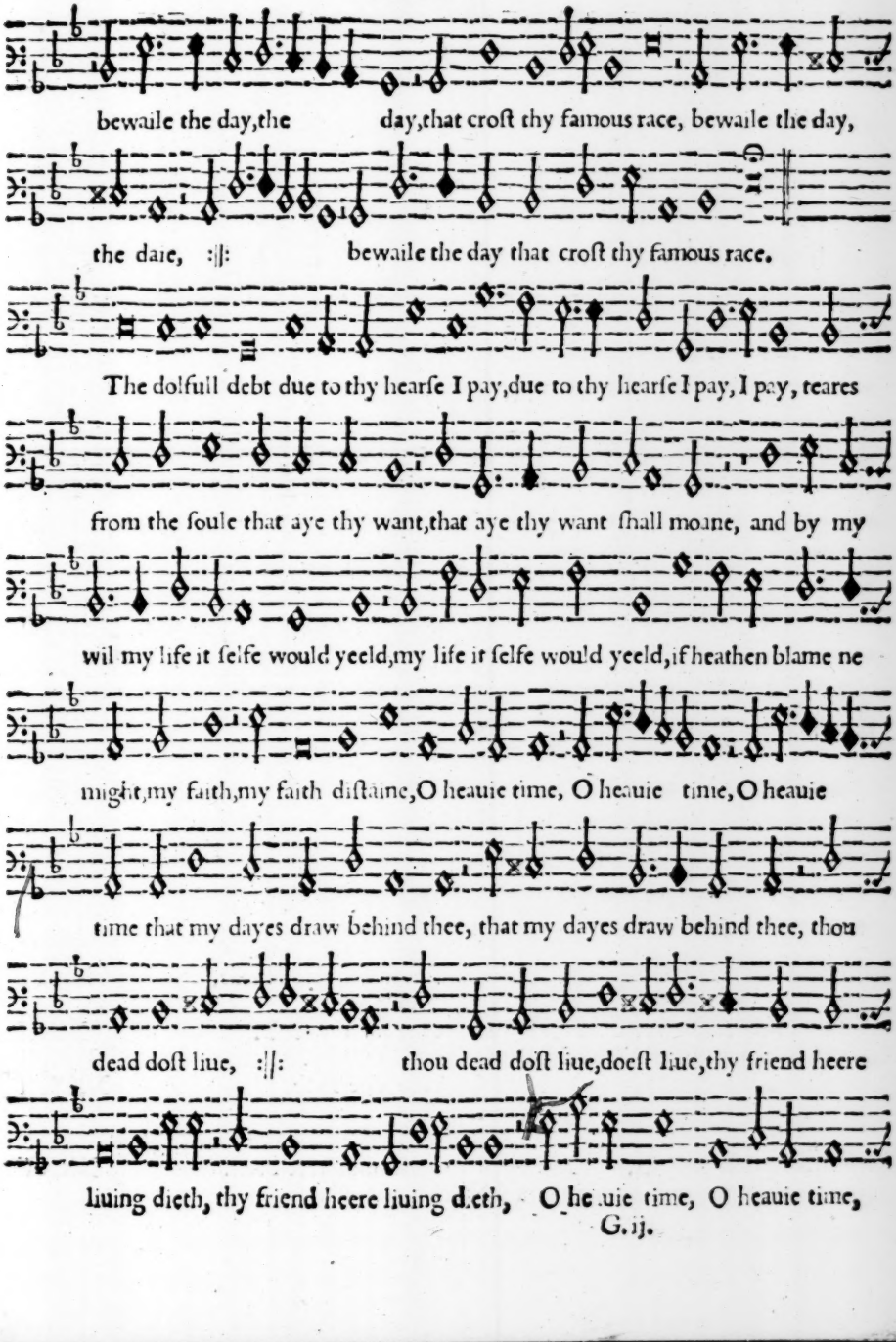
fame & mens good will, & mens good will, O Sidney, O Sidney, prince,

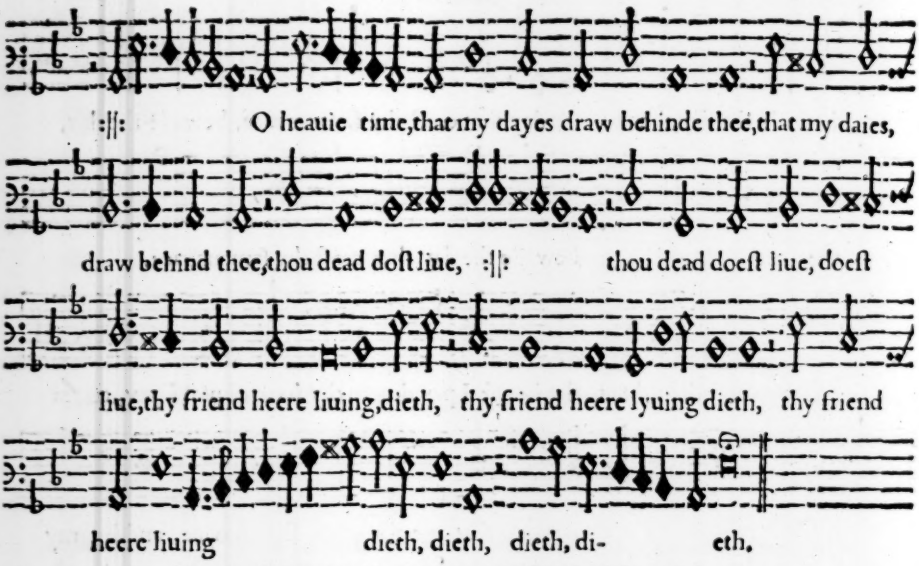
of fame, of fame, and mens good will. For thee, for thee, both kings

& princeſſes do mourne, for thee, both kings & princeſſes do mourn, do mourn,

thy noble Tombe, three Cities ſtrange de- ſired, three cities ſtrange deſired, foes

to the cauſe thy prowes did defend, thy prowes did defend, bewaile the day,


bewaile the day,the day,that croſt thy famous race, bewaile the day,
the daie, :|: bewaile the day that croſt thy famous race.
The dolfull debt due to thy hearſe I pay,due to thy hearſe I pay, I pay, teares
from the ſoule that aye thy want,that aye thy want ſhall moane, and by my
wil my life it ſelfe would yeeld,my life it ſelfe would yeeld,if heathen blame ne
might,my faith,my faith diſtaine,O heauie time, O heauie time,O heauie
time that my dayes draw behind thee, that my dayes draw behind thee, thou
dead doſt liue, :|: thou dead doſt liue,doeſt liue,thy friend heere
liuing dieth, thy friend heere liuing dieth, O heauie time, O heauie time,



¶ *The Table for the Pſalmes,and the reſt of the ſongs.*

O God giue eare and doo pply. I
Myne eyes with feruencie of ſpirit. II
My ſoule oppreſt with care & griefe. III
How ſhall a young man prone to ill. IIII
O Lord how long wilt thou forget. V
O Lord who in thy ſacred tent. VI
Help Lord for waſted are thoſe men. VII
Bleſſed is he that feares the Lord. VIII
Lord in thy wrath. IX
Euen from the depth. X

¶ *The Sonets and Paſtoralles.*

I ioy not in no earthly bliſſe. XI
Though *Amarillis* daunce in greene. XII
Who likes to loue let him take heede. XIII
My minde to me a kingdome is. XIIII
Where fancie fond for pleaſure pleads. XV
O you that heare this voyce. XVI
If woemen could be faire. XVII
Ambitious loue. XVIII
What pleaſure haue great Princes. XIX
As I beheld I ſaw a heardman wilde. XX
Although the heathen poets. XXI
In fields abroade. XXII
Conſtant *Penelope*. XXIII
La virginella. XXIIII
Farewell falce loue. XXV
The match that's made. XXVI

¶ *Songs of ſadneſſe and pietie.*

Proſtrate ô Lord. XXVII
All as a Sea,the world no other is. XXVIII
Suſanna faire. XXIX
If that a ſinners ſighes. XXX
Care for thy ſoule. XXXI
Lulla,Lullaby. XXXII
Why doe I vſe. XXXIII

¶ *The funerall ſongs of that honorable Gent.Sir Phillip Sidney Knight.*

Come to me griefe for euer. XXXIIII
O that moſt rare breſt. XXXV

FINIS.